

(1929, May, Trinidad)

E--3807

3810

Sunday, 26 May, Port of Spain; fair and hot with an occasional shower. I slept profoundly, peacefully, happily, and late. Finished reading O. Henry's "Gentle Grafter" and Oppenheim's "The Little Gentleman from Oak Hampstead." Curiously enough these two stories by two different authors picked at random from the book shelf of a general store in Trinidad were quite harmonious. Just before sunset I walked down to the pier. A large ship was coming in a few miles out. tinted.

Tuesday, 28 May, Port of Spain; cloudy and hot. Spent the entire day reading and smoking. Took a short walk before supper and found a small bookstore that I had not seen before. I bought some more fiction. Apparently the only books obtainable in Port of Spain were obsolete British textbooks and fiction. I began to be satiated with such a steady diet of fiction which I realized was simply a form of dissipation. I began to long for something that would make me think. If I had had Karl Marx's "Das Kapital" or Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," both equally dull and stupid, I would have waded into them; or the Bible, or Shakespeare, or some tidbit from Einstein I would have welcomed it eagerly.

Wednesday, 29 May, Port of Spain; fair and hot. Another lazy day of reading and smoking. Read Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams." It was too hot to venture out for a walk.

Thursday, 30 May, Port of Spain; beautiful day with good breeze. It was Corpus Christi day and a holiday. All the churches celebrated. There were parades of ~~youth~~ children and young people on the street. All shops were closed. I took several long walks for exercise. Saw many old negro women with curious dresses of bright colors, glaring reds, yellows, and greens. On a side street where few people were visible I passed two colored girls who were tipsy and offered to dance a skirt dance for my benefit if I would give them a shilling each. Began reading "The Holy Flower" by

(1929, M June, Trinidad)

E--3813

Sunday, 2 June, Port of Spain; fair and hot, with occasional

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E--3811.

Rider Haggard.

Friday, 31 May, Port of Spain; bright and hot, with pleasant breeze. After breakfast I walked to the tobacco factory for a supply of cigars. Then to the Lamport & Holt & S. Co., and paid \$125 for passage to New York, the ship to leave on June 5. Bought a pair of suspenders for the trousers I had ^{ordered} ~~bought~~ the previous week that were much too large and came nearly to my armpits. Without suspenders I could keep the garment in place only by tightening the belt until it hurt. About 5 p.m. I took a short walk and sat awhile in a park. An old woman came and sat on the grass in front of me and begged for some money. She looked like a professional and I told her to apply to her friends and not to strangers. Then an awkward looking country girl with a good face and an expression of great distress passed slowly in front of me. After going a short distance she stopped, hesitated, turned about and again passed slowly in front of me, and as she did so said in a low voice, "Good evening." In response I said "Good evening." Then she stood before me and said she had come to Port of Spain on a bus from a country village in the forenoon to accept a position as maid in a private family, but when she found the place she was told that another maid had been engaged and there was no place for her. She had no money and had eaten nothing since early morning, had wandered about most of the day and was very tired. She was so obviously tired and distressed, so bewildered and helpless, that I gave her three shillings for bus fare and showed her the way to the bus station where she could buy a ticket and return to her village. She was inarticulate in her gratitude.

(1929, M June, Trinidad)

E--3813

Sunday, 2 June, Port of Spain; fair and hot, with occasional showers. Last night I retired at 11 p.m., but simply to doze and think how diabolically hot it was. At 1 a.m. I was aroused by ~~the~~ the heavy tread of several men coming up the wooden stairs next to my room and along the veranda. The noise stopped in front of my ~~door~~ door. It was thrown open and a man stepped inside. Quickly I had pulled the ^{flash light} ~~revolver~~ from under my pillow and sat up, and called out "Hold up; what do you want?" It was pitch dark. A voice responded, "It's this room No 162" ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~room~~ ~~farther~~

38/2
Saturday, 1 June, Port of Spain; fair and oppressively hot. After breakfast I went to the bank to cash a check. Then bought a bottle of mucilage, some photographic films, two books, and a supply of cigars to last a few days, Sunday and Monday being holidays. Sent cable messages to wife and to the Institute. Reading H.G. Wells' "The Dream," a very well written book. No other book I had read so well, so delicately, and so interestingly expressed the absurdity of orthodox human ideas and the accepted rules of conduct, laws concerning sex and ~~mar~~ marriage, and the exaggerated importance given to the marriage certificate, without which the mating ~~mating~~ of the sexes is held to be immoral and carnal and the children born of such matings are regarded as "illegitimate."

After a walk in the afternoon I took a nap. There were races at the Savannah, but it was so hot I did not have energy enough to go. My table companion from Barbadoes said he went and it cost him fifteen dollars, was not worth it, and that one of the horses dropped dead after the race. I thought it curious that in Trinidad, a British colony with British money, all prices and bills and conversation about money, were in terms of dollars and cents, but all small change was in British money--pence, ha'pence, thri'pence, sixpence, and so on, all of which was very confusing to a stranger.

(1929, M June, Trinidad)

E--3813

Sunday, 2 June, Port of Spain; fair and hot, with occasional showers. Last night I retired at 11 p.m., but simply to doze and think how diabolically hot it was. At 1 a.m. I was aroused by ~~the~~ ^{the} heavy tread of several men coming up the wooden stairs next to my room and along the veranda. The noise stopped in front of my ~~door~~ door. It was thrown open and a man stepped inside. Quickly I had pulled the ~~revolver~~ ^{flash light} from under my pillow and sat up, and called out "Hold up; what do you want?" It was pitch dark. A voice responded, "Is this room No. 16?" I answered that Room 16 was two doors farther on. The man hastily retreated and as they passed through the door one of them had the grace to say "Sorry." They proceeded to Room 16 and for two hours kept up a rumbling conversation. All thought of sleep had left me. I turned on the light and spent the rest of the night reading and smoking.

A Danish gentleman was ~~marooned~~ ^{marooned} in Port of Spain and in my hotel for several days. He had a booming voice and talked steadily like a human phonograph, mostly about himself. After breakfast I sat on the veranda in front of my room while it was being set in order. He came and sat with me and talked without interruption for three solid hours. Later he talked to others. All during the afternoon I could hear his booming voice on the veranda as he worried first one roomer and then another. I suspected that we all endured him simply because of the intolerable heat and dullness and the enervation that affects every one in the tropics. Thank goodness, in three days more I would be leaving and a new lease of life would begin.

(Secretary General, 2 June, Port of Spain, salmon folder)

Extract from letter of 2 June, 1929, Port of Spain to the
Secretary General of the Institute, Rome:

x x x x

"As explained in my letter of May 20 I was unable to visit the Dutch and French Guiana Colonies because the travel funds to my credit are practically exhausted. I therefore ~~came~~ came directly from Demerara here, hoping that I might take passage at an early date for New York and Washington. Three cargo boats left for New York within the last few days, but one would not take passengers, the second had sold all its cabin space, and the third required twelve to fifteen days to make the voyage. I therefore engaged passage on the 'S.S.Voltaire' due to leave here on June 5 and arrive New York the 12th.

"The delay has been very trying on account of tropical heat, humidity, rain, lack of newspapers and books, and the deadly dullness and monotony of the place. Also, during the two weeks I have been marooned here, half the days have been holidays and all business suspended. Two weeks more of this would cause me to commit murder or land in a lunatic asylum.

x x x x

(1929, June, Trinidad)

E--3814

Monday, 3 June, Port of Spain; showers and hot. This was a holiday in commemoration of Queen Victoria's birthday. Spent the day very comfortably reading, smoking, and sipping whiskey and soda. Read "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss" by Oppenheim, interesting and has a good ending, as all good stories should. When Lucy came in to set the rooms to rights she wore no stockings. When she leaned over to smooth the cover she ~~is~~ displayed a pair of pretty legs and smiled brightly when I made some remark about them, but did not interrupt her work. For some ~~days~~ ^{days} she had kept aloof, which in the circumstances I thought wise. Looking back at my enforced stay in tropical Trinidad Lucy remains as the one bright spot in memory.

Tuesday, 4 June, Port of Spain; hot as usual. Slept well and did not awake until after 10 a.m. My first thought was, "Only one ~~more~~ more day and I will be homeward bound." Upon inquiry at the customhouse I was told to call the next day for my revolver. At the shipping office I was told that the steamer would be in the harbor the next morning, my baggage should be sent down at 11 a.m., a launch would take passengers out at 1 p.m., and the ship would leave at midnight.

Returning to my room I wrote, smoked, and drank. In the afternoon I went to the cigar factory for a supply of cigars to last me to New York. ~~Waxx~~ Had a nap and finished reading "Passionate Friends" by H.G. Wells, which I did not like. Anyhow, this was to be my last night in Port of Spain and I celebrated the event by drinking twice as much whiskey as usual, partly to remember the place by and partly because I knew that in another week there would be none for me in the United States, inasmuch as a good citizen I would not violate the law by patronizing bootleggers or run the risk of poison-

(1929, June, Trinidad)

E--3815

ous stuff they sold as gin or whiskey. I really enjoyed the last night sitting alone in my room and thinking about the coming voyage.

Wednesday, 5 June, Trinidad; fair and hot, but with a light breeze. At 9.30 a.m. I got my baggage off. Had an early luncheon, settled my hotel bill, said an affectionate good bye to Lucy, and drove to the waterfront, got my revolver from the customs office, and stepped into the launch that was to separate me from Port of Spain. I felt so elated at the termination of my enforced stay and at the prospect of the voyage home that I ~~greeted~~ grinned at the other occupants of the launch, but they were solemn and I met no response from them. The S.S. ^{Voltaire} ~~Velatrie~~ was anchored nearly two miles out and certainly looked grand to me. Can it be possible, I thought, that this floating ^Palace will enter New York harbor and bring me back to civilization and home and a decent climate in one week? I was disappointed to find that I was assigned to a cabin that was already occupied, which meant, of course, that not only would I be regarded by my fellow passenger as an intruder but that each of us would be inconvenienced. I felt the effects of ~~h~~ the unusual quantity of whiskey and soda I had absorbed the previous night as a feeling of dullness in the head and listlessness in the body which was not wholly counteracted by the exultation of leaving Port of Spain. I mentally resolved to diminish the quantity of alcohol daily during the voyage so that at New York I would be prepared for the Saharan drouth that was to follow.

The view of the bay and the hills in the brilliant sunlight was very pretty. A refreshing breeze made it feel much cooler on ~~de~~ deck than in the town. At night the electric lights of the city shone like a string of jewel~~y~~s on the horizon. The food on the steamer was ~~like~~ home cooking to me and for the first time in two weeks

(1929, June, at sea)

E--3816

I enjoyed the dinner.

All evening I had the comforting thought that I was ~~leaving~~ looking at Port of Spain for the last time and that I would retire early and wake up on the high seas. I went to the cabin at 11 p.m. with the intention of going to bed, but my cabin companion announced that he had a business letter to write, so I withdrew. He did not finish his letter until 1 a.m. Of course, I should have told him ~~me~~ the place to write his letter was in the social lounge, but I did not wish to start out by being disagreeable.

As I sat on deck watching the lights of the city recede my thoughts were of Lucy. I had no regrets. Neither she nor I had been harmed. Each had enjoyed the society of the other. She, I knew, with her sunny disposition and beauty would never want for friends.

Thursday, 6 June, Barbadoes; beautiful clear bright day with a strong breeze. Had a shower bath and breakfast at 8.30 a.m. What a glorious sight it was from the deck to look out over the shining rippling sea.

At 10.30 a.m. ^{we} anchored in the open roadstead a mile or two in front of Barbados. The sea was beautiful and the town and landscape beyond made a pretty picture. There were two points of land with lighthouses on them several miles apart and the town is on some low hills ~~between~~ half way between. A flat country back of the town rose to the horizon with sugar cane fields and clumps of palms about the scattering houses. Soon after the ship came to anchor she was surrounded by natives in small boats who dived for coins the passengers threw into the water. A hundred yards or more from the ship were fifteen or twenty rowboats, two of them manned by women scantily clad with heavy bare legs and full breasts.

(1929, June, Barbadoes)

E--3817

I decided not to go ashore because of the heat and a slight intestinal derangement. Instead I spent a quiet pleasant day on deck reading a book from the ship's library. Somewhat against my wishes I was assigned to the captain's table. A young lady from Buenos Aires who knew some of my acquaintances sat next to me on the right. To my left was a mother and son from Santos. Opposite sat a chemist from Boston who said he had been studying coffee in the State of San paulo, Brazil. It was evident ^{from} his manner that he had an exceedingly good opinion of himself. The captain was an elderly man and rather glum. Among the passengers was Senor Campolito, an Argentine champion pugilist with his trainer and agent. He was unusually tall, big, and good natured. The ship got under way after dark.

Friday, 7 June, to New York; clear and bright, blue sky and rippling sea. It was a lovely day and from 6 a.m. until 11 p.m. we were in sight of islands, one after another, Eustatius, Saba, St. Martins, Anguilla, Sambrero, and Guadeloupe, which last was especially attractive with mountains, green slopes, scattered houses along the beach and up the slopes, and the sea between the ship and the beach like a magnificent rippling blue river. The ship passed to the east of these islands and the sun shone on their green slopes. All of them seemed to be mountain peaks that rose out of the sea, and some of the peaks were lost in the clouds.

~~Starx~~ Saturday, 8 June, to New York; another beautiful day with blue sky, rippling sea, and a pleasant breeze. Spent most of the day drafting letters and an outline of my itinerary so that I would be prepared on reaching Washington; also did some reading.

In the afternoon the six children on the boat were entertained by their mothers. The children were in fancy costumes and enjoyed in gorging themselves with ice cream, cakes, and lemonade.

(1929, June, to N.Y.)

E--3818

In the evening the dining room was gaily decorated with colored ribbons and flags for the captain's dinner, and was followed by a masquerade ball which resulted in much jollity and good humor. One very large and dignified elderly gentleman from Boston surprised us all by dancing "Turkey in the Straw" with a young lady.

Sunday, 9 June, to New York; bright forenoon with calm sea, showers in the afternoon and much gelatinous algae in the sea. In the afternoon finished reading "The World Made Free" by H.G. Wells, and began reading "Through the Magic Door" by A. Conan Doyle, a fine description of books as an open door, synopses of their subject matter, and charming biographical sketches of their authors.

Monday, 10 June, to New York; rain, high wind, whitecaps. Spent some time summarising this trip, in order to be prepared to ~~ga~~ talk about it intelligently on reaching Washington. Still reading Doyle's "Through the Magic Door," which I greatly enjoyed. At noon we were between F Bermuda and the Florida coast and our run the previous twenty-four hours was 353 miles. Began reading Edwin Arnold's "Seas and Lands," beginning with a voyage to Canada in 1889.

Tuesday, 11 June, to New York; partly cloudy and cool, sea becoming calm. Prepared a tabulated statement of countries visited, area, countries comparable in area, capital cities, population, and distance I had traveled. On this last trip I estimated I had traveled 11,000 miles, visited twelve countries of Central and South America, comprising 1,357,000 square miles and a population of 17
17,000,000. Sent a wireless to wife advising her I would reach New York at night and Washington the next day.

At 8 p.m. the bar closed. It seemed very ~~xi~~ cold outside. In the evening Sr. Alcides Franco, chief of the technical section of the cotton division of the Department of Agriculture at Rio de

(1929, June, New York)

E--3819

Janeiro, ~~one~~ came to me and we renewed our former acquaintance. I had not recognized him. He was accompanied by his wife and children and expected to visit the U.S. Department of Agriculture the following week.

Wednesday, 12 June, New York; very cold morning at New York. We were awakened by the stewards at 4 a.m., dressed at 6 a.m., and waited around until 8 a.m. for the doctor to ~~et~~ come aboard. The ship was anchored in the narrows in quarantine. The ~~h~~ harbor was overcast with fog and smoke so that nothing could be seen until we came opposite the Statue of Liberty and the phantom pile of skyscraper buildings. The ship docked on the Hoboken side. I passed through customs and was free at 11 a.m. I caught a taxi, got to the Pennsylvania station, quickly bought a ticket and checked my baggage, and was on the train at 10.55 a.m. (N.Y. daylight saving time). I was impressed by the appearance of activity and bustle on the streets and the speed with which the taxies darted about. I was installed in a parlor car seat with a copy of the New York Sun to read. The train left at 11.10 a.m. and shortly thereafter luncheon was announced. I had graham bread and butter, a lamb chop and hashed brown potatoes, a doughnut and a glass of milk, which I enjoyed more than any lunch I had had for months. Then came the rush and roar through the fresh green fields and factory towns full of automobiles. In the smoking room I talked with an elderly man from Boston who said that many years ago he had run a line of boats to Trinidad for asphalt. After he left a young man entered, a young lawyer from Baltimore, who said he had spent three successive vacations in southern France. He was very talkative, but got off at Baltimore.

The train reached Washington at 4.25, which made me realize that I was mistaken as to the time when I telegraphed to wife from

new York

Page 3820-21 omitted

(1929, June, Washington)

E--3822

France all through the war, was married and divorced there, and had steady employment as a chauffeur with a wealthy family in Washington. He was much older than Thelma and far more sensible. He later told me that Thelma had wholly misrepresented her home life with us and the character of her foster parents and that she was furious when he showed her my wife's letter asking for an interview and announced his intention to see her. The couple were living in a cheap flat not far from our house.

As for Otis, she said he had refused to go to school after I left and had made no particular effort to find employment. Upon the advise of a friend whom she consulted she had placed him with a school for delinquent boys near Cleveland Park. She was very enthusiastic over the benevolent proprietor of this school who undertook to educate the boy for \$45 a month, and she thought Otis rather liked it. He drove out to the school and back daily and the benevolent genius at the head of the school reported that he was making satisfactory progress. Later Thelma's husband confided that Otis, instead of going to the school, or remaining there if he reported in the morning at roll call, spent most of his time driving about in the car or with him at his place of employment.

This resume of family history during my absence took most of the night.

Thursday, 13 June, Washington; clear and hot. After leaving a Panama straw hat to be blocked and trimmed I visited the Bureau of Agricultural Economics where I had interviews with most of the administrative assistants and met Mr. Olsen, the Chief, and Mr. Kitchen, the Assistant Chief. Mr. Olsen was much concerned over a pending bill that if enacted into law would establish a Federal Farm Board with functions and powers that would duplicate

(1929, June, Washington)

E--3823

those of his bureau and with full authority to transfer to it any branch of the Department of Agriculture. *¶* Mr. Kitchen asked what my plans were. I replied that because the travel allowance was getting low I planned to remain *W* in Washington about two months, and then return to Rome for two or three months to finish my work in connection with the census project. "Then what," he asked. I said that for several years and for many reasons I had wanted to retire, but that inasmuch as I had accepted the assignment to the census project at the urgent request of the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics at a time when it meant a considerable financial and personal sacrifice, ~~that~~ conditions had changed and I no longer felt able to retire, ~~that~~ I had accomplished the mission with unexpected success, and that when it was completed so far as possible with the funds available, I would expect to return to the Bureau and enter on duty at the beginning of the new year. He wanted to know in what capacity I would return to the bureau and what suggestions I had to make regarding it. I said that I would be willing to serve in any capacity where I could be of most service, that my long experience and wide knowledge of agriculture, especially in the foreign field should be of value to the bureau and the department, but that having been absent more or less for seven years I was somewhat out of touch with the new administration and did not feel qualified to make suggestions at this time. He replied that during the next few months we would all have time to consider the matter. This was the first intimation I had that the administrative officials of my old bureau had given no thought to utilizing my services after the expiration of my connection with the world census project, which they well knew would end in the following December. Also those officials seemed to have lost all interest

(1929, June, Washington)

E--3824

in the census project that had seemed so very important five ~~ya~~ years previously when at their urgent request and with much ballyhoo departmental publicity I had agreed to become responsible for it on behalf of the department. In no other country had I met with such indifference. This struck me as rather curious and "gave me to think." I came away from these interviews very much disillusioned and with the distinct impression that my return to the bureau would be unwelcome to them. Perhaps this impression was deepened by the fact that my reception in other bureaus and offices of the department was cordial in the extreme.

~~My feelings at the close of this first day at home were mixed: Pleasure at seeing the familiar sights and meeting with old friends. Surprise at the ambiguous welcome by my wife who was incensed ~~at~~ that I ~~should have accused her~~ I would not admitting receiving letters from her when I had received none for two years, that I should have sent carbon copies of my letter^s to her to my mother--in spite of my explanation that this was simply to economize time in keeping both branches of the family informed of my whereabouts and what I was seeing and experiencing; and doubt as to how^w I would treat Thelma and Otis, both of whom had deceived us. Then there was the indifferent reception at my old bureau that I had helped organize and the prospect that I would be out of employment when my census work was finished. ~~"Well," I thought, "so this is what I get for the provision I made for the family"~~ Thelma had not had the grace to call or welcome me back. I had seen little of Otis, who seemed to be trying to keep~~x~~ out of my way. "Well," I thought, "so this is what I get for the provision I made for my family and for having accepted a special mission of the bureau and department that involved great sacrifice on my part. It now appears that I made a mistake in accepting the responsibility for the census project. I should have~~

(1929, June, Washington)

E--3825

accepted an offer of \$10,000 a year ~~w~~ as crop estimator with a brokerage firm, or a salary of \$8,000 as professor in a university, and kept my family together and in order, rather than a salary of \$6,000, travel hardships for five years, separation from home, country, and friends, and the disruption of my family. No use repining. At the time I accepted the census ~~project~~ mission I thought it was a public service and would be recognized as such. Travel ~~has~~ and experience in foreign countries have their compensations that last through life. Perhaps the family would have been disrupted anyway, because of the divergent views of wife and self as to the bringing up of children, she for indulgence, I for discipline that would fit them for the life to come." Nothing for it but to make the best of a bad situation. Nevertheless and in spite of the fact that I had considered these very contingencies when I accepted the census mission the realization of what I had seen as a possibility and the confirmation of my forebodings came as something of a shock.

Friday, 14 June, Washington; clear and hot. I Otis took me in the car to the department. I called at the Tobacco Division, but Mr. Gage was away. So was Dr. Orton of the Tropical Research Foundation. I met Miss Sherman who submitted a typewritten statement she had prepared about my last trip for revision.

Returned to the house and we had strawberries and cream for luncheon. Took a nap. Wrote to the American Consul at Guayaquil about my lost baggage. Addressed some picture postcards to friends in Rome.

In the evening Otis brought Thelma to the house to stay with us a few days while her husband was in New York. She looked pale and thin and said she was having trouble with her teeth. We had a nice supper and after sitting with the family awhile I went to my basement room to work on my accounts.

Pp. 3826-35 omitted. Family matters

Humorous pages
exceeded by LME
+ omitted

(1929, June, Washington.)

E-3837

ing with us to a restaurant. He would be exceedingly uncomfortable, other diners would be disgusted, and both you and I would be disgraced. He has the table manners of a dog in a kennel." She furiously denied this statement. "Very well, my dear," I replied, "all you have to do is to think how other people behave at the table, and then watch Otis." She protested that he was only a child. I called her attention to the fact that he was six feet tall, sixteen years old, and considered himself fully grown up. She said there was plenty of time for him to acquire manners after he grew up. I was restrained by the thought that I would have to return to Italy, be absent some months before I could return and assume charge of the household in a way that would have a permanent influence on the family life, so I desisted from pursuing the conversation, but I hoped that the hard things I had said would make a dent in the inflated egotism of the boy and the obsession of my wife that the boy was a "tender child" and wholly irresponsible.

Tuesday, 18 June, Washington; clear and excessively hot, quite as hot as it ever gets in the tropics. At the office I dictated a press release regarding the progress of the census project. Mr. Callendar came over and expressed himself as being proud of the research being done at the administrative office of Crop Estimates. He said that lists of the voluntary crop reporters had been sent to the field agents of fifteen states, thus relieving the central office. At noon Mr. Marquis came in and together we walked to the Harrington Hotel to attend the ^{weekly} luncheon of the Farm Hands Club. There was a large attendance. After the luncheon I talked for a few minutes on my trip to Central and South America. I walked back through the hot sun to the main building and called at the office of the Director of Scientific Work to see Dr. Woods, at the office of the Director of Extension to see Mr. Warburton, and at the Accounting Office to see

(1929, June, Washington)

E--3837

Mr. Zappone. At the accounting office I left five dollars to cover future assessments for the Departmental Relief Association. Dictated some letters. Two clerks came in to talk about Prof. Spillman and Madame Agresti.

I walked home through the heat. A swollen gum was causing considerable discomfort. After supper, Sr. Barre, teacher of Italian and Spanish, from whom my wife had taken some Spanish lessons, called and sat talking for nearly two hours.

Wednesday, 19 June, Washington; excessively hot. Dictated some letters and called on Dr. ~~Klein~~^{Alvine Stine} and Mr. Michael. ~~Klein~~^S had been studying foreign crop estimates and Michael had been studying the agricultural statistics of central Europe. After luncheon began to run through back numbers of the Bureau News and the Official Record, from which I learned of the death or resignation of many officials and other changes that had occurred during my absence. Mr. Gage came in for a short visit.

Otis had become ^{me} much interested in having me buy a new car, the one wife had bought during my absence beginning to look shabby. I had no intention of buying a new car until I was back home permanently to see that it was properly cared for, but had no objection to finding out what was on the market. I therefore consented to let Otis drive me over to a sales agency in Georgetown. Although our Ford coach was less than two years old the agent found all sorts of things the matter with it and the best he would do was to ~~make~~^{offer} an allowance of \$125 on it in exchange for a new car.

(Longobardi, 19 June, Washington, salmon folder)

Extract from letter of June 19, 1929, at Washington, to

Mr. Cesare Longobardi, Rome:

x x x

"After five months travel in the primitive countries of Central and the northern part of South America, I feel both refreshed and stimulated by the evidence of stupendous activity in New York and Washington. Even old sleepy Washington seems to be rushing about in automobiles, telephones are ringing, and in the steady-going administrative departments of the government the employes seem to be working under pressure. The afternoon of my arrival I sat on the balcony in front of my house on 17th Street and saw more automobiles pass in one hour than I had seen in thirteen countries during the previous five months. During the day automobiles are parked along the streets and in the public parks for many miles.

x x x x

"My thought is that there is nothing urgent in Rome that requires my immediate attention, that it will be extremely hot until September, and that during July and August the Permanent Committee will be on summer vacation. I therefore plan to remain in Washington through July and August and to return to Rome shortly before the Permanent Committee meets. Then you and I will go over the correspondence of the office, consider pending questions, and make out a program for follow-up work in the census. I shall hope to finish up in Rome in time to return to Washington in December.

x x x x

"I am thankful that after more than four years of effort all important countries of the world have been visited and without exception we have their promise of cooperation so far as their circumstances will permit, and that these countries and their dependencies comprise at least 97 per cent of the land surface, population, and agricultural

production of the world. This is about as near complete success as one can reasonably expect.

x x x x

E--3828

On the walk home I stopped at a dental office and had x-ray photographs taken of my teeth. At the house we had a nice supper prepared by my wife. After supper Otis, who was keen on having us get a new car, drove us to a sales agency on 14th Street where we inspected the new Ford models. Wife thought our old car was quite good enough, but if we got a new one she would prefer the model designed for carrying with a bus-like body and row of seats for carrying groups of passengers because then we would have more room for guests. Clearly her thought was not of the convenience and comfort of the family so much as of the automobile.

(1929, June, Washington)

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E--3829

more room for ⁵guests. Clearly her thought was not so much for the convenience and comfort of the family as for providing automobile service for friends and acquaintances.

Friday, 21 June, Washington; hazy and hot. Had Otis drive me down to the Census Bureau to see Mr. Austin, in charge of the agricultural census. He said that the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce had recommended to Congress that the census be taken in November while all the facts of crop production were fresh in farmers minds, but Congress arbitrarily disregarded these recommendations and changed the date to May first following, probably because they thought weather conditions would be more favorable at that season for making a more complete enumeration of the population on which the future apportionment of congressional districts would depend. He also said that forty millions ~~of~~ dollars had been appropriated for the census and he gave me a copy of the tentative ^{draft} ~~copy~~ of the proposed census schedule. He said it was still under consideration and he asked me for criticisms and suggestions.

I walked across to another of the temporary buildings on the Mall where were housed many units of the Department of Agriculture. There I found my old friend, Prof. W. J. Spillman, formerly Chief of the Office of Farm Management. I had always liked and admired him and was glad to find him happy in his work. During Secretary Houston's administration Prof. Spillman had openly criticised some of the secretary's policies and backed up his criticisms by resigning. Dr. H. C. Taylor of the University of Wisconsin succeeded him as Chief of the Office of Farm Management. For a time Prof. Spillman wrote a column for a farm paper published in Philadelphia and was neither happy nor prosperous. After the change in administration and the consolidation of the Bureaus of Crop Estimates, Markets,

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and Farm Management as the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, with Dr.H.C.Taylor as chief and myself as associate chief, at the suggestion of Dr. Taylor Prof.Spillman was brought back into service with the reorganized bureau. Upon his return Prof.Spillman stipulated that he should be relieved of administrative responsibility and that he should not be required to attend the numerous time-consuming and generally futile committee meetings and conferences. Dr.Taylor, who conducted the negotiations, said to me that Prof.Spillman seemed delighted at the opportunity of rejoining his old associates and giving the department the benefit of his most unusual experience, but that Mrs.Spillman, who was present at the interview, was quite bitter in her denunciation of the department and of himself--which supports the statement that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. I have always felt that Dr.Taylor deserved great credit for his generous action in taking the initiative and his diplomacy in arranging for the reinstatement of Prof.Spillman. It was a graceful thing to do as well as an act of justice. While in his office Prof.Spillman explained to me the method by which he had estimated the buying power of many of the counties in the United States for the McCann Advertising Agency. This agency paid for the work, which took six months and cost \$27,500.00. While there two young German students came in to consult Prof.Spillman. They were planning a trip across the country and back so as to get a comprehensive idea of American agriculture and had been referred to him for advice as to where to go and what to see.

After luncheon I telephoned to Otis to come for me with the car. We stopped at the house, but it was locked and we could not get in. Then we drove to Tacoma Park and after several inquiries succeeded in finding the residence of Dr. W.A.Orton, manager of the Tropical Research Foundation. I found him in bed with an adjust-

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ible table and light to facilitate writing. He explained that for several years he had taken insulin with excellent results, but after traveling in the tropics last year, the change of ~~climate~~ environment, climate, food, and habits, had brought on a relapse and he had been in bed for thirteen weeks. He looked much thinner and paler than when I had last seen him. He seemed to be fairly well informed concerning the countries I had visited and was much interested in talking about them, so much so that he was reluctant to have me leave. I promised to see him again.

After returning to the city Otis drove to a Ford sales agency where the car was examined for trade-in purposes, but the best offer ~~for trade-in purposes~~ was \$100. Otis was much disappointed that I did not accept the offer and get a new car.

After supper ~~that~~ there was a crash at the corner of L and 17th streets. I looked out and saw that a large car had crossed the pavement and crashed through an iron fence. The young man driving the car fainted and was taken to a hospital. His three young lady companions were not injured, but they seemed much embarrassed by the large crowd that quickly gathered. The other car was not much damaged, but the lady driver seemed to be much annoyed by the attention she received from the policemen and crowd that gathered about and stared at her.

Otis became sulky and ugly because wife objected to his going to a midnight show. He was only partially mollified when I gave him the money to buy a new style straw hat with turned down brim that he thought he must have because they were just beginning to be worn by flashy young men. I had ~~refused~~ ^{declined} to buy it for him at first because he had always refused to wear any hat and insisted on going bareheaded. I consented this time on his solemn promise that he would wear the hat after he got it. So far as I knew he wore it

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only twice, so that each appearance cost me one dollar. But dollars meant nothing to Otis then.

At wife's request I went out for some ice cream. The weather was beastly hot. Read some in "Chemistry in Medicine," a series of articles by specialists that were very interesting in spite of their technical phraseology.

Saturday, 22 June, Washington; fair and hot, following a severe electrical storm during the night with much lightning and thunder and a fall of more than two inches of rain within two hours. The rain came so fast that the gutters and outlets could not carry it off. ~~and~~ At the intersection of L and 17th Streets, a natural depression, the water was two feet deep, making it difficult for motor cars to get through. The sudden influx of water into the sewer compressed the air so that it caused a heavy iron cover over an opening at the corner to dance up and down with a great clatter, and at another smaller opening the cover was blown away and the water spurted up as high as six feet or more like a fountain.

At the office I read "Do We Need More Land" by Dr. O. E. Baker and other publications of the Department.

On the way home I bought a copy of the World Almanac and inquired at several photographic places where I could have my kodak repaired. Otis took Thelma and Nadine, a girl friend of unsavory reputation who was staying with her during the absence of her husband, down to the Speedway. I spent the afternoon alone reading until 5 p.m. when wife returned. Then went out and bought two blank keys in the hope that one would fit the lock of the outer door, as I was without a key to my own house. Wife and I had a satisfactory supper at a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue. Otis preferred a can of baked beans and a bottle of soda pop at home.

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Sunday, 23 June, Washington; clear and very hot. Reading the morning papers and "Chemistry in Medicine." In the afternoon visited the Corcoran Art Gallery. Most of the pictures were familiar to me and like old friends that I had known for many years, but there were enough new ones to interest me. Returning I took a long nap in a hammock on the back porch. Otis took the car out with Thelma and Nadine and got back at 6.30 p.m. After supper wife and I walked to Lafayette Square and sat awhile. Old memories came back. For more than thirty years I had seen it almost daily in all seasons and weathers. Those memories were all the more poignant because wife's attitude had become most unfriendly, due to a casual remark I had made about Otis keeping the car out all day and until such a late hour. It was becoming more and more evident that she instinctively resented any criticism of Otis.

(Mother, 23 June, Washington, salmon folder)

(1929, June, Washington)

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Monday, 24 June, Washington; partly cloudy, oppressively hot, with an electrical storm shortly after noon. Left my kodak with a photographer to be repaired. At the office began to check up the proposed form of census schedule for the United States. Received a letter from the Rome office inclosing a formal invitation from Baron de Espanella to deliver a lecture on the World Agricultural Census in September at the Barcelona International Exposition. Shortly after noon on my way to luncheon I was caught in a down pour of rain and got soaking wet. Had to take a taxi to go home for a change of clothing. ~~P~~ At 2.30 p.m. I went to a dentist and had four lower teeth extracted. He trimmed the gums with nippers and sewed them up with horse hair. Not a pleasant operation, the only consolation being that every tooth withdrawn was done for and could never again torture me. The exray photograph had shown a diseased condition at the roots of several teeth each of which was manufacturing poison. The dentist with an eye to future business wanted to remove only those that were diseased. I, with an eye to future torture, insisted that all should come out and be done with it. We compromised on leaving two teeth on each side of the lower jaw which he said was necessary to hold the lower plate firmly. I later regretted that I had not insisted on having them out also. I have since regretted that I did not have all my teeth extracted early in life. The saving in money would have been considerable and the saving in physical torture beyond words. I sincerely hope that the human race will progress to the point where babies will never sprout teeth. For supper I had to confine myself to tomato soup and milk. I suffered a good deal of pain and to relieve the nervous tension I walked down to the base of the Washington Monument, from which point I had a good view of the lights of the city, along the Potomac, and of Alexandria, and then back by way of

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Pennsylvania Avenue, up 7th Street to K, and back home. I found Mr. Jenkins in our dining room and we ~~st~~ sat up rather late talking.

Tuesday, 25 June, Washington; fair forenoon, raining heavily afternoon, and hot all day. Otis drove me in the car to the office. Mr. Gilbert came in to consult me about a letter from Mr. Southard, U.S. Minister to Abyssinia at Addis Ababa, asking for an agricultural exhibit for the Abyssinian department of agriculture. I suggested photographs illustrating American agriculture and plant and animal industry, and some specimens of cotton, maize, peanuts, wheat, tobacco and the like. Dr. Orton called up to inquire about the pathological section of the International Institute of Agriculture.

I walked home for luncheon--a glass of milk. Was told at the photographic shop that my kodak could not be repaired because it was of German make. Bought some needed clothing, including a raincoat. In the evening reading "Chemistry in Medicine."

~~(Logan, 25 June, Washington, salmon folder)~~ *omit*

(1929, June, Washington)

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Wednesday, 26 June, Washington; windy and much cooler, with showers. Got up late and did not go to the office. Otis walked with me to the Avenue for a supply of cigars. Then we visited the salesroom of the Chevrolet. Otis ^{was} possessed with the idea that we must have a new car. He ^{was} ~~is~~ ashamed of the old one. I conceived that Otis's interest in automobile^s was sufficient to interest him in a course of study in an automobile school that would fit him to become either an automobile mechanic or a salesman, and that because the automobile business was growing it would afford a good opening for him. I had written to such a school in New York City and received a reply with literature. The tuition for three months was \$250. I had mentioned the plan to Otis and he was quite enthusiastic about it; although I suspected it was largely because of the prospect of living for three months in New York and having his expenses paid, rather than any idea of learning anything useful. However, my wife promptly vetoed the suggestion.

After luncheon I had another session with the dentist who took out five lower teeth, with the necessary trimming and sewing of ragged gums. Five more little devils gone. The gnawing pain that came on after the effects of the anaesthetic wore off made me very nervous and I took long walks before and after supper.

~~(Longobardi, 26 June, Washington, salmon folder)~~ *omit*

Washington, D.C. June, 1932. Sunday, June 12th. After
showers. Got up late and did not go to the office. Olin called
with me to the Library for a supply of books. Then we visited the
collection of the University. Olin discussed with the Librarian
the possibility of a new car. He is anxious to get one. I suggested
that Olin's interest in automobiles was sufficient to interest him
in a course of study in an automobile school that would fit him to
become either an automobile mechanic or a salesman, and that because
the automobile business was growing it would afford a good opening
for him. I had written to such a school in New York City and received
as a reply with literature. The tuition for three months was \$150.
I had mentioned the plan to Olin and he was quite enthusiastic about
it; although I suggested it was largely because of the prospect of
living for three months in New York and having his expenses paid,
rather than any idea of learning anything useful. However, my
wife promptly vetoed the suggestion.

After luncheon I had another session with the dentist who
took out five lower teeth, with the necessary treatment and cleaning
of the gums. I've more little devil's gone. The dentist said that
came on after the effects of the anesthetic were off and he was
nervous and I took long walks before and after supper.

~~(Washington, D.C. June, 1932, Sunday, June 12th)~~

(1929, June, Washington)

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Thursday, 27 June, Washington; cloudy and cool. At 10 a.m. Mrs. Byrns came to the house. She had occupied upper rooms in the house as a bride with her engineer husband ten years previously. She and wife had a nice visit together. At 11 a.m. I called at the Pan American Union and had an interview with the Assistant Director, Sr. Gil Borges, and with the Director, Dr. Rowe. Both expressed appreciation of the trouble I had taken in looking up members of the various national committees in the countries visited on my last trip. They said they would want my cooperation in the coming Inter American Conference on Agriculture, and they advised that the conference had been postponed until the following May. In their offices I was introduced to the Venezuelan Minister. I stopped to see Mr. Reid, the Foreign Trade Commissioner, who said he was about to make a trip to Central America and was much interested in my experiences in them. While with Mr. Reid one of his assistants, Mr. Griffith, came in and seeing me called me by name and said that he was a messenger boy at the time I was with the Dockery Commission thirty-five years before.

At the house I received a letter from mother saying that Otis, Thelma, and Nadine were at Sunny Hill last Sunday. When I spoke to Thelma and Otis about it both insisted that they had been to the Speedway and to Rock Creek only and denied flatly that they had gone to Sunny Hill. I was much disappointed and disgusted with them because I knew from their manner that they were both trying to deceive me. Wife had given Otis six dollars with which to buy a new pair of trousers. When he tried them on they were far too short. Also she had given him money for picture shows. He returned late in the evening very sulky and sullen. Neither he nor Thelma ever mentioned any place or person or thing they had seen or any of their experiences. They seemed to lose all interest in anything and everyth

Rk 38-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-added children

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Again I pointed out to him that in order to become a competent aviator he not only had to ~~first~~ become an airplane mechanic but ^{also} would have to know something of physics, chemistry, mechanics, engineering, higher mathematics, navigation, astronomy, geography, and a lot of other things that all the money in the world could not buy; they could be learned only by steady, persistent hard work, ~~years~~ years of hard work. He expressed the opinion that all that was necessary was to take a few lessons and learn how to operate a plane just ^{as} one did an automobile. Apparently he had never thought that either study or work was involved in learning to become a pilot.

Tuesday, 9 July, Washington; excessively hot, with a shower in the afternoon. Reading awhile and then walked to the office of the dentist and sat in his chair nearly two hours. More than half this time was wasted in trying to make previous casts fit until he decided they would not do and proceeded to make three new casts, one upper and two lower, all three very painful and causing the gums to bleed freely.

After a glass of milk at the house I walked down town and bought a suit of clothes and some garden tools for the front yard. At a second hand book store I bought a book on the situation of American immigrants after twenty-five years and another by Stead on "The Americanization of the World." It was 100 degrees in the shade in the afternoon and too hot to think of doing anything.

Wednesday, 10 July, Washington; very hot and customary shower at sundown. At the office I dictated a draft of my Barcelona ^{address}. When I asked about my travel authorization I was ~~it~~ told that it was held on the desk of the assistant chief because of doubt as to my headquarters. I had indicated that Washington was my permanent headquarters

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and Rome as temporary, which was said to be contrary to the policy of the Department. I at once said it was a ^amatter of the utmost indifference to me which was which, but in any event the regulations should be complied with. I called up the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction and learned that Dr. B. T. Galloway was threatened with another breakdown and had gone to one of the northwestern states, that Mr. Dorsett was in China, that Mr. Peter Bissett was no longer with the office, and that Dr. Fairchild was away for the summer. On leaving the office I met Mr. Fessenden of the Crop Estimates Division who looked very old and said he expected to retire within a year. Also I met Mr. E. V. Wilcox who said he was planning a trip next month to Russia, Persia, the valley of the Euphrates, and perhaps into Afghanistan, and then into India, Siam, Indo-China, and China-- a wonderful trip. I spent the rest of the day reading Stead's "The Americanization of the World." The new paper money of the United States, bills smaller than the old, went into circulation today.

Thursday, 11 July, Washington; clear and hot. Called at the dentist at 11 a.m. He removed stitches from the gums and tinkered around with other things. At 2 p.m. Mr. Frank Andrews, then stationed at Salt Lake City, called. It was the first time we had met in six years. He looked much older and thinner. After he left Thelma and Nadine came. Thelma went immediately upstairs to have a long talk with Mommie. Nadine and I were left alone. I looked at her with interest because I had been told that she ^{had} had ~~had~~ an unusual series of adventures with boys and men. She was young, shapely, and fresh looking, and appeared to be very stupid. She lolled back in an armchair in a short skirt that barely came to her knees, roll top silk stockings, above the tops of which I could see a ^{pair} ~~pair~~ of well rounded shapely legs. I tried to engage her in

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conversation, but she was hopelessly dumb. To break the monotony I opened up the phonograph. As I did so I asked her if she liked music. She replied shortly "Yes." "What kind of music do you prefer" I asked. "None of the highbrow stuff" she replied. "What I like best is 'The Pagan Lover.'" "Oh," I said, "and so you like negroes better than white men?" "What do you mean?" she asked with an insulted air. "Why, surely you know that in modern times pagan lovers are all negroes, Africans, coal black, thick lips, flat noses, kinky hair, who ~~in~~ instead of wearing clothes rub their naked bodies with ~~mix~~ rancid oil to protect their skin and rub lime and ^Sulphur in their hair to kill lice and other vermin, and they smell like a soap or fertilizer factory. Of course, the song about 'The Pagan Lover,' or 'My Pagan Lover,' is about one of these niggers. When you said you liked that song I supposed of course that you ~~lik~~ must like negroes." "Well, I would like for you to know that I don't like niggers" she said with haughty emphasis. I said "I wish you would tell me what you thought a pagan lover looks like," She confessed she did not know. I asked her if she knew what the word "pagan" meant. ~~S~~ Again she confessed she did not know. To relieve her embarrassment I put on a record and played the "Blue Danube" waltz. Thelma came soon after that and the two flappers flounced out. Began reading "Races and Immigration in America" by Koons (?), which I found tedious and difficult to read. Took wife to see the talky-movie picture "The Glad Rag Doll," which was amusing. Upon inquiry I learned that Otis had seen it twice, but had never mentioned it at home.

Friday, 12 July, Washington; cloudy and cooler. At the office I ^Srevised the draft of the Barcelona address. Received some letters. Saw Mr. Callander for a few minutes. Met Mr. Edgar Brown, chief of

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the Seed Laboratory on the street. He said he had attended the congress of Seed Analysts last year at Rome. He further said that the seed analysts of Europe had been so busy developing technique that they had completely lost sight of the main object of seed testing, namely, to determine the viability of ^eeds and their value as seed for growing and producing plants.

I walked home through the heat and felt completely enervated and slept most of the afternoon. Surely the summer climate of Washington is one of the most trying in the world.

Thelma and her husband spent the evening with us. I sent out for ice cream. This was the first opportunity I had to talk with Mr. Price. In response to my questions he said that he was self-educated, had lived in Idaho, Montana, and California, and in Los Angeles and Pasadena, and that he^s was in the army for five years, ^part of the time in France.

Saturday, 13 July, Washington; clear and pleasant. My sleep was broken during the night and I had two very vivid dreams, the kind that one remembers as he does some ^{thing} that actually happened or was actually experienced, more real than most real happenings. The first ^a was of an old horse named George that had belonged to the family when I was a boy and that I had not thought of for forty years. Old George and I had a terrible time on the side of a wet slippery mountain, so steep that no sensible horse would attempt to climb ~~it~~ it. The other was of an old dilapidated house and deserted garden and apple orchard, with many weeds and some flowers, and walks overgrown with grass. The curious thing about this dream was my intense feeling that I had often seen and been in this old garden and house in other dreams or in another state of existence, but had never seen it in real life.

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After breakfast I wrote a letter to Mr. Longobardi at the Rome office with which I inclosed a copy of my Barcelona address with request that he have it translated into both French and Spanish. In the afternoon called on the dentist who fitted the new set of artificial teeth. It took much time and they were very painful, but were a great improvement over no teeth at all. He also did some work on the four remaining lower teeth. Wife thoroughly tired out from housecleaning and a visit to one of the neighbors. She and I had supper at a restaurant. It was the first time in two weeks I was able to eat anything but liquid food.

Sunday, 14 July, Washington; hot, with showers. Charles Worthy, Eunice's husband, brought her, Sister Nellie, and mother, to Haines' Point in Potomac Park, where wife and I, Thelma and Mr. Price, Otis and Mr. Jenkins, joined them about noon. There were had a picnic which wife and some of the others seemed to enjoy. I have not liked picnics since I was a boy. This one was hot, the pine tables were rough and not clean, the pine benches on which we sat were very uncomfortable, and there were ants and flies. My new teeth hurt me. Several airplanes passed back and forth over the Point and speed boats sputtered and splashed about in the river. Our party broke up at 3.30 p.m., Charlie to take his party to see a friend who thought he could get him reinstated in the civil service. At the house wife and I sat on the front balcony awhile; the young people sat on the back porch chattering. My gums were so sore that I had difficulty eating watermelon.

Monday, 15 July, Washington; clear and pleasantly cool. Had a talk with Mr. Kitchen who was holding my travel authorization, which he then signed. Also discussed the question of a future permanent delegate to the Institute. Before I left he said I should see Mr. Olsen about my future in the bureau. He suggested that there might

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be an opening with the Federal Farm Board that was holding its first meeting that day. Mr. Olsen had already left to attend this meeting at the invitation of the Board. I did not go to the Board because (1) I had not been invited, (2) I still had to return to Rome to finish what I had to do in connection with the census project and therefore was not interested in immediate employment elsewhere, and (3) I took pride in the fact that for more than a third of a century I had never had to ask for employment, assignment, or promotion, but had had many offers at higher salaries, and I did not propose to begin asking for an assignment at this late date--~~fi~~ if any institution wanted my services it would no doubt seek me out.

I next walked across to the administration building and met Dr. Woods, Director of Scientific Work, and Mr. George M. Rommel, former Chief of Animal Husbandry. At their invitation I walked with them to the Cosmos Club where we had luncheon together. Mr. Rommel said he was then with the Industrial Commission at Savannah. Dr. Woods described the organization of the Maryland Dairymen's Association and its fight with Baltimore that resulted in nearly doubling the price of milk. Competing milk from other states was kept out by means of sanitary regulations. He also said that the Mediterranean fruit fly had appeared in the citrus groves of Florida within the last few months. Curiously enough it was first discovered in the orchards at the Florida Agricultural Experiment Station.

At the Cosmos Club I also saw Mr. Gray Silver for a moment. He said he had been called to Washington as a representative of agriculture, because of his connection with the American Farm Bureau Federation, to attend a conference in the Department of Labor regarding the census of labor and unemployment.

Received a letter from the Director of the Pan American Union

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asking me to contribute an article for the "Buletin" on the World Agricultural Census in American Countries. I began its preparation in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 16 July, Washington; pleasantly cool. At 9.30 a.m. went to the dentist. After puttering around with my teeth he said he was N through for the present. Last night finished reading E.P.Roe's "The Earth Trembled," a romance of the Charleston earthquake, from which it appears that only an earthquake could break down the barrier of prejudice between two loving hearts when one is from the North and the other from the South so that they could unite and live happily ever after.

Had luncheon with the Farm Hands Club at the Harrington Hotel where I met some of the older employes of the Department of Agriculture, Mr.Gray of the Farm Bureau, Mr. Lowell of the Grange, Mr. Brown the free lance meteorologist, and others. On the Department grounds I met Mr.Reese, the chief clerk. The new administration building between the two laboratory wings was nearing completion. It was part of the original plan for a new building for the department but Congress had delayed a quarter of a century to make the necessary appropriation to finish it. In the meantime Congress had made appropriations and authorized the expansion of the department that required the renting of forty or more buildings in different parts of the city, the rental of which in a period of twenty-five years would have more than paid for the construction of the entire new building.

As I was about to leave Sr.Mariano, an employe of the library of the International Institute of Agriculture, called and remained for more than an hour. He expected to leave for New York and sail for Europe the next day.

I walked up town and bought a new fountain pen, a new auto-

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matic lead pencil, a wrist watch for wife, left my own watch to be cleaned, and stopped at the American Express to inquire about future sailings for Italy. Wife protested vigorously, as usual, against accepting the watch I had purchased for her, but I knew from experience that after she got used to it she would appreciate it. Her protests ^{always} made it difficult to do anything or to get anything for her. It always meant an argument.

Wednesday, 17 July, Washington; clear and pleasant. In the forenoon I finished drafting ^{an} article ^{for} the Pan American Union. Called at the Division of Crop Estimates and met many of my former associates, including several of the field agents. Mr. Callander, my successor as chief, was quite cool in his reception as if my call were unwelcome. Messrs. Jones and Shepard both urged me to apply to the Federal Farm Board for a position. Had luncheon at a restaurant ^{on} the corner near the department and met a number of friends and saw many familiar faces. In the afternoon dictated some letters. Left at 4 p.m. and walked home through the hot sun.

In the basement corridor, much in the way, was a bicycle. I had bought it for Otis two years previously when he was obsessed with the idea that he must have one "because all the other boys had one," and because he thought he could deliver newspapers with it after school. He had used it just long enough to learn how to ride and had then put ~~in~~ it in the basement where it had sat unused for a year and a half, covered with dust and rusting, although it was almost as good as new. I had urged Otis to either give it away and make some other boy happy or sell it, anything to get it out of the way. He made no effort whatever to dispose of the bicycle and became sullen whenever I brought up the subject. Then I ordered him to clean up the machine and visit bicycle repair shops and get an offer for it. The first day he had nothing to report. The second

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~~an~~ morning I ordered him out and not to return without an offer of some kind for the ~~amachine~~. This time he reported that one of the dealers offered to pay \$7.50 for it if he would deliver it and it came up to his description. The next morning I told Otis to deliver the machine and collect the money. He wanted the car with which to deliver it. I laughed at him, reminding him that the bicycle was too large to be taken inside the car. Also I reminded him how insufferably proud he was when he first got the bicycle, and asked him what had become of his pride in it; it was the same bicycle and he was the same boy, only a little older. No, he could either ride the bicycle, if he still knew how, or trundle it at his side. He seemed to feel very badly at the prospect of being seen on the street with a bicycle instead of an automobile, but I ordered him peremptorily to deliver the machine at once. When I returned in the late afternoon Otis displayed with great pride a new pipe, a humidor, and a canister of smoking tobacco that he had purchased with the proceeds of the bicycle. Apparently money simply burned in his pockets until it was spent. He at once deposited his smoking treasures on the white marble mantel of the front parlor and I hurt his feelings when I said that if I found his pipe or other articles outside of his room I would confiscate them.

Thursday, 18 July, Washington; fair and hot. At the office began drafting a statement of personal experience ~~in the~~ for use in the event there was an opening in the Federal Farm Board. Had a satisfactory interview with Assistant Secretary Dunlap, who was much interested in my impressions of Russia, and also in my statement that in eighty per cent of the agricultural world farm practices had not changed materially in many centuries, and that modern farm machinery was not used in more than twenty per cent of the world, area and population considered, and yet this twenty per cent

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produced fifty per cent of the world's surplus. At luncheon sat with Dr. W.A. Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and Dr. Kellerman, Associate Chief. They said that the Mediterranean fruit fly had appeared in a number of counties in Florida, threatening the citrus industry, which was one reason why so many Florida banks were failing.

Had calls from Miss Ellerbrock and Mr. Callander. Returned to the house to type a statement of personal experience and a letter transmitting it to the chairman of the Federal Farm Board and tendering my services. ~~As I finished writing Mr. and Mrs. Teft~~ Johnston came in and talked for two solid hours without saying anything in particular. Also sent a seventeen page article to the Pan American Union for the "Bulletin."

Friday, 19 July, Washington; threatening showers, and warm. Called at the temporary building on 7th Street and saw Mr. Vinall. Prof. Piper, the former chief of the Office of Forage Crop Investigations, had died during my absence abroad. Mr. Oakley, who succeeded him, was away for the day. Mr. Vinall said the forage crops project had liberal appropriations for the first time in many years, in fact more funds than they ^{knew} how to use to advantage. I stopped at the office of the Tropical Research Foundation and was told that Dr. Orton had been to the office that morning for the first time in many weeks, but he did not stay long. I spent several hours dictating letters and revising manuscript.

I returned to the house at 5 p.m. and found no one there. Wife returned at 5.30 p.m. thoroughly flustered. She had asked Otis to drive her in the car out to the Home for Incurables near Wisconsin Avenue. She told him to wait for her with the car for ^{half} an hour. He asked if he could not drive back to the garage where

(1929, July, Washington)

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Mr. Price, Thelma's husband, worked, promising to be back in half an hour. She consented. She came out in half an hour and neither Otis nor the car were there. She walked up and down in the intense heat of the late afternoon a whole hour and then came home on the street car. It turned out that after visiting Mr. Price Otis drove directly home, put the car in the garage, left the garage doors open, came in the back a way, slipped up to his room, closed the door and began to read, leaving his foster mother to get home ^{as} the best she could. As soon as he heard her enter he slipped out of the house and disappeared. It was the first and only time I ever heard my wife blame Otis; even so, she did not chide him when he finally returned. at night.

Saturday, 20 July, Washington; clear and pleasantly cool. Otis reported that the car was out of order and asked if he could run it up to the garage where Mr. Price worked. I vetoed this and said the car would have to remain in the garage until the next week when I would have it overhauled. He seemed much disappointed. Wrote a letter to Regina dei Cuore, which brought my correspondence up to date.

I decided to go up to Frederick on the bus and spend the night with mother and sister. I secured a rear seat in the bus where I could smoke. In conversation with a bright young man who sat next to me I learned that he was an enlisted man in the Marine Corps and was studying at the War College in Washington for an officer's commission and had spent a year in Nicaragua where his father was serving as a lieutenant. We talked about Nicaragua all the way to Frederick. The air was delightfully cool and pleasant and the country looked very attractive. Wheat was in the shock, corn shoulder high, and the clover fields covered with red blossoms.

(1929, July, Washington)

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I telephoned to Winworth from the Francis Scott Key Hotel and at 4 o'clock Eunice came for me with her car. She first took me to a small dining room to meet Mrs. Decker. Eunice had brought in some flowers and expected to get some bones for the dog Laddie, but as the preceding day was Friday, fish day, there were no bones left over. At Winworth we had a nice supper with hot biscuits. Then ~~sa~~ ~~sa~~ sat on the front porch smoking, sipping wine, watching the lights in the valley and a full moon rise in the eastern horizon. Just before sunset I saw a humming bird in the summer lilac bush and heard the piping of ~~quailxx~~ quail in the stubble.

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(Regina dei Cuore, 20 July, Washington, salmon folder)

(1929, July, Winworth)

E--38⁷5

Sunday, 21 July, Winworth; fair and hot. For breakfast we had bacon and eggs, blackberries and cream, homemade bread, butter, and coffee. Sister Nellie took me up to D Sunny Hill in ~~her car~~ the Bug, a secondhand dilapidated Ford roadster that we had bought in partnership especially to run back and forth between the two places. Sunny Hill looked very pretty with its smooth lawns and fine view over the valley. I opened up the little Cricket House for a few minutes. Then walked down through the lower fields, back by the wood road, and sat for awhile at the lower spring where it was shady and cool and watched the clear water bubble through a crevice in some rocks. I walked down the slope in the public road and noticed how dusty and dry everything was. Charlie, Eunice's husband, had driven over from Martinsburg where he was temporarily employed with a motion picture theater. We all ~~st~~ sat on the front porch awhile and enjoyed the green landscape between Sugar Load Mountain and the Catoctin range. Sister Nellie served a wonderful luncheon of fried chicken, gravy, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, and other good things. We all walked over to the schoolhouse to see the mountains from that point of vantage. Charlie brought me to Frederick in time for the bus that was to leave for Washington at 5 o'clock. Reached Washington at seven. Thelma and her husband had supper with us.

After supper I went down to my den in the basement. Wife and Otis followed shortly afterwards. Wife said that Otis wanted to go with Mr. Price and Thelma to Glen Echo, and would I give him some money. I refused on the ground that he had left his foster mother standing an hour in the hot sun a few days ago, and that until he showed more consideration for her he need not expect me to give him any money for amusement. This created a scene with my wife who

(1929, July, Washington)

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said I was obstinate and cruel. I lost my temper and said that Otis had loafed around all summer and that if he had any spunk or ambition he would long ago have found employment of some kind and earned money with which to pay for amusements, as many other boys did, and until he did he could not expect me to give him any just for the asking, especially after such misconduct, inexcusable misconduct, as he had been guilty of within the last three days.

After Otis withdrew in sullen silence she remained to discuss him with me. She accused me of being too hard on Otis and said that ~~his whole future depends~~ he was at a critical stage when his whole future was at stake and dependent upon the right treatment, and that I was alienating his affections. I replied that I had never seen any evidence of affection on his part for anybody except himself and that she was ruining ~~him~~ him for all time by bringing him up to believe that he did not have to study or work and proving it by allowing him to spend his days in idleness and supplying him with money for amusement and trying to gratify his every wish. She said that if I was stern with him he would leave and if he left she would go with him. I looked at her in astonishment and said "Do you really mean it? If you do, and if you think more of him than you do of your husband, you will be making an unnecessary sacrifice because he cares absolutely nothing for you except for the money and service he gets from you; he has ~~ex~~ treated you shamefully and in ways that I will not longer permit in my house or so long as you remain my wife." There was silence. "Then, my dear," I added, "can't you see that Otis is simply an idle spendthrift, utterly selfish and selfindulgent, who has never voluntarily tried to assist any one else or take the slightest interest in any one else, who has never done a single day's work in his life, who has absolutely no idea of the value of money or that money represents effort and self-

(1929, July, Washington)

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denial, and that he is not only extremely ignorant but his manners are atrocious and intolerable?" She answered that she could not see all these horrible and untrue things about dear Otis. I asked if she could recall a single instance to the contrary on his part since my return to Washington. "Oh, there are thousands of instances" she said, but she could ^{not} name a single one. She left me in a very unhappy frame of mind. I am sure that I was. I felt sincerely sorry that I had spoken so plainly, and yet when I thought of the boy's habitual idleness and his utter uselessness, combined with begging for money which he hastened to spend for things that ceased to interest him as soon as obtained, of his posing and strutting, his effrontery and discourtesy to others, and especially his brutal and contemptuous treatment of my wife, I thought that we had endured more than enough and that he should either have to reform or leave.

Tuesday, 23 July, Washington; fair and hot. I spent most of the day abstracting foreign statistics. At noon attended Farm Hands Club luncheon. Heard a dull talk by a representative of the Pennsylvania Railway and a most entertaining one by a sugar lobbyist who read a burlesque in Mr. Dooley's style on whether Americans have a right to fix their own tariff without consulting the wishes of Europe. On the way back got my watch and kodak, both of which had been repaired.

Wife and I had supper at a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue. At the house we found Mr. Price and Thelma with a new Chrysler coupe he had purchased on the instalment plan. He took us out for a ride to Kensington and back by way of Silver Springs. When we got back we had some ice cream. Otis had gone to bed. Mr. Price said that Otis had been misbehaving recently, had made himself extremely disagreeable and had to be coaxed so much to be ordinarily decent that today he had lost patience with him and told him to get out and not come back.

(1929, July, Washington)

E--38⁷8

back until he was in better humor.

Wednesday, 24 July, Washington; bright and hot. At the office I received a nice letter from Dr. Rowe thanking me for the article for the "Bulletin." At the request of Dr. Warburton, Director of Extension, I prepared a nine page typewritten memorandum on what to see in South America for an expedition equipped with a moving picture camera. Finished reading "Foreign Crops and Markets." since the beginning of the year. Sent a bale of bulletins and documents I had accumulated at the Geneva Conference to the Librarian. After supper ~~wif~~ wife and I visited her nephew, George Melling, and his family, wife and seven charming daughters. They were very agreeable and the girls were modest and ladylike.

Thursday, 25 July, Washington; clear and excessively hot. At the office spent the day drafting a memorandum on the classification of census data. Had luncheon with Mr. Marquis, chief of the Information Division. On the way home I stopped at the Traffic Bureau and was told that I would have to secure a new driver's license because the old one was cancelled in 1926.

Otis had kept out of my sight for several days. In the evening he mustered up his courage to ask if I had heard anything more about the automobile school in New York. I suspected he would like to get away from the family for awhile.

Friday, 26 July, Washington; clear and very hot. Had a call ^ffrom a correspondent of the World Press who was interested in large scale farming as distinguished from small farm practices with special reference to the Philippines. A little later Miss Ellerbrock of the Information Division came in to discuss Chinese agricultural conditions with special reference to the Manchurian Railway and the controversy between China and Russia. Revising memorandum regarding

(1929, July, Washington)

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classification and tabulation of census data.

At luncheon I sat with Mr. Tenny, former chief of the bureau, and Mr. Kitchen, then assistant chief. Mr. ~~Tae~~Tenny was with a California Association and among his problems was that of one crop industries.

I returned to the house early in the afternoon and read the Saturday Evening Post and began reading Count Castelain's book. Mr. Teft Johnston and wife called to take my wife to the fish wharf where she bought some crab meat. They were gone more than two hours. In the forenoon wife had started out to make inquiries of garages trying to find employment for Otis. Otis was spending the day with Mr. Price. She ascertained that the Wallace Warren Garage on L Street near our house took young men and trained them as automobile mechanics and paid them something from the beginning. The manager told her that the New York automobile school that I had corresponded with taught theory only and not practice.

Saturday, 27 July, Washington; clear and excessively hot. After breakfast I ^uwalked over to the Wallace Garage and saw the manager who confirmed what he had told my wife. He agreed to take Otis as soon as there was a vacancy. He said that as soon as the boys became proficient the firm paid them ten dollars a week to begin with. I assured him that the boy was sixteen years old, large for his age, mechanically inclined, and that I was more interested in getting him to work and learning something than I was in the wages ^Paid, so much so that if they would take him on and teach him something useful and pay him a small wage I would gladly reimburse them so that his services would cost them nothing.

I stopped at the United States Shipping Office and asked for a reservation on a steamer sailing from New York on August 14 for

(1929, July, Washington)

E--38⁸70

Naples. Returned to the house and arranged some of my correspondence files.

At noon Mr. Price and Otis came with a letter to me from Thelma asking if they might go up to Sunny Hill and occupy the Cricket House over Sunday. I was somewhat embarrassed on account of Mr. Price, but explained to him that I would ^{prefer} ~~prefer~~ not to have either Otis or Thelma visit Sunny Hill when neither wife nor I was there because they had been indiscreet in what they had said and done and written, especially during the last year, and that it would be better if they ~~staid~~ stayed away. Otis was huffy and asked what he had done. I said, "You made a damn fool of yourself over ~~Mrs. Leslie Masser~~," at which he instantly subsided. Then I announced that we planned to spend the next week at Sunny Hill and would be glad to have them visit us while there. Otis broke out with the statement that he would never visit Sunny Hill again, nor would he drive the car. I replied, "Sorry, my boy, but you will drive the car whenever I say so, or you will leave this house for good and all; just take your choice; we got along very nicely without you for many years and we can do it again." Mr. Price grinned and said he understood perfectly. Otis went to his room and ^klocked himself in. Then I explained to Mr. Price that I thought Thelma's request was perfectly reasonable and innocent, except for the special situation that had been created in the neighborhood of Sunny Hill by the foolish actions and words of both Thelma and Otis when ~~they~~ they were too young and inexperienced to realize what they were doing and I could not trust either of them at Sunny Hill alone. He was very nice about it and brought Thelma over in the evening and all were in good humor. Wife and I had supper at a restaurant and walked to the K Street market for supplies. Mr. Johnston and wife were in twice during the day to urge us to join them in an excursion to Morgantown on the Potomac the following day, to which we agreed.

(1929, July, Washington)

E--38⁸~~1~~

Sunday, 28 July, Washington; clear and very hot. At 9 a.m. wife and I and Mr. Tom Jenkins, with Otis driving, left for Morgantown, which is about forty-five miles down the Potomac on the Maryland side opposite Colonial Beach. The route was through Anacostia, Waldorf, and La Plata. The farms and crops were poor and the country very unattractive. Morgantown was the new name for Cedar Point ~~wax~~ and was a small summer resort with a few cheap cottages on and near a point of land extending into the Potomac. It was covered with trees, mostly cedars and mulberries. The grounds were badly crowded with about 500 automobiles and their occupants. We found Mr. Johnston and wife and another couple with them on the grounds. We succeeded in finding a rough pine table under some trees where we had a picnic luncheon. Mr. Price and Thelma were also there and joined us. While the women were ~~set~~ setting the table a pretty young Jewess in a wet bathing suit got into a swing near by and swung back and forth over our table spattering water and sand in our direction. The young woman paid no attention to our suggestion that she face in the other direction. Then I got out my kodak, sat on a bench facing her and took snap shots of her legs and remarked in a loud voice to my companions that when those photographs were enlarged they would show the young lady's feet as ^{big} large as ten gallon kegs and her head the size of a tomato can. This penetrated and the young lady immediately slid out of the swing and disappeared in the crowd. It was beastly hot and the luncheon was not good. The grounds were badly crowded and we did not know what to do after luncheon. We drifted over to a small pavilion. After awhile a small orchestra appeared and there was some jazz music ^{and} dancing. Most of the people on the grounds were obviously Jewish and they were in various stages of undress and acted with great abandon. Some of the middle aged ones were enormously fat and in bathing suits they looked like cupies.

(1929, July, Washington)

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We strolled down to the beach and the women took off their shoes and stockings and waded about awhile. Otis was the only one of our party who put on a bathing suit. He waded out to where the water was about waist deep. Mr. Jenkins and I sat together for awhile. He was looking very thin, worried, and almost ill. We got to discussing Otis, and after I had said I was not at all pleased with his idleness and his insolence, he said: "Yes, Otis is badly spoiled; it is a pity because he might be a fine young fellow; what he needs is some one to wake him up and shock him out of his selfindulgence and indolent habits; Mrs. Estabrook is so compassionate and admires him so greatly that she cannot refuse him anything; the neighbors have all noticed it and commented on it."

We left at 5 p.m. and reached home at 7 p.m. after a most unpleasant day. Mr. Price and Thelma, and Mr. Jenkins, stayed for supper, so that it was ten o'clock when wife and I finished washing and wiping the dishes.

Monday, 29 July, Washington; another very hot day. At breakfast I told Otis about the change in plans regarding the automobile school because Mommie objected to his being so far from home and because the Warren Garage had promised to give him employment at the first vacancy. I went to the office, but found nothing requiring my attention. Then I walked up to the Franklin School to see about a permit for Otis to ^vwork and was given an abstract of a law and a card for his employer to fill out. The woman in charge said I would also have to furnish a birth certificate.

After luncheon I went to the shipping office in Stoneleigh Court and arranged for a reservation on the S.S. Roosevelt leaving New York on August 14, and for transportation through to Paris. Then up to Bacarack's studio near De Pont Circle for a sitting at the request of the Scientific Monthly.

(1929, July, Washington).

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Tuesday, 30 July, Washington; very hot. Went to the State Department to have my passport^e registered. Stopped for a few minutes at the Cosmos Club. Attended^d Farm Hands Club luncheon. ~~at the Raleigh Hotel.~~ The attendance was small. A young lady employe of the sugar lobby was present and said she expected to go to the Philippines in the near future. Mr. Shelton, an economist, expressed the opinion that the cotton mill strike in England was due to the gold situation. Mr. Sickles, an employe of the California Cannery Association, said that the association had recently decided to handle other products than canned fruits and vegetables, such as coffee, rice, cocoa, and the like. Mr. Marquis^s remarked that a recent proposal under consideration was to make West Virginia a national preserve for forests and minerals and close out its agriculture, and that the building of good roads would make dairying possible.

At the office I spent an hour drafting a new will, which I thought necessary because of the unsatisfactory conduct of the two adopted children.

While reading in the front room at the house a little Irish boy with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, a shock of black hair, and a delicious brogue, came in the open door with the afternoon paper. He greeted me with an irresistible smile and said he wanted a pencil that would "go round." I gave him my old Eversharp pencil that I had bought in Liverpool in 1920 that had become tarnished but was still in good working order. He was greatly pleased with it and very friendly. He said he came from Limerick the previous year with an aunt, leaving his father and mother in the "auld" country. After supper I wrote to the Childrens Aid Society of Frederick County for a birth certificate for Otis and then went up stairs

(1929, July, Washington)

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to undress because of the heat. Just as I was about to lay down I had a telephone message from Mr. Gage saying he and Mrs. Gage would call. I had barely time to dress before they arrived and they stayed until after ten o'clock. They had just left when Mr. Price and Thelma came in. Wife at once sent out for ice cream. Otis took them home. It developed that they had all been out for a joy ride in our car during the afternoon.

Wednesday, July 31, Washington; very hot. I called at the Forest Service and had an interview with the Acting Forester, Mr. Sherman, and a forest economist, Mr. Sparhawk, to discuss the possibility of a census of forest land and production as a part of the world agricultural census, as recommended by the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture. Mr. Sherman said that no provision had been made for such a census, but that a rather thorough survey had been made in 1919 for the use of Congress, and that the results of that survey, supplemented by annual reports, might serve the purpose of the Institute. He said also that there was a marked change of sentiment in the United States with respect to the use of marginal lands and forest reserves. As I was leaving Major Ahearn, retired, who had organized the forest service of the Philippines came in. Fortunately I remembered him and a bulletin he had given me the previous January. I walked to the office. Had luncheon with Dr. W.A. Taylor and Dr. Kellerman and met a number of the older employees of the Bureau of Plant Industry whom I knew. From Dr. Taylor I learned that James E. Jones, former chief clerk of the bureau, was then city manager of Youngstown, Ohio; that Dr. C.O. Townsend, sugar beet expert, was with the Tariff Commission; that Oliver Jones, clerk of the old Congressional Seed Distribution, was private secretary to a Member of Congress; and so on. Shortly after I returned to the office

(1929, July, Washington)

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Mr. Hobson came in. He was accompanied by a Mr. Bauer, a German employe of the statistical division of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome whom I remembered. Mr. Hobson said his family had gone directly from New York to Kansas City, and that after a trip to Cornell to see Dr. Warren he expected to remain in Washington until August 15. At the house I did some reading. After supper wife and I went to a picture show. Wrote a letter to the chairman of the program committee of the Frederick Rotary Club explaining why I could not address the club on August 14.

Thursday, 1 August, Washington; clear and hot. Too hot to sleep at night. Looked over papers relating to the adoption of Thelma and Otis for references to their ages. Then wrote to the secretary of the Childrens Aid Society of Frederick asking that an effort be made to obtain evidence of Otis's birth that might be accepted by the Washington School Board so that a permit might be issued permitting the boy to obtain employment, inasmuch as he refused to go to school. Went with wife and Otis to the Center Market. Wife had locked the steering wheel of the car the day before so that Otis could not use it and I had to go out and get a mechanic to unlock it for us. Had a telephone message from the Pan American Union to the effect that Mexico had issued a decree fixing the date of its agricultural census for May 15, 1930. Had a long talk with Mr. Hobson about the Institute. He was still obsessed with the notion that the only way to induce the Institute to concentrate its efforts on a few important projects was to withhold funds. In the evening we had Mr. Hobson with us to dinner. Had a very pleasant evening with him reminiscing about Rome.

~~(Secretary General, 1 August, Washington, salmon folder)~~ mit

(1929, August, Washington)

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Friday, 2 August, Washington; clear and not so hot. In the forenoon I had Otis drive me over to the Arlington Experimental Farm. We went by way of Rosslyn and the river road, which was rough, and broke one of the springs. The farm did not look as well as usual because of the drouth. I inspected many of the experimental plots which were interesting to me because of the differences in appearance and behavior of different varieties and strains and of the same varieties under different treatment. We returned by way of the Alexandria road and I got out at the department. I found nothing on my desk and left early. Bought some secondhand books and spent the afternoon at home reading.

After supper walked with my wife to 16th and M Streets to see a slab of a redwood tree that was 1995 years old when it fell in 1915. Thelma and her husband came over for a while.

Saturday, 3 August, Washington; raining softly all day. Spent the day reading "Funny Sayings of Children," some of which were amusing, and began reading "Understanding America" by Mitchell. Wife and I had supper at a cafeteria on I street. Otis spent the day with Thelma.

Sunday, 4 August, Washington; clear and cool. We left the house at 9.30 a.m. and drove to Sunny Hill, stopping a few minutes at Winworth to see mother and sister. We found there had been a severe hail storm a few days before that riddled the corn, stripped foliage from trees and grapevines, beaten down small plants, and knocked off the paint from buildings like bullets. After supper I cut weeds with a scythe. During the afternoon Mr. Price brought out Thelma and Nadine. Otis and Nadine were quite intimate, as perhaps was to be expected. I walked down to Winworth and had supper with mother and sister. Charlie brought me back in the evening. The young

(1929, August, Washington)

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people were playing ball on the lawn. Then they drove to Frederick and did not return until after 11 p.m. They had decided to stay all night, although the little Cricket House with its one room, small attic, and bathroom, made it very crowded. Wife and I slept in the main room, Thelma and Nadine in the attic, and Mr. Price and Otis in the bathroom. They planned to leave the next morning at 5 a.m. so that Mr. Price could go to work at the usual time, and they were to take Otis with them to keep him from tagging around after Mrs. Masser.

Monday, 5 August, Sunny Hill; clear and pleasant. After breakfast I cut weeds for awhile. This is always a fascinating job for a city man because it is comparatively easy and one seems to accomplish so much in proportion to the effort.

At 10.30 a.m. Prof. Nevin Biser came up in a car. He was the son of a neighbor and professor of Latin in the Frederick High School. He wanted me to go with him to the house of another neighbor, a widow, who owned the farm at the foot of High Knob that a promoter of a sanitarium wanted to buy. He had offered a reasonable price but the widow had exaggerated ideas of the price she could obtain if she held ~~it~~ out long enough, so there was a deadlock. The whole community was interested in the possibilities of getting a good road up the mountain and a better market for their produce. Prof. Biser thought that if he and I reasoned with the widow she might be induced to moderate her demands. I consented to go only with the thought that perhaps I might insure fair play, because he was raised in the neighborhood and had the reputation of being rather brutal in his dealings with the natives from which he sprang. We reached the farm and Biser proceeded to browbeat the woman, who was by nature a lady. I apologized for my presence by saying that it was none of my business and assuring her that she should use her own independent judgment

(1929, August, Sunny Hill)

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regardless of what any one else should say, for which assurance she seemed to be grateful. She said in effect that the farm afforded her and her rather large family of children a good living, that she believed the price she was asking was a reasonable price, that she did not know where she and her children could make as good a living anywhere else, for which reason she was not desirous of selling at any price, certainly not for a lower price than she had named. I said that if that was her deliberate judgment and feeling she was quite right in declining to accept the offer that had been made. Mr. Biser continued to harrass her with arguments, but she stuck to her guns and we came away with nothing accomplished. I have always felt apologetic for my part in the proceeding because it seemed to me to be pure effrontery to attempt to influence a widow in the matter of selling her only means of livelihood.

Wife, Otis, and Mrs. Masser drove to Frederick during my absence to purchase supplies. They did not return until 1 p.m. They had driven fourteen miles beyond Frederick to the Potomac and back. In the afternoon they returned to Frederick to see a picture show. I went down to spend the afternoon with mother and sister at Winworth. Wife and Otis came up at 5.30 p.m. We had a nice supper at Winworth and Otis came in the car for me at 7 p.m. The Massers came over to the Cricket House and sat until after 10 p.m.

Tuesday, 6 August, Sunny Hill; cloudy and threatening rain. I cut weeds until I was tired and then read a novel. In spite of my strick orders and sarcastic remarks Otis continued to hang around young Mrs. Masser. We left at 3 p.m. and reached Washington at 6 p.m. Otis went to bed immediately. Wife and I had a nice supper at a restaurant. I made a suggestion that I had already

(1929, August, Washington)

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made several times that she accompany me on the coming trip to Italy, probably the last. This was entirely feasible because Thelma was married and Otis was old enough to board in the neighborhood. I pointed out to her the advantages of such an arrangement and the fact that this was the one opportunity of a lifetime for her to see something of Italy and other countries of Europe. As before she vetoed the suggestion instantly and urged me to take Otis instead; the poor boy needed a vacation; he would be with me; and he would learn so much and it would do him so much good. This alternative I would not consider for the reason that Otis of all people did not need a vacation, that he was so lacking in schooling, understand^{ing}, interest, and curiosity that a trip abroad would not be of the slightest benefit to him, that to him it would simply be a pleasure trip that he did not deserve, that I could not take him with me to the office in Rome and that he would be lost and not know what to do with himself in a strange city where a foreign language was spoken that he did not understand. He was sixteen years old, quite old enough to live in a boarding house near his sister and brother-in-law and amuse himself as he had been doing for more than a year. She insisted that he was not old enough to be subject^{ed} to the tender mercies and indifference of other people. She alone could and would look after him. I was so disappointed and disgusted that I did not again repeat the invitation.

Wednesday, 7 August, Washington; clear and ~~be~~ pleasantly cool. At the office I met Mr. Olsen and Mr. Hobson. Also Mr. Bauer, who talked at some length about the system of spying at the Institute, which I did not believe. He said the new Secretary General, Prof. Brizi, was well liked. Had two letters from the Rome Office, one from the Secretary General saying that my excess travel expenses over the allotment would be taken care of, and the other from the

(1929, August, Washington)

E--388⁹0

acting chief of the Economics Division saying that the embryo operatic singer to whose maintenance I was contributing was making excellent progress.

I visited the Crop Estimating Division and met a group of field agents. Read the new fiscal regulations and a copy of the Bureau News. Left early and stopped at the shipping office and the photographers'. Had a delicious supper that wife prepared--fried ham, potatoes, bread and butter, peas, hoiled onions, sweet corn, sliced peaches and cream, and tea. Nothing like it to be had outside the United States.

Thursday, 8 August, Washington; cloudy and threatening showers. After breakfast I took Otis over to the Wallace Motor Company and introduced him to the manager, who assured us that there would be a vacancy shortly for a student workman and he promised it to Otis. He said that both sales and repair work were falling off rapidly and he could not guarantee permanent employment. Then we drove to the Franklin School where we filled out the necessary blank forms for permission to work, to which I attached a letter from the Children's Aid Society of Frederick, which the lady in charge ~~would~~ said would be accepted in lieu of a birth certificate. Then I had Otis drive me down to the office. I met Mr. Hobson, who had returned from his visit to Cornell and said that the Dean, Dr. Mann, was much interested in knowing what effect the withdrawal of U.S. cooperation would have on the census project. After luncheon Mr. Gage came in for some information about tobacco growing in the Argentine. Had a nice supper and in the evening reading the Saturday Evening Post and Bayard Taylor's travels in the Orient.

Friday, 9 August, Washington; excessively hot. After breakfast I inspected my suit cases and wardrobe trunk and decided not to take the trunk on my last trip to Europe. At the office I saw no one but

(1929, August, Washington)

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a few of the women clerks. At the Cornell lunchroom I sat with an elderly lady who said she had been in Rome. She appeared to know me, but I could not place her. I left the office early and did some shopping, bought some Washington souvenirs for the Casetta family in Rome, had a haircut and went to the bank, got railway and Pullman tickets, and at the house began packing up. The Johnstons came in. Teft Johnston was trying to break the will of his mother on the ground that she was mentally incompetent and subject to the undue influence of his sister, and he relied upon my wife as a material witness, which accounted for the assiduous attention he and his wife paid to my wife. After they left Mrs. Bode, who had once lived in our house and later separated from her husband in Germany, came in. Again she repeated her tale of troubles and did not leave until after 11 p.m. All this was rather tiresome to me.

Saturday, 10 August, Washington; clear and very hot. After breakfast I packed the large suitcase and then started some correspondence. Had Otis drive wife and I to the Center Market, leaving her there and taking me on to the office. Saw Messrs. Hobson and Bauer and invited them to take an automobile ride about the city in the afternoon.

After luncheon I read until 4 p.m. when Messrs. Hobson and Bauer called. Had Otis drive us through Rock Creek Park, across to Georgetown, the new bridge, Arlington Cemetery, and return by the Long Bridge. After supper Mr. Price with Thelma and Nadine came in their car and took Otis with them for a ride. They returned about midnight.

Sunday, 11 August, Washington; partly cloudy and very hot. It was so hot during the night that ~~keep~~ sleep was impossible. In the morning paper read an account of the successful flight of the Graaf Zeppelin from Lakehurst, N.J., to Germany in fifty-five

(1929, August, Washington)

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hours. Wife busy setting the house in order. The Winworth family, mother, sister, Eunice and her husband, ^{Charlie}~~Ch~~lie, came at 11.45 a.m. After they had rested I took the two families to a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue for luncheon, which seemed a treat to the Winworth folks. Charles had a deflated tire and after trying to pump it up and ~~pe~~ perspiring freely I had him run it across the street to a garage and had the tire repaired. Then I walked to a drug store and bought a supply of ice cream. Upon returning I found Mr. and Mrs. ^Sonen in the sitting room. To me they were strangers, although I had unpleasant recollections of having met them once before. They were uninteresting people, self-sufficient, went where and when they pleased without invitation with the self assurance that they were welcome, and always rubbed me the wrong way, but because my wife liked them and welcomed them all I could do was to treat them with polite but cool courtesy. They stayed until ~~after~~ after 5 p.m., most unwelcome guests. After the ice cream was served the Winworth & family ^{departed} ~~left~~ and we were left alone with these unwelcome strangers still enduring. Otis spent the entire day in his room, taking no part in the ~~am~~ family reunion.

After the visitors left wife and I walked up to Lafayette Square and sat awhile. On returning we cut a watermelon, but it was overripe and unfit to eat. Fortunately there were no more visitors and we were free to retire early.

Money, 12 August, Washington; clear and hot. After breakfast I finished packing and sticking labels on the baggage. Otis ran me down to the office. I met Mr. Olsen in the corridor and he said he wanted to see me during the day. Visited the Division of Crop Estimates and met many of my former associates. I met Miss Barnett, the department librarian, and discussed the Institute library with her. Met Dr. ^eStein_A, Mr. Michael, and Mr. Galpin. All three seemed

(1929, Aug. Washington)

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to think I was completely identified with the Institute and would stay on to see the results of the world census tabulated, summarised, and published, apparently not realizing that no funds were available for that purpose. I called on Mr. Gage, tobacco specialist, in his office and returned to my desk at 3 p.m. ^PAt 4 pm. I had an interview with Mr. Olsen, the chief. With the boisterous manner of a real estate promoter he announced that in conference with a committee of the State Department and Mr. Hobson it had been definitely decided that the United States should withhold support from the Institute and organize a foreign service in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. He also expressed the opinion that the International Education Board should be asked to grant funds to complete the world agricultural census, and that I should be designated to travel from country to country to sustain interest in the project and to promote better statistical organization in the countries visited. I ^{ai}said that I was heartily tired of traveling, that I had given five years of my life ^{be}to the census project at a personal sacrifice that could hardly be ^{pa}required, and that what I most wanted was to get back into the bureau harness again, live in the United States with my family, the same as most other American citizens. He asked what I had in mind. I said that I would not consider displacing any one in the bureau, but could not help thinking that my unusual experience might be useful to the bureau, or the department, or the Federal Farm Board, or as a liaison officer between the Department of Agriculture and the Board because the Secretary of Agriculture was an exofficio member of it, and that this occurred to me because I had served as Assistant to the Secretary and represented the department on the National Council of Defense during the war. Mr. Olsen said that sounded reasonable and he would bear it in mind and propose it at the proper time.

(1929, August, Washington)

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Mr. Olsen asked if I had met Secretary Hyde. I replied that although I had met practically every minister of agriculture in the world, and all the former Secretaries of Agriculture in this country, beginning with Secretary James Wilson, I had not yet been granted the privilege of an interview with Mr. Hyde. Mr. Olsen expressed surprise and at once telephoned to the private secretary and an appointment was arranged for the following morning.

Then I saw Mr. Hobson and said that I had just learned from Mr. Olsen the result of the State Department conference and the decision to withdraw support from the Institute and I wanted him to understand that I thought it was all a mistake for which he was primarily responsible, but inasmuch as an official decision had been reached I would, of course, acquiesce, would remain silent, and would cooperate to the best of my ability, because the responsibility was not mine and my conscience was clear. Then Mr. Hobson told me for the first time that he was engaged to join the Gianini Foundation of Economics in California, and that I could address him at the Agricultural College, University of California.

When I reached the house I found that Emma Burton, wife's niece, had come up from Richmond. At our invitation she agreed to spend the night with us. Mr. Price, Thelma, and Otis came in from Annapolis. Thelma looked unusually thin, haggard, and worried.

I was just a little piqued that I had not been included in that State Department and Bureau conference regarding the relations of the United States and the Institute, but I attributed it to Mr. Hobson's implacable hatred of the Institute and the fact that he knew I was not in agreement with him either as to his conduct as Permanent Delegate or his idea that not only could he gratify

(1929, August, Washington)

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his feeling of revenge against the president of the Institute but that a policy of withholding funds and cooperation would compel the Institute to restrict its activities to a few major projects, and it might have embarrassed him greatly to have any one else on the committee that knew so much of the history, organization, personnel, and situation of the Institute as I did.

Tuesday, 13 August, Washington; clear and excessively hot. After breakfast I called at the old administration building of the Department of Agriculture and was admitted to the office of the Secretary. It was my first sight of Secretary Hyde. He was a most distinguished and scholarly looking gentleman. He was sitting at the desk ~~he~~ that was installed by Secretary Houston and behind which I had talked with successive Secretaries of Agriculture. Secretary Hyde was reading a book when I entered. He scarcely looked up and did not seem to take the slightest interest in the census project or in me as a representative of the department who had recently returned from a visit to nearly all countries of the world. It was about the coolest reception I had ever encountered from a public official, so I cut my visit short and left with the remark. "Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Secretary, but if I had reported to the International Institute of Agriculture that the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States had declined to receive me and to promise cooperation in the census project after I had been received courteously by the ministers of agriculture of all other countries, such discourtesy to the Institute might have been misinterpreted." For the first time he seemed to wake up and show signs of interest, but I simply bowed and walked out.

As I left the building I looked up to the second floor where the old Bureau of Crop Estimates had its quarters and I picked out

(1929, Aug. Washington)

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the window behind which my desk sat and where some of the happiest years of my life had been spent.

Returning to the house I sat with wife and Emma Burton until 11 ^{a.m.} ~~o'clock~~. Then I bid them good bye and Otis drove me to the Union Station. On parting with Otis I gave him a five dollar bill and asked him to try to make it easier for Mommie. After he left I checked my baggage and sat in the great^a waiting room for awhile. Looking through the screened windows toward the Capitol one saw the Columbus fountain throwing up streams of splashing water. Across the ~~1/2~~ plaza were trees, green lawns, and the temporary hotel buildings erected during the war that were soon to be removed. Beyond was the majestic dome of the Capitol building, and to the left of it the gilded bronze dome of the Congressional Library.

The train left at noon and was very hot. To my surprise the parlor coach in which I had a seat had no smoking compartment. To smoke I had to go into the compartment in another coach. There I got into conversation with a young man from Poughkeepsie, son of a railroad attorney. He said he had gone to the Eastman Business College the previous winter; that he had visited Italy; that he had applied for entrance to the War Department air pilot school and was returning from the examination, having failed in both the educational and the physical tests; that the educational examination included English, American history, general history, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, physics, and geography. He did not seem to be at all depressed, but rather cheerful at the prospect of avoiding an unwelcome grind, but he did have the grace to show a slight twinge of conscience when I asked him how he thought his parents would probably regard his failure to pass the examination.

(1929, August, New York)

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When I asked him if he had been given an opportunity to prepare for the examination he answered with a show ~~of sulkiness that~~ ^{of sulkiness} that reminded me of Otis that his parents had been proding him for years about his schooling, as if that made any difference when a fellow was not interested. I asked him if there was anything in which he was particularly interested, and he said "Why, yes, clothes, a fine car, an airplane, plenty of money to spend, and lots of girls." I said that was an interesting program, but it would cost money to pay for it all and I supposed that it was his mother who supplied it. He said yes, it was his mother, because his father had queer and antiquated ideas about working and earning money to pay for what one wanted, but he could see no reason for working when all he had to do was to appeal to his mother on the sly and she would slip him the money, which she managed in one way or another to pry loose from his father. I asked about the girls he had mentioned, what kind of girls they were, whether working girls or daughters of good families, and were they difficult or easy. He hastened to assure me that they were daughters of the best families and "dead easy," real pals, dead game sports, and "hot." I asked how they managed it. He said it was the simplest thing in the world because the boys all had cars and after making a date with a girl he could pick ~~her~~ her up at a place ^{agreed} upon and drive to a country club, or to a village, town, or city, and get a room at a hotel under assumed names as ~~his~~ husband and wife, or simply drive out to a country lane off the main road and have a good time. I asked what happened in case of accident and the girl had a baby as a result of the "good time." He said that was easy because it did not happen very often, the girls took care of that, but if it did they could not prove it on a fellow, and if they did the worst that could happen was the young fellow marrying the girl

(1929, August, New York)

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and letting her father support the increase in his ~~a~~ family.

I asked what he thought would happen to the young people if their fathers went on a strike, put their wives on a boarding house allowance, and started out to have a high old time on their own account, spending their own money on themselves, and because of the money they had to spend attracting all the pretty girls to themselves; just suppose, I suggested, that all the fathers suddenly got tired of paying other people's expenses, took a long vacation abroad played with pretty girls in Paris and other European centers, but cut off their families with an allowance just enough to pay their board^y; the fathers would be spending their own money, money they had earned by work of some kind; the young people would have no money and would not know how to earn any. What would they do? The young man looked at me with bewildered astonishment, and then as the thought penetrated he said, "Oh, that's impossible because the old fellows are too old, too dead, too lacking in imagination and too hidebound to break loose, and besides they are too stupid ~~a~~ and haven't got sense enough." With much of which I was inclined to agree. "But," I said, "just for the sake of argument, suppose it did happen; suppose the old fellows did put their wives on an allowance so they could not slip money to the young people, and the young people had no money and no credit; what would they do?" After pondering this preposterous supposition he replied, "Well, ~~I~~ if it actually did happen I suppose there would ^{be} nothing for it but go to work; but why should young folks work when the old people have money and like to work and pay for the pleasure of seeing ~~h~~ the young people enjoy themselves and do things they never dared to do." "Well," I said, "what do you suppose we are all here on earth for; is it simply to eat, sleep, wear fine clothes, drive

(1929, Aug. New York)

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a fast car, play around with girls, and simply have a good time, or is it possible ~~r~~ that we all might be happier and get more out of life in some other way?" "Are you a preacher," he asked.

"Not at all," I replied; "but I like to ask myself questions and try to answer them, just for the fun of it, and that is why I asked this last question." "Why," he said with the air of a mature philosopher,

"~~if~~ life is something to enjoy and the time to enjoy it is when one is young ^{while ~~when~~ he} ~~while one~~ can enjoy it; one would be very foolish not to enjoy it while he is young."

"At his own expense or at the expense of some one else," I asked. He looked at me suspiciously and replied, "At anybody's expense. What difference does it make who pays the bills, just so he has a good time while he is young."

"Just what is your idea of being young, and how long does it last before a person begins to get old," I asked. He replied, "Oh, from the time one is a boy or girl until he is twenty-four or thereabouts."

"So you think any one who reaches the ripe age of twenty-four is beginning to get old and lose his capacity for enjoyment," I asked.

"Well, along about that age people seem to slow up and get stupid and ~~so~~ solemn," he replied. Then I asked "Have you ever thought

how long you would ^{pr} ~~probably~~ live." He looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and replied, "No, not especially; too soon to be thinking of that; but I might live to be 40, 50, 60, or even ~~up~~ 80 years old."

"Suppose," I said, "just for the sake of argument that after reaching the ripe age of twenty-four, ~~you should~~ when you are no longer young and able to enjoy yourself at the expense of yourself or of others, you should continue to live through the long years until you are eighty, what would you expect to do during those extra fifty-six years of old age?" "Excuse me," he said, and abruptly left me. I did not see him again. To me the point of view of this youth was interesting and enlightening. I have no doubt he thought me an old bore.

(1929, August, New York)

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I had luncheon in the diner and began to get interested in the passing scenery. In low places the ~~wild~~ wild hibiscus was in full bloom, the cat tails were full and brown, and the Joe Pie weed was flaunting its purple heads. On the dry upland fields the golden rod lay in patches of bright gold.

We reached New York at 4.55 p.m. I had expected to spend the night at the Pennsylvania Station Hotel, but after following a porter for two city blocks through long corridors underground and being whisked up to the hotel lobby in an elevator I found the lobby swarming with people and was told by one of the many desk clerks ~~that that all the three thousand rooms of the hotel were taken~~ rooms were taken. I asked how many rooms the hotel had and he said 2,250. Then I went to the Hotel W Continental at 41st and Broadway where I was given a large front room with bath for \$3.50 a day. I had a satisfactory supper for \$1.25 of fried scollops, hashed brown potatoes, bread and butter, blue berries and cream, and coffee. Bought some cigars and a paper and strolled about the streets. The electric lights were brilliant, the displays in the shop windows were attractive, and the broad sidewalks were thronged with people, including many ^{pretty} beautiful women beautifully dressed. Many brilliantly lighted sightseeing busses were to be seen. Saw a diamond priced at \$12,500 in the window of a jewelry shop. I took a seat in a burlesque theater and saw some shapely chorus girls. A special feature of the show was a beautifully formed woman in a filmy dress who with tantalizing deliberation removed one garment after another until nothing was left but a transparent suit of tights.

Wednesday, 14 August, New York; fair, some fog, and cool enough for comfort. After breakfast I went to the Pennsylvania Station and had to wait ~~for~~ an hour for the baggage master to find my

(1929, August, N.Y.)

E--~~3891~~ 3900a

baggage. Took a taxie and directed the driver to take me to Pier 4 in Hoboken. Instead, he drove me along the water front almost to the Battery to Pier 4 on the New York side. When I protested he pretended not to understand and then drove back half a mile or more and cross^{ed} in the great tunnel under the river. The tunnel was lined with white tile, had two driveways each side, one for slow and the other for fast moving vehicles, was light and well ventilated, and guards were stationed every few hundred yards. It was more than a mile in length and we came out on the Jersey side and had to drive upstream a mile or more to Hoboken. There I soon got my baggage aboard and was assigned to cabin No. 241 on D deck not far from the dining room. It was a large cabin with two beds in it and a wide couch, but not much room for baggage. The ship left at noon, New York time, and proceeded slowly down the river, past the monumental buildings and towers, the Battery, Ellis Island, Governor's Island, and the Statue of Liberty that stands on a high stone base and the bronze of which it was made was crusted with green. The river below the Battery was full of boats, ferry boats, coasting vessels, tugs, yachts, and many large ships that towered above them like giants. ^{On} both sides of the river as ~~far~~ far up as one could see were piers and slips in which were ocean going ships that presented a succession of gigantic funnels painted different colors.

Luncheon was announced at 1 p.m. The dining room was comparatively small and stuffy. I was seated at a small table to one side and facing the wall with two men and two women, and not one of us spoke to the other. The menu was disappointing. My first impression of the ship, the dining room, and the food, was disappointing.

Had a long nap in the afternoon. I was awakened by a visit ~~from~~

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--3892 3900b

from the chief steward who said I was invited to sit at the captain's table. I accepted, though with mental reservations because captains are sometimes a depressing influence. However, this time it turned out to be a streak of luck. At a large circular table in the center of the dining room Captain Van Beek sat facing forward and the guests spaced about the table. The chief steward introduced the guests to the captain and to each other. There was an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong from Rochester, a state senator; a Mrs. Rikowski, the Danish widow of a Polish count; Congressman Fitzgerald from Ohio; and several others whose names I could not remember. They were all highly intelligent people of ~~culture~~ culture who had traveled widely. Congressman Fitzgerald was chairman of the House Committee on Codification of the Laws of the United States and was on his way to visit the League of Nations at Geneva to discuss a project for the proposed codification of international law. Among ~~this bright~~ these bright people conversation was cheerful and lively and our party was the last to leave the dining room. Congressman Fitzgerald and I sat in the smoking room swapping yarns until 1 a.m.

Thursday, 15 August, to Cherbourg; sky overcast and would have been warm but for a stiff breeze; sea agitated. We had reached the gulf stream and small patches of sea weed were floating by. Had a good breakfast with the Armstrongs and one other lady, who were good company. Read a morning paper published on the ship. Spent the forenoon reading "Une Vie" by Maupassant. Still did not like the ship; it was so deadly quiet and the passengers and crew seemed to be the victims of gloom; I suspected it was because there was no bar and every one felt under enforced restraint and sorry they had made the mistake of not going on a foreign boat. No wonder the American lines were run at a loss when the foreign ships were crowded;

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

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and why not? The passengers on foreign ships could lead normal, ~~chee~~ cheerful lives without the restraint of artificial puritanical laws, and cheerfulness is contagious, so that a voyage on a foreign ship becomes a bright excursion all too short, whereas on the American ships a voyage was a sad experience in gloom and depression and exasperation seemingly without end. It ^a ~~takes~~ a pretty good brand of sentimental patriotism to forego the pleasure of traveling with cheerful fellow passengers, excellent menus, good service, wines, and a well ~~a~~ patronized bar, for the sake of making a voyage in ^{flying the American flag, but} a ship/without a bar, without wines, with inferior menus, poor service, and a depressed and dispirited band of fellow countrymen who wander about aimlessly and disconsolately like a lot of children forbidden to play. Surely the blind fanaticism of puritanical prohibitionists must pass. Surely my countrymen will not always cut off their noses to spite their faces. I was on a United States ship only because as an official of the government it was obligatory. Otherwise I would not have dreamed of making the very real sacrifice involved in traveling on an American ship, not because of the absence of a bar, but because of its depressing effect on fellow passengers, on the service, and the whole atmosphere of the ship. It was just the difference between a poorly attended church and a brilliantly lighted theater. The only bright ~~spot~~ spot on the ship was the captain's table, but there were nine of us and only one steward.

In the evening a moving ~~p~~ picture was shown, but the apparatus did not function properly. There were so many long drawn out interruptions that I left at 10 p.m. before the picture was half through. Read a charming story by George Sand "~~Le~~ ^{rie} ~~Mayer~~ au Diable."

At the captain's table I sat between a countess at my left and a beautiful little lady at my right. I had not been introduced

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--3894 *sgood*

to the lady on the right and did not know her name, ~~At the table~~
At supper I turned to her, presented my card and said, "Pardon me,
but inasmuch as we seemed to be destined to be table companions
for ~~some~~ some days and the formality of introduction has been over-
looked, I take the liberty of introducing myself and of asking
your name." She laughed brightly, leaned over against me and
said confidentially, "My name is Smith, Mrs. Smith, from Philadelphia,
mother of a family, and proud of the fact that I am a grandmother."
"Bravo," I said, "now that the invisible barrier due to the lack of
introduction is brushed aside we can talk to each other like human
beings. Your frankness I appreciate at its true value because with-
out it I would have continued to regard you as an unsophisticated
~~and~~ maiden of twenty-five, but nothing you have said can make me
regard you otherwise than as a most beautiful lady." With that she
began to talk about Philadelphia. ^Puntil The captain spoke up and said,
"I see ~~our~~ agricultural friend has woke up. I understand he has
traveled extensively and no doubt he can tell us some good stories."
It was said in a tone and manner to fix attention upon me. Congress-
man Fitzgerald spoke up and said, "Yes, Mr. Estabrook, tell them the
story you told me last night." The story he referred to was one I
had heard in a smoking room and one I did not care to repeat before
ladies. For a moment I was embarrassed, but the kindly interested
look in the faces of my companions caused me to rise to the occasion
and I said: "Captain I do know some stories, just as every one about ~~in~~
this table does, but unfortunately I am not a very good story teller.
However, I am willing to try to do my part. But before I attempt
to tell a story I have a proposal to make. We are about to ~~spend~~ ^{spend}
several hours together daily for a week or more about this table.
It would help pass the time agreeably if each ^{in turn} would tell a story
that he or she thinks amusing ~~in re~~ rotation. You will recall

to the lady on the right and did not know her name, At last I turned to her, presented my card and said, "Pardon me, but inasmuch as we seemed to be destined to be table companions for many some days and the formality of introduction has been overlooked, I take the liberty of introducing myself and of asking your name." She laughed brightly, leaned over against me and said contentedly, "My name is Smith, Mrs. Smith, from Philadelphia." "Mother of a family, and proud of the fact that I am a grandmother," "Bravo," I said, "now that the invisible barrier due to the lack of introduction is brushed aside we can talk to each other like human beings. Your friendliness I appreciate at its true value because without it I would have continued to regard you as an unapproachable and maiden of twenty-five, but nothing you have said can make me regard you otherwise than as a most beautiful lady." With that she began to talk about Philadelphia, and the captain spoke up and said, "I regard your friend as a most beautiful lady, I understand he has travelled extensively and no doubt he can tell us some good stories." It was said in a tone and manner to fix attention upon me. "Congratulations," Mr. Estabrook, tell them the story you told me last night." The story he referred to was one I had heard in a smoking room and one I did not care to repeat before ladies. For a moment I was embarrassed, but the kindly interested look in the faces of my companions caused me to rise to the occasion and I said: "Captain I do know some stories, just as every one about this table does, but unfortunately I am not a very good story teller. However, I am willing to try to do my part. But before I attempt to tell a story I have a proposal to make. We are about to pass several hours together daily for a week or more about this table. It would help pass the time agreeably if each would tell a story. Let me or any thinkers arrange in no respect. You will recall

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg.)

E--3895-39002

that that was the plan of a certain group of pilgrims that resulted in the immortal ~~ta~~ Canterbury Tales and the equally immortal tales written out by Boccaccio as related by a group of ladies and gentlemen marooned in a castle during the great pestilence in Italy several centuries ago. We cannot hope to rival Chaucer and Boccaccio, but surely each one of us can remember some anecdote that pleased him at the time he read or heard it. If this suggestion meets with general approval I would move that the captain lead off with a story or anecdote and the others follow in rotation either left or right as he may designate; also that it be understood that we are all of age and that the stories be told without restraint, fear or favor, for what they are worth, each raconteur being given credit for trying to ~~contribute to the~~ promote cheerfulness, a state of mind that seems difficult to attain in the Sahara of our puritanical dryness. I therefore propose, Captain, that you lead off with a story and then call upon ^each one of us in turn, with the understanding that it is a voluntary contribution to the entertainment of all and that we are all in an equally embarrassing situation." This proposal was greeted with ~~acclam~~ acclaim that attracted general attention. Then Mr. Fitzgerald spoke up again and said "Captain, the motion of Mr. Estabrook is adopted unanimously and it is understood that you are to lead off."

The captain looked about the circle of faces, flushed slightly, smiled, and said: "All right. On one of my voyages the table was surrounded by a group of army officers and their wives. I repeated the story of the soul that appeared at the gates of ~~He~~ Heaven and Saint Peter asked him if he had been in purgatory and had his sins washed away. The soul replied that he had not, but that he had been married twenty years. Saint Peter said that if that was so he had already been in purgatory and could enter. Next to

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--3896 3900 f

him came the soul of a Jew. The same question was asked and the Jew said no. Saint Peter said the Jew would first have to go to purgatory before he could enter the gates of heaven. The Jew said, but you just let a man through who had not been to purgatory. Saint Peter said that was his business, but the other soul had been married and had therefore served his time in purgatory. The Jew said, Oh, is that so; well I have been married twice. Saint Peter answered, then you must go to purgatory because we don't admit fools into heaven." At this there was a general laugh, the captain said, except for a middle aged colonel and his young wife. Both got up with a look of offended dignity. One of the passengers leaned over and whispered in the captain's ear, "Don't you know that the colonel was married four times."

When the laugh at this story had subsided, which was well told and appreciated, the captain looked at the lady sitting next to him. She shook her head and announced, "Life is just one damn thing after another; love is two damn things after each other."

The next in line said: "The cause of the fall of Adam and Eve was a woman bear (pronounced 'bare')"

The ~~next~~ lady next to me answered brightly "I cannot think of any story I could tell in mixed company." The captain replied, "That is a hopeful sign of something good as soon as you realize we are not a mixed company, but a company of congenial souls."

I told the story of the Baltimore spinster who could not make up her mind to go to Buenos Aires until I told her about the liberties men took with women who were not accompanied by escorts on the streets of that city, and ^{how} ~~his~~ bitterly disappointed she must have been because the police had abolished the ancient custom.

There were other amusing stories which, like the amusing anecdotes one reads in the papers, seem so excruciatingly funny

him name the soul of a Jew. The same question was asked and the Jew said no. Saint Peter said the Jew would first have to go to purgatory before he could enter the gates of heaven. The Jew said, but you just let a man through who had not been to purgatory. Saint Peter said that was his business, but the other soul had been married and had therefore served his time in purgatory. The Jew said, Oh, is that so; well I have been married twice. Saint Peter answered, then you must go to purgatory because we don't admit fools into heaven. At this there was a general laugh, the captain said, except for a middle aged colonel and his young wife. Both got up with a look of offended dignity. One of the passengers leaned over and whispered in the captain's ear, "Don't you know that the colonel was married four times."

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(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--~~3897~~ 3900g

when first read or heard ~~hit~~ but which so mysteriously vanish from memory over night.

Friday, 16 August, to Cherbourg; fair, warm, soft breeze, rippling sea, with ^acasual whitecaps, floating patches of sea weed, and many flying fish. Evidently we were still in the gulf stream. Reading in bed until 2 a.m. George Sand's "Marie au Diable," a charming story of peasant life in central France in the last century with an account of the local marriage customs.

Before luncheon I had a long talk with Mr. McQueen, proprietor of a large printing establishment in Washington, D.C., where he had lived all his life. This was his first voyage and he was enjoying it greatly. At luncheon the captain's seat was vacant, but all others were occupied. According to our program many anecdotes were related, among them being:

"Dr. Wiley at the age of sixty married a school teacher no longer young. Both realizing that they were set in their ways and in order to avoid trouble agreed that as head of the house all major questions should be decided by the doctor and all minor questions by his wife. After thirteen years of married life the doctor said that so far not a single question of major importance had arisen."

"Some children at San Mateo, California, were enacting a play. The principal characters were a miner and his wife. The miner, wearing overalls and carrying a pick and a bag, enters the room and finds his wife in bed. He greets his wife affectionately and says that during seven long years in Alaska he had worked hard and suffered much and, reaching into his bag, draws out a small sack of gold and presents it to his wife. The little wife said, 'I too have been busy,' and throwing back the cover discloses seven little puppies as her contribution to the family."

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E-1 3898 3900 h

"A Frenchman in America was studying English. After he had made some progress the teacher gave him a short love story to read. In it he read that when the hero returned and kissed the heroine, she kissed him back. He asked for an explanation and the teacher said that it was an idiomatic expression in which 'back' means 'return.' ~~Later~~ Farther on in the book he read that when the heroine came back the hero^s kissed her on her return. The Frenchman was confused and wanted to know whether the hero actually kissed her on her back or on her return, and what was the difference between the two."

"Little Willie was a regular attendant at Sunday School. On one occasion he said to his mother: 'I know what "adultery" means, but what does "commit" mean?'

"A man started to enter a theater with a revolver in his hand. When stopped he said that his wife was inside with another man whom he intended to shoot. The manager asked him to wait ~~outside~~ outside and he would bring the man out without disturbing the audience. The manager went upon the stage and announced that there was a man with a pistol outside who wanted to shoot the man with his wife. Immediately twelve couples got up and made their exit by the fire escapes!"

"A new bell boy in a hotel was told to see the manager before entering on duty. The manager ~~said~~ said every employe in his hotel should have certain qualities to hold his job, such as being prompt, industrious, and display tact, and then he asked the neophyte ^{if he understood} what all that meant. 'Yes, sir,' said the boy. 'All right' said the manager, 'you may go to work.' The new boy consulted another with more experience and said that he understood what promptness and industry meant but did not know just what 'tact' meant. The other boy said, 'Oh, that's easy. For instance, the bell rings. You go to the room and knock on the door. You get no response and knock

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

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again. Still you get no response. Then you open the door and enter and see that the bath room door is open and a lady is in the tub. You back out quietly and say "Excuse me, sir." That's tact."

Mother to her grown daughter: "Mabel, I wish you would not wear that dress; it does not cover your body." "But, mother, is there anything the matter with my body?"

"What is the difference between a diplomat and a lady? When a diplomat says 'Yes' he means perhaps. When he says 'perhaps' he means no. When he says 'No' he is not a diplomat. When a lady says 'No' she means perhaps. When she says 'Perhaps' she means yes. When she says 'Yes' she is no lady."

"A census enumerator called at the prefecture of police in a town in Germany and asked how many inhabitants the town had. He was told that the population was 30,000. ^{Ten} years later the same enumerator repeated his visit and again was told that the population was still 30,000. He said he could not understand why ~~te~~ the population was no greater than it had been ten years previously because in most other towns and cities there had been a considerable increase. 'Why,' the prefect said 'that is perfectly simple because for every one hundred births one hundred young men leave town.'"

"A drunken man went to his room in a hotel and stumbled about the room. Opening a closet door he saw a filmy, semi-transparent garment of the female persuasion. He rang for a servant and when she came he held up the garment and said 'Fill her up again.'"

The repetition of these old time sallies kept our small group in high good humor.

After luncheon I took a nap. At 4.30 p.m. Mr. Fitzgerald

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--~~3899~~ 3900j

knocked at my door and said that all our table group were invited to take tea with the captain. I dressed hastily and went up to the captain's cabin and found it crowded with table companions. Tea, cakes, candy, and other sweetmeats were being served. Then the story telling began.

"A little girl was presented with a watch and a bottle of perfume on her birthday. She was delighted and talked about her presents incessantly. In the evening there was to be a party of grownups in the house and the little girl was cautioned by her mother not to say anything about her presents because grownups were not interested in them, and if she forgot and talked about her presents she would be sent to bed without her desert. At the table the child ^dfigited about until she could contain herself no longer and said in a shrill voice, 'If you hear anything or smell anything, it's me.'"

At the suggestion of Mr. Fitzgerald I told about ~~reading~~ a copy of the contract between the King of Spain and the conquistadore who went to Paraguay which I read in a history of Argentina, to the effect that the conquistadore was to be vice-roy over all the territories he might discover on the stipulated condition that he take with him "for breeding purposes horses, cows and bulls, sheep, pigs, poultry, and eight friars."

There were many other stories of this nature which added to the gaiety of our gathering, including stories about cats, dogs, parrots, which I could not remember.

In the evening Mr. Fitzgerald and I sat in the smoking room until 1 a.m. He told the story of the little New York slum boy who was asked by his teacher to distinguish between a stork and a sink, who replied: "A stoic is a boid that brings babies in

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--3900/K

a basket; a sink is a place where you spit."

Saturday, 17 August, to Cherbourg; fair and hot. Spent the day reading. Having trouble with my new teeth. They did not fit so that I could ~~not~~ bite, and my gums were so sore I could not chew. Read a powerful story by Zola. Fell asleep in the late afternoon and was awakened by the steward who brought in a menu card signed by the other members of the captain's table party with a note attached asking what was the matter--referring to my absence from "tea."

It was ^{an} excessively hot afternoon and evening, which made me think of the glass of foaming beer I would have on reaching France.

Sunday, 18 August, to Cherbourg; cloudy and cooler. Began reading Michelet's "La Femme," a discussion of marriage and why so many women are forced on the streets, which the author attributes to the fact that men and machines have replaced women in the arts of ~~sp~~ spinning, weaving, and sewing. Church service was held at 11 o'clock, but instead of attending I went to my cabin, undressed, and began reading "Contes" by Charles Perault, a collection of fairy tales written in 1600.

At luncheon one of our group, after describing the actions of two cockerells, told the following story: "Two little girls were discussing their families. One of them said she was going to be married and have a lot of children. The other said she would not get married and she would not be an old maid--she was going to be a nurse."

Another said: "Two children, a boy and a girl, were playmates. The father of the boy said to him 'I see you with that little girl a good deal.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'we like each other and are going to be married.' 'But,' said the father, 'it costs a fgood deal to be married and if you have a lot of children what will you do?'

a basket: a stick is a place where you sit."

Saturday, 17 August, to Cherbourg; Fair and Hot. Spent the

day reading. Having trouble with my new teeth. They did not fit

so that I could not bite, and my gums were so sore I could not chew.

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and was awakened by the steward who brought in a man said alarmed

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think of the glass of foaming beer I would have on reaching France.

Sunday, 18 August, to Cherbourg; cloudy and cooler. Began

reading Michelet's "La Femme," a discussion of marriage and why

so many women are forced on the streets, which the author attributes

to the fact that men and machines have replaced women in the arts

of spinning, weaving, and sewing. Church service was held at

11 o'clock, but instead of attending I went to my cabin, undressed,

and began reading "Cognac" by Charles Péguy, a collection of fairy

tales written in 1890.

At luncheon one of our group, after describing the actions of

two cockerels, told the following story: "Two little girls were

discussing their families. One of them said she was going to be

married and have a lot of children. The other said she would not

get married and she would not be an old maid--she was going to be

a nurse."

Another said: "Two children, a boy and a girl, were playmates.

The father of the boy said to him: 'I see you with that little girl

a good deal.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'we like each other and are

going to be married.' 'But,' said the father, 'it costs a good deal

to be married and if you have a lot of children what will you do?

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--3901

"Oh," replied the boy, 'we ~~are~~ are not going to have any children.'
'But,' said father, 'how are you going to prevent that.' His
son~~g~~ answered, 'If Mary lays an egg I shall step on it.'"

In the afternoon and evening still reading the "Contes" of
Perault, which contains a very good account of the origin of the
belief in fairies at the end of the book. A movie was shown in
the evening.

Monday, 19 August, to Cherbourg; clear, bright, and cool,
beautiful blue sky and rolling sea, the first decent day of the
voyage. The morning bulletin reported ~~the~~ Graaf Zeppelin approaching
Japan. Reading Victor Hugo's "93." After luncheon discovered that
some one had substituted an old cap for my new one. At the supper
table~~s~~ the following stories were told:

"Speaking of Irish policemen, a man said he was in favor
of swapping the Philippine Islands for Ireland and raising our
own policemen.=

"An Irishman was driving a new car rather awkwardly in a
procession. When the procession stopped he bumped into the car
ahead. An Irish policeman came up to him with a scowl and in a
severe tone of voice said, 'I saw you,' and pulling out his note
book demaned, 'Now, what is your name?' Answer 'Kelly.' 'First
name?' 'Answer~~e~~ 'Patrick.' 'Oh!' said the policeman, and stepping
up to the car in front he roared to the driver 'What do you mean
by backing into the car behind you.'"

Finished reading Hugo's "93," a powerful story of the
French Revolution with a sad ending.

Tuesday, 20 August, to Cherbourg; showers and cool. On
passing through the corrido^r~~r~~ to the dining room I found that my
new ^acap had been return~~ed~~ed to its hook. The morning bulletin an-

(1929, Aug. to Cherbourg)

E--3902

nounced that the Graaf Zeppelin had landed at Tokio after a flight of 6,600 miles in 101 hours. Spent the day reading. The captain's table group was the most congenial and agreeable of any I had encountered on any of my voyages. Among the anecdotes told at the supper table were:

"A teacher asked a class of immigrant children to spell 'postoffice.' For a moment there was no response. Then the hand of a little German boy who had been in this country less than a year was raised. 'Well, William, how would you spell it,' asked the teacher. William responded with, 'p--o--s--und a t, mit an o und an f two times, und i--c--e.'"

Wednesday, 21 August, to Cherbourg; cloudy and cool. Finished reading "Le Amoreuse de Luis" by Gil, a pleasing story of a delightful and talented young woman who was very poor ^{but} who formed the acquaintance of an old gentleman at Biarritz who was called Le Amoreuse by friends and acquaintances because of his assiduous attentions to her and who turned out to be immensely wealthy and made her his heir. Began reading Balzac's "Le Peau de Chagrin," a charming story. Before sundown we came in sight of land, rock islands and a light house to the north. Among the stories at the supper table were:

"A surgeon in New York specialized on crooked limbs. He was kept so extremely busy that he insisted that patients should come into his consulting room undressed. On one occasion his nurse assistant announced that a young lady wanted to see him, but she objected to taking off her clothes. The doctor curtly instructed his assistant to tell her that he would not see her unless she disrobed. The young lady after much hesitation removed her clothing and was admitted to the doctor's presence. The doctor looked her over critically and said he did not see anything the matter with

her. She answered 'Certainly not, I am perfectly well.' 'Well, what did you want to see me for,' the doctor asked. 'I wanted to get you to subscribe to the Saturday Evening Post' was the reply."

"A broker^r examining a young lady for a position in his office asked the question, 'If I said forty, thirty, twenty, (meaning general discount), how much would you take off?' She replied 'Everything but my beads.'"

"Hans and Gretchel were out riding in a buggy on a country ~~re~~ road in Minnesota. Hans was silent. Gretchell tried every way to get him to talk and propose to her because they had been keeping company for a long time and she was getting impatient at his slowness. Finally she asked him if he knew that she was willing to marry him would he ask her. 'Yes,' he responded with great deliberation, but failed to make any other response. Then after a long pause she demanded 'Then why don't you say something or do something.' 'I done said too damn much already,' he replied.

"Some weeks later Gretchel succeeded in getting Hans to accompany her to the office of the county clerk to get a marriage license. Gretchel did all the talking. The clerk entered their names, ages, addresses, and then asked if they had any relations, kin, or connections. Gretchel misunderstood, hesitated, blushed, and then stammered 'Ve had connections vunce, yas, only vunce; Hans he couldn't wait.'"

"A priest on a donkey in France met a young buxum woman walking to a village at a considerable distance. The priest invited her to ride behind him on the donkey and she accepted, putting her arms about his waist to keep from falling off. So they rode through the hot sun to the steady up and down rhythmic motion

of the donkey. Both were thinly clad. The girl's full breasts oscilated up and down against the priest's shoulders and their legs rubbed together. The priest knew what the young woman thought, the young woman knew what the priest thought, but neither knew what the donkey thought."

Thursday, 22 August, Cherbourg; cloudy and cool. We reached plymouth harbor shortly after midnight and a number of passengers were taken off. The ship got under way again at 3 a.m. and reached the harbor of Cherbourg at 9 a.m. Not many people were leaving. The customs examination was brief, tobacco seeming to be the only thing of interest to the inspectors. My trunk was checked through to Paris for examination there.

Cherbourg appeared to be a small city of three and four story stone houses with a chimney at each end of the gable roof. Two coaches were on the railway track near the station and Congressman Fitzgerald and a young Spanish gentleman and I took possession of a second class compartment, along with a thin elderly nervous woman. We traveled through a beautiful undulating country of good roads, green meadows, streams, truck farms, ~~neat~~ neat cottages, and flower gardens. We had a good luncheon in the dining coach with wine included for \$1.40 each.

We reached Paris at 4.30 p.m. I took a taxi to the Grand Hotel within one square of the Place de l'Opera and the Restaurant de la Paix. At the American Express Company I exchanged a check of fifty dollars and received 1,270 frncs. Then to the sidewalk Restaurant de la Paix for a glass of beer and a brief rest. There I was joined by my Spanish fellow traveller, Sr. Manuel Valdez, secretary of the Chilean Embassy at Washington. He said he had spent four years at the University of Kansas at Manhattan. We had beer and wine together and watched the cosmopolitan procession

(1929, Aug. Paris)

E--3905

of people that passed this central point of observation of all Europe. Sr. Valdez led the way to the Restaurant de Paris near by. The prices were sky high and we confined ourselves to a ⁱfilet de sole, the most delicious I ever tasted, lamb chops and hashed brown potatoes, French rolls and butter, and a bottle of wine, which cost us the equivalent of four dollars each. Whew! Could not stand that more than once in a life time. Then we walked to the Place de la Concord and back by the Madeleine church and the Restaurant de la Paix, where we sat and smoked, sipped wine, and watched the night life of Paris pass by.

I returned to my room at 1.30 a.m. and addressed some picture postcards to the folks back home. After many drinks with Sr. Valdez in celebration of our escape from the puritan Sahara I was feeling pretty good. We had sat for several hours on the sidewalk part of the Restaurant de la Paix. We remarked that most of the people in the procession that passed in both directions before us were obviously tourists, American, English, or German, and how plain looking and ugly they were in comparison with the processions of pedestrians on the down town streets of New York or other American cities. Many of the chairs and little tables in the long bank in front of the restaurant were occupied by professional street walkers. Some of them were very pretty, but business for them seemed to be rather slow and but few of them found partners. Valdez said that on a former visit to Paris he had been taken by a guide to a number of houses in the vicinity where troops of nude women were lined up for his inspection and that they were divided into three classes, those for which a visitor paid 100 francs, 75 francs, or 50 francs.

Friday, 23 August, Paris; fair, a little sunshine, and a pleasant breeze. Slept profoundly until 10.30 a.m. Went without

(1929, Aug. Paris)

E--3906

breakfast, and instead bought a morning paper and a glass of beer. Walked to the Church of the Madeleine and inspected the brilliant display of flowers on the sidewalk, mostly roses, asters, and dahlias, some of which were very fine. Had luncheon at a small grill near the Church of the Madeleine. Then walked to the Place de la Louvre. Concord and the ~~Tuileries~~. The park was set with chestnut, horse chestnut, elm, maple, and sycamore trees. There were many formal gardens, fountains, and innumerable statues. Saw not less than fifty young couples making love openly and without false modesty, hugging and kissing to their hearts content. At any rate, it was a cheerful sight. In the Louvre galleries I walked for two hours through miles of exhibitions, paintings and statuary. According to my appraisal not more than two per cent of the entire lot was really pleasing and worth having. On the return walk I stopped to admire the displays of beautiful jewelrys in the shop windows.

At the Restaurant de la Paix I stopped to rest and have a glass of beer. The young lady street walkers were beginning to appear. At the American Express I sent two telegrams to Rome, one to my assistant, Mr. Longobardi, and the other for a reservation at the Flora Hotel. Reached my room at 4 p.m. thoroughly tired and slept until 8 p.m. Went to a small restaurant for supper and had bread and butter, soup, a lamb chop, and half a bottle of wine, which cost me \$1.75.

After supper I took a taxi to the Moulin Rouge. The performance was by a colored troupe which I did not appreciate. Between the acts there was a side show with three Egyptian dancers that was interesting because of their apparent control over the pectoral and abdominal muscles, although the women themselves were heavily painted and not very attractive. On the street a pretty little French girl took me by the arm and I allowed her to lead me to a small bar res-

(1929, Aug. Paris)

E--3907

taurant and we had a glass of wine together. I did this with the idea of passing a little time in conversation with an agreeable young woman, resting, and brushing up my French a little. She spoiled everything by her eye to business and her persistent attempts to extract money from me so that when I lost patience, after warning her, I rose abruptly, bid her adieu, and left. Farther up the street a mulatto woman who spoke English seized me by the arm and drew me to one side. In answer to my questions she said she was from Martinique and had lived in Paris two years. She played the part of a female savage and when I declined to go with her she tried by main strength to force me to a small apartment house in the same block. I broke her hold, walked rapidly away, and she did not follow. Not caring for any more adventures of this kind I signaled a taxi. As I entered and before I could close the door a young woman entered, threw her arms about my neck and said "Cheri, we will spend the night together at your hotel." I vetoed this suggestion, but consented to let her remain in the cab until we reached the Place de l'Opera. She tried to be very affectionate, but on reaching my hotel I dismissed her with a tip sufficient to pay car fare back to her district.

Saturday, 24 August, Paris; clear and pleasant. After breakfast I bought some Italian lire at the American Express. Theⁿ inspected some interesting exhibits in the great opera house. ^{next} Then a walk to the Louvre gardens for some photographs. Returning, had a glass of beer before the Restaurant de la Paix, and then luncheon in a small restaurant near the Restaurant de la Paris.

Returning to my room I took a nap, a bath, changed clothes, packed up, paid my bill, and left the hotel at 4.30 p.m. I was driven to the Gare de Lyon and had half an hour to spare. After getting my things stowed away in the compartment I stepped out on the plat-

(1929, Aug. Priz)

E--3908

form and at a little bar had a farewell glass of beer. The sun was very ~~ht~~ hot.

The train left at 5.24 p.m. and we were soon passing through a beautiful landscape, a good farming country with harvested grain fields, truck gardens, comfortable looking houses, numerous villages, small streams and canals and wooded hills. Having trouble with my eyes, which were inflamed. Supper was served in the dining coach at 7.30. I was tired and retired at 9.30.

Sunday, 25 August, to Rome; clear and cool in the mountains, warmer farther south. Suffered from a weeping eye. Customs officials came through at 8 a.m., but did not open the baggage. Paid eighty cents for an unsatisfactory breakfast of a roll, two boiled eggs, and a cup of coffee. We reached Genoa at 10.50 a.m. in bright sunshine. From Genoa to Pisa we passed through innumerable tunnels and then followed the sea shore. Many of the beaches were thronged with bathers. Near Pisa one could see precipitous mountains to the east and the sea to the west. The roads were white and dusty and many marble yards were to be seen. Many of the cultivated areas were in small plots of less than an acre, with rows of willow trees and grapevines between, or ditches between which the sections were planted to alfalfa, clover or maize. The sun was very hot. From the railway one could see the Leaning Tower and the marble cathedral beyond a small stream that we crossed. The last half of the afternoon was hot. We passed through a flat semiarid country along the seashore and the towns were far apart.

We reached Rome at 8 p.m. At the station I found my office assistants waiting to greet me on the platform. I was driven to the Flora Hotel and given a comfortable room on the second floor at eighty lire per day, including meals. Had a satisfactory supper,

(1929, Aug. Rome)

E--3909

took a short walk, bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of whiskey, and was back at 9.15 p.m. My strongest impression of Rome after an absence of more than ~~eighteen~~ months was ^athat it had not changed and that it looked more familiar to me than did Washington. Next I noticed how deserted the streets were, how few were the automobiles to be seen, but how steadily they sounded their raucous horns.

Monday, 26 August, Rome; clear, bright, and hot. After breakfast I walked through the Borghese park ^{Casetta} to the office where I found my little official family waiting for me. They tried to ^etell me all that had happened during my long absence. At 10.30 a.m. Mr. Longobardi and I had a satisfactory interview with the Secretary General, Prof. Brizi, whom I had not seen before. He was cordial and after stumbling a little in French he suggested that he speak Italian and that I speak English and as each could understand the other we got along nicely. He was interested in my travels and complimented me on my success. Mr. Dore, chief of the Division of Statistics, was in attendance at a meeting of the International Institute of Statistics at Warsaw. President de Michelis was away. Sr. Brutini, he who so much wanted to compile an agricultural dictionary, was retired. Mr. Ferguson, the economist, had retired upon request. His assistant, Mr. Montgomery, was on vacation. Mr. Hodgson, the American librarian, came over at noon and I took him to the Flora Hotel for luncheon. He was expecting his wife to return the following day and they ^were to leave at the end of the week for the United States. Before we had finished our luncheon we were joined by the Egyptian delegate. Inasmuch as the Institute was to close at 2.30 p.m. I did not return to the office. I walked to the office of the American Express and was remembered by the Italian cashier who called me by name.

(1929, Aug. Rome)

E--3910

Tuesday, 27 August, Rome}; clear and very hot. At the office I found a group of visitors from Great Britain, Canada, and Italy who had ^atalked with Mr. Longobardi and were on the point of leaving. Most ^{of} the forenoon I listened to Mr. Longobardi and Miss Vanzetti in their efforts to acquaint me with what had happened during my absence. Also I leafed through an accumulation of correspondence and directed the disposition of it. Mr. Hodgson called and discussed the preparation of his last annual report. I sorely felt the need of rest and after luncheon slept until 7 pm., had supper and retired immediately, determined to catch up with my sleep.

Wednesday, 28 August, Rome; clear ^{hot} hot day. I slept all night and right through the day until time for supper. Miss Vanzetti had invited me to call at her rooms, but I was so drowsy after supper that I went to bed instead.

Thursday, 29 August, Rome; very hot. Slept through until 7 a.m.

(1929, Aug. Rome)

E- -3911

At the office signed some letters that had been prepared. Miss Vanzetti sent word that she was ill and could not come to the office. I walked over to the main building and had a talk with Mr. Walsh, assistant to the president, who told me about the trouble Mr. Ferguson, the economist had, due partly to inexperience, overwork, worry, and drinking too much. He informed me that Mr. Thompson, the British Delegate, was in South Africa, but would be back in time for the next meeting of the Permanent Committee. I stepped into the library and Mr. Hodgson asked me to look over the manuscript of his last annual report. In it he recited in some detail the difficulties he had encountered in trying to reorganize the library.

Before~~su~~ supper I walked across to see Miss Vanzetti. She was in bed and looked very pale and thin. She was trying to do some translating. After supper I did some reading and then tried to get some sleep, without success. The very capacity for sleep seemed to have left me, so I spent most of the night reading and smoking.

Friday, 30 August, Rome; hot until a late shower cooled the atmosphere. After breakfast had a pleasant walk through the Villa Borghese to the office. Drew up a schedule of things to be done, such as writing an annual report, arranging for the continuance of the office after I ^{should} leave, drafting appeal for funds to classify and summarize the census data reported to the Institute by the various governments, the Barcellona address, preparation of article for the Breeders Gazette, and the like. Had a talk with Dr. Salto, who proposed several slight changes in my proposed Barcellona address that he was engaged in translating into French. He brought in a book on ancient Egyptian agriculture by a French author for me to read. He asked for three days leave to go on a hunting trip. He said there was very little game left in Italy

(1929, Aug. Rome)

E--3912

and that several game preserves had been established in recent years.

P Mr. Longobardi asked me to accompany him on an automobile trip with a Miss Moffatt from Boston, cousin of Mrs. Ware, who was in Rome for a few days. At 2.40 p.m. he called for me with a large automobile and liveried chauffeur. ^{we} ~~and~~ stopped at the Hotel Elysee for Miss Moffatt. She was a middle aged maiden lady of the school teacher type who prattled and imparted infallible wisdom continuously and about her travels and the wonderful bargains she had obtained. She was difficult to talk to because of her didactic manner. We were driven out to the Alban Hills and past lakes Albano and Nemi. On the way back she and I got into a heated argument about Russia. She was an enthusiastic admirer of the Bolshevik regime and was quite evidently a parlor socialist. She expressed the very positive opinion that Russia was a sort of new ^ehaven on earth and when I said I had seen more human misery and unhappiness in Moscow in ten days than in all my life in all other countries she was very indignant and flatly contradicted me. Also she asserted that the courts of the United States were utterly corrupted by a few great corporations, trusts, combines, and men of colossal wealth. Her didactic school teacher manner in making these and other statements irritated me greatly and I began to ask pertinent questions in a sarcastic tone that made her freeze up like a Boston refrigerator. I was relentless and made her admit that she had never been in Russia, nor in any U.S. Federal Court, ~~that~~ she had not a scrap of evidence to support any of her extravagant statements, that it was morally wrong to make such statements, especially in a foreign country, and that in fact she knew very little about her own country, never having traveled beyond the Allegheny Mountains. Poor Mr. Longobardi was much embarrassed and after we deposited the woman at her hotel I

(1929, Aug. Rome)

E--3913

apologized to ~~him~~ by explaining to him that I had talked to the woman in that way because she was a fellow American and was an especially intolerable type of ~~ignorant~~ Boston school teacher so cultured as to be ignorant of her own people and country, a type that should not be permitted to run around at large because of the industry and didactic manner in which she disseminated her erroneous ideas and because of her utter lack of consideration for others and ^{her} offensive manners.

Our drive was by way of the Colosseum, the old Capitoline buildings, the baths of Caracalla, out the Appian Way, and following a road up Monte Calvo from ^{wh} which there was a magnificent view of the Campagna, Rome, and the Mediterranean gleaming in the distance. There is a level place on top of Monte X Calvo of about an acre on which stands an ancient building that for some centuries was a monastery, but which had been turned into a restaurant. There were about the place some of the largest beech trees I have ever seen, a wall made of enormous blocks of stone within which was a garden and outside a walk. Looking in the direction opposite from Rome one could see the small plain back of Rocca de Papa where Hanibal's army camped. The upper slopes of the mountain were covered with chestnut trees, below which was a belt of silvery foliated olive trees, and lower down a zone of vineyards. One could also look down on the placid surface of the gem like crater lakes of Albano and Nemi rimmed with steep wooded banks and old Roman ruins half hidden in the trees and shrubs about their margins. To the north one sees a succession of mountain villages. On the return trip we passed from Rocca de Papa and Frascati and drove for a long distance in a sunken road between high walls and then out onto the plain of the Campagna past ruined aqueducts that formerly supplied Rome with water from the mountains.

Saturday, 31 August, Rome; clear and hot. At the office signed a letter in French to the Secretary General of the Barcellona Exposition expressing preference for October 15 as the date for my ~~μ~~ address. In the afternoon I returned by way of the little lake in Villa Borghese and watched the swans and ducks swimming about and the nursemaids and little childrenⁿ, and then stopped at the pavilion half way between the lake and the entrance for a glass of cold beer and to listen to some radio music. There were many young Italian couples and a number of American and British tourists sitting at the little tables doing likewise and enjoying themselves. I took a long nap and after supper a long walk.

Sunday, 1 September, Rome; clear and hot. Had a late breakfast, read a morning paper, and walked through the Villa Borghese to the Museum of Modern Art. Inspected several new pictures and statues that had been installed since my last visit. It seemed to me that this art gallery had the best light of any I had seen so that ^a every painting showed to advantage. The building is of white marble and large, with the larger salons in the center and the smaller ones on the sides. It is full of excellent pictures and statues. I took some photographs. Returning I stopped at the Villa pavilion for a glass of beer. It was very pleasant with music coming from the radio and a breeze sighing in the great pines overhead.

Had a good luncheon and a nap and then walked across the city to 63 Pierre Luigi da Palestrina to visit Sra. Scolari^{ari}, my former landlady. When I asked the porter to ~~op~~ open the elevator for me he said I would have to pay twenty-five centimes for a ticket "by order of the administration." I kept the ticket as a souvenir. Sra. Scolari herself answered the door bell and welcomed me. The place looked exactly as it did the last time I saw it. She had

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3915

a young lady visitor and we all had tea together. My hostess said her daughter in America had been very successful and had won a Carnegie scholarship. She said that Mina, the little maid servant, had "degenerated." After a long visit I left and stopped at Rosatti's near the end of one of the bridges over the Tiber where there were electric lights, music, a crowd of well dressed people, and had a vermouth. It was very pleasant. Then I walked back to the hotel and had a nice supper.

(Mother, 1 Sept. Rome, salmon folder)

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3920

Sunday, 8 Sept., Rome; very hot. After a light breakfast I walked through the Villa Borghese, across the Piazza del Popolo, on to the Tiber and along it to the Ponte Margheretta, and thence to the Ponte de San Pedro, along the causeway from Castello de San Angelo to St. Peters. St. Peter's is an extraordinarily large structure with an extraordinary collection of pictures and statues inside. The light came through the stained glass windows of the great dome in bars ~~of~~ and points of colored ~~light~~ on the floor below. The two great fountains in the plaza in front of the building are to me the most beautiful in the world because of the quantity of water thrown up to a considerable height to pause, break, and fall splashing and glittering in the sunlight. I took a seat in front of a restaurant facing St. Peter's, had a glass of beer, and watched the crowds of people, mostly of the laboring class, on their way to view one of the largest and oldest churches in the world. Here I could sit at my ease in front of that great church and drink beer as hundreds of others were doing. To have done that same natural and harmless thing in the United States would have been a crime. To even mention the possibility of such a thing to some of my American friends ^{would cause} their faces and eyes ^{to} ~~would~~ ^{or} harden with righteous horror and religious fanaticism and intolerance. If only such ^{and women} ~~men~~ could live abroad long enough they would overcome that most ungracious of all Christian sins, religious bigotry and intolerance. Most of the Italian faces one sees are mobile and expressive, indicating quick response, intelligence, and emotion. Most of the city squares between Stm Peter's and the Castello San Angelo are full of old unsanitary tenements swarming with poor people and their large families. The Tiber was full of bathers and men in boats. It is a swift flowing, turbid stream, shallow in places and deep in others,

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3921

and treacherous. I returned to the hotel at 2.30 p.m. very tired and went immediately to bed and slept straight through until the next morning.

Monday, 9 Sept., Rome; hot. Received a number of letters, including one from mother. Dr. Salto brought in a Spanish translation of my Barcellona address which I read and corrected. The continued oppressive heat made me drowsy. I left the office early, had a long nap before supper, and went to bed immediately thereafter wondering if I was having an attack of sleeping sickness.

Tuesday, 10 September, Rome; clear and slightly cooler. This was the first pleasant day in Rome since my return. Spent the forenoon revising the draft of my last annual report. Reading in the afternoon. After supper took some books over for Miss Vanzetti to read. She was still in bed, alone, and glad to see me. She explained that the lady who callè on the occasion of my last visit was the daughter of a prince, one of eleven children who lived in a villa next to that of her (Miss Vanzetti's) adopted father, so that they had grown up as children together. The princess had married a villain and was ~~dis-~~ owned by her family, but because of her religion she could not get a divorce although she was separated from her husband. Fortunately the princess had a small independent income ~~and~~ that enabled her to have pretty good times.

Wednesday, 11 Sept. Rome; hot. At the office drafted a letter of resignation which I expected to hand in when my work with the Institute was about to terminate. As I was about to leave the office for luncheon the Egyptian delegate came in and stayed for an hour. Then we walked to the hotel and had luncheon together. After he left I went to my room and laid down and slept for several hours and woke up ~~wix~~ drenched with perspiration. Had a bath, changed clothing,

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3922.

and sat in the park awhile at the pavilion and had a glass of beer and listened to the music over the radio. A little breeze made it pleasant.

Thursday, 12 Sept. Rome; hot. At the office drafting correspondence. In the late afternoon I called on Miss Vanzetti with some books. She told about being in Washington at the International Labor Conference with her adopted father who was head of the Italian delegation in 1919. She said that President Wilson had personally invited the conference to meet in Washington, but he neglected to advise Congress or make the usual arrangements. The result was that ~~six~~ delegates from sixty-five countries arrived in Washington without any organization to look after them, no guides for them at the Union Station, no hotel reservations, no headquarters, no program, ^{no interpreters,} and no preparations whatever. No money had been provided for the expenses of the conference and no one in Washington appeared to know anything about it. The Secretary of State was helpless. In the emergency the director of the Pan American Union came forward and invited the delegates to meet in the Pan American Building, and the State Department arranged with the Navy Department to place some of its rooms in the temporary building at the disposal of the conference for committee meetings, although there were no desks or chairs in the rooms. A week or so later Mrs. Senator McCormick called on the head of the labor conference and said that she thought it was a shame that no arrangement had been made for a formal reception to the delegates and in the absence of an official reception she proposed to give one at her own house the following Sunday ~~at~~ evening and all delegates ~~at~~ were invited. On Saturday ~~at~~ Senator McCormick informed the chairman of the conference that there was some sort of misunderstanding, that his wife had no authority and no right to hold a reception of labor delegates

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3923

in his house, so the reception was cancelled. Then as a climax the Pan American Union presented a bill for the rental of its assembly hall at the rate of fifty dollars per day. Miss Vanzetti ^a said that when she was in Geneva the last spring she attended a luncheon at which were present many of the former delegates to the Washington Labor Conference who recalled their experiences with great gusto and much hilarity.

Friday, 13 Sept. Rome; hot. On the way to the office through the park in the morning I saw many young couples embracing each other in the shrubbery. Knowing that even if Miss Vanzetti should return to the office the following week she would probably be too weak to operate a typewriter I put in the forenoon typing letters on the office machine. On the way back from luncheon in the afternoon I bought some water color pictures of Rome. On the street I met Sra. Scolari who invited me to take tea with her at the Casino in Villa Borghese the following Sunday afternoon. In the hotel lobby I heard a tourist ask the desk clerk if there was a music hall in the city, and the reply was that the only place of amusement in Rome was a picture show. Last night I read a story by Maupassant describing how a ^{man} ~~male~~ feels caught without his trousers in company. *P* After falling asleep I had a most disagreeable dream involving the loss of my favorite walking stick, my inseparable companion for more than forty years. It seems ^{ed} ~~th~~ ^a I was travelling with all the members of my family for which I was responsible and they kept getting separated, and while looking for them ^I discovered that my stick was gone and I searched for it frantically, because trains were about to start, some of the family were aboard and some not, ~~and there was~~ and I was torn between the desire to look after the family and the knowledge that if I did not find my precious stick immediately I

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3924

would never see it again. Once I caught sight of the stick broken in pieces. It was miraculously whole when I clutched it in my hand, but as I ran for the moving train I looked down and saw that the stick I was carrying was not my own. Then I awoke greatly perturbed.

(Miss Joice, 13 Sept. Rome, salmon folder)

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3925

Saturday, 14 Sept. Rome; cloudy and threatening showers. Spent the forenoon at the office typing. Had an enjoyable half hour at the park pavilion with a glass of beer and radio music and watching several young couples flirting desperately. After luncheon I had just undressed for a long nap when a servant knocked to say that some ^{one on} ~~on~~ the telephone wanted to speak to me. The telephone was in the lobby. I sent the servant ^t back to find out who it was. He returned with a piece of paper on which was written a telephone number and a name I did not recognize. I threw it in the waste basket, went to bed and slept until 6 o'clock. After dressing I went out and had my shoes polished and bought a paper. While reading it a messenger brought me the card of Mr. Henry G. Wilder of the Agricultural Extension Service, University of California, San Bernardino. I found him to be a plain gentleman who said that twenty years previously he had been employed in the Bureau of Soils and that he remembered me, that he was on sabbatical leave, had been to Scotland and was on his way to Algeria, Tunis, and Spain, that he was interested in the maintenance of soil fertility, and he wanted to get the benefit of my observations. We talked steadily until 8 p.m. when I told him I had an appointment. *P* I rushed up to my room for my hat and umbrella and walked across to the apartment of Miss Vanzetti. She was dressed in a black satin gown and looked very pale. We walked across the short distance to the Casino in the Villa Borghese and had a lobster dinner and wine, heard some good music, and sat at our table on the open balcony until midnight. From her I heard the gossip of the Institute; that the librarian was a scoundrel because of his flirtations and affairs with the women employes; that the young Bulgarian prima donna to be was the recognized mistress of the elderly married

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3926

official who had taken such an interest in soliciting contributions for her professional training; and much else of like kind which I ~~en~~ confess I did not especially enjoy. She said also that Senator or Representative Bloom of New Jersey owed her about four thousand lire for translation work that he had ordered but never paid for. It was evident that she thoroughly enjoyed the dinner in the open air, the music, the conversation, and the change from the sick room, the first time she had been out for many days.

p.m. I notified the hotel that thereafter I would not be present in connection with the rental of the room, and was free to get lunches and dinners where I pleased. I had a visit from Dr. Montecelli, who gave me some advice.

Sunday, 15 Sept. Rome; hot. Reading and napping. At 5.30 p.m. I went to the Casino where I met Sra. Scolari and we had tea together. There was a large crowd and practically all tables and seats were occupied. We were on the outskirts and could barely hear the music of the orchestra. The seats were uncomfortable. Sra. Scolari talked about her daughter in America almost exclusively. She was having some dental work done that interfered with her speech and I had difficulty in understanding what she said. She was there for tea and ~~when~~ shook her head when I suggested we might have a glass of wine. We sat there in great discomfort for two solid hours. It was getting late and I invited her to dine with me, but she declined

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3927

on the ground that her maid was expecting her back for dinner that would be prepared and waiting for her, but she would be glad to dine with me another time. The tea with her had been such a dismal failure from my standpoint that I carefully refrained from making a definite dinner engagement with her, although she returned to the subject several times. At last she said she expected to leave Rome for a few days and upon her return we could dine together. I let it go at that.

Monday, 16 Sept. Rome; clear and pleasant. On this date the office hours at the Institute were changed to from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. I notified the hotel that thereafter I would take only my breakfast in connection with the rental of the room, leaving me free to get luncheons and dinners where I pleased. At the office I had a visit from Sr. Montecelli, who gave an address in Turin, and who was formerly a field inspector of the statistical bureau of Argentina in the Province of Santa Fe. He appeared very glad to see me. As his visit became prolonged I took him to the pavilion in the park and we had a vermouth together. After he left I realized that I was much fatigued, probably because of the sustained close attention required to converse with him in a foreign language. Received a package of letters, including one from mother, saying the family and friends had been out to Sunny Hill again for a picnic and that Otis had begun to work in the Wallace garage. Had supper at the San Carlo restaurant and afterwards wrote some letters. The restaurant was unchanged and the waiters remembered me and all stepped up to my table to welcome me back.

(Mother, 16 Sept. Rome, salmon folder)

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3928

Tuesday, 17 Sept., Rome; forenoon hot, afternoon heavy rain ~~x~~ and cooler. Had a quiet day at the office until 4.30 p.m. when Mr. Longobardi brought in a Mr. Raymond T. Rich, General Secretary, World Peace Foundation, of Boston. He explained that this ~~organ~~ organization was founded in 1910 to serve as a sort of clearing ~~house~~ house for international literature, statistics, and the like, and was supported by a grant of funds from Mr. Rockefeller. He said that his specific object in calling at the Institute was to promote through his organization the sale of bulletins issued by the Institute. He had some difficulty in explaining just what the "World Peace Foundation" could do as an information service to promote peace that was not already done by innumerable agencies, public and private. He was a young man of airy ways and talked steadily until 5 p.m. Finally, to get away from the office, I proposed that we walk through the park and at the pavilion we had a glass of lemonade. Then he walked with me as far as the hotel, talking steadily and saying nothing that was not perfectly obvious, and seemed reluctant to leave me. Personally I disliked the idea of his private voluntary organization attempting to duplicate what was already better done by existing agencies.

Wednesday, 18 Sept. Rome; clear and pleasant. Spent the day reading bulletins. Left the office at 4 o'clock, stopping at the ^a~~p~~avilion for a glass of beer and some radio music and to watch the sunlight filtering through the trees and gilding their reddish brown trunks. I called to see how Miss Vanzetti was getting on and found her somewhat stronger, cheerful, and expecting to return to the office within a few days. With her was her friend, the princess, a magnificent specimen of a woman. We had tea together and then I departed. She said that the Foreign Office had asked her to go to

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3929

Geneva in October and she wanted my advice. I urged her to go on the ground that the future of the census office to which she was attached was very uncertain and a change of climate, scene, and ~~work~~ work would benefit her.

Thursday, 19 Sept. Rome; clear and hot again. Read late last night and slept late in the morning. I was alone at the office with nothing to do but read, both Mr. Longobardi and Dr. Salto being on detail to the Division of Statistics. Miss Vanzetti called to say that she had been to the main office to apply for leave to go to Geneva. For a change I went to the railway station restaurant for supper.

Friday, 20 Sept. Rome; raining. Again I was alone at the office. On arrival a stray dog at the door was overjoyed to see me. After reading about an hour I glanced at a desk calendar and saw that it was a national holiday, which accounted for the profound silence about the Institute. Began drafting an article for the Breeders Gazette. During the forenoon an officer ^{of} ~~for~~ the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said that he would come in the afternoon for the stray dog that had adopted us. At ¹¹ 10 a.m. the sky grew dark and threatening, so I walked rapidly to the hotel to escape a downpour. Hundreds of people, nursemaids and little children were streaming through the park for the same purpose. After luncheon I walked to the Piazza Venezia, through and around the Roman Forum and around the Forum of Trajan, and back to the hotel at 5.30 p.m. Even at that early hour Rome was closed, dead, dull, and silent. Except for certain bright spots in France that have been lit up and brightened for the benefit of the tourist crop and revenue all Latin cities and towns throughout the world ^d are dull and stupid so far as any sign of human activity is concerned after dusk. or on holidays. Latin peoples are

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3930

popularly supposed to be more emotional, more impulsive, more light hearted and full of alegria and the joi de vivre than peoples of the north. I am satisfied that this is mere popular superstition. To be sure they ~~are~~ are bright and light hearted when the sun shines strong enough to raise blisters on a concrete pavement, but the moment the shadows fall they crawl into their cracks and crevices and like butterflies give no further sign of life until the sun shines again. Their large cities often have fewer places of amusement than a country village or town in northern climes and one may walk miles on their streets without seeing pedestrians or lights in their windows or hearing a sound of laughter or music from their dwellings. Outwardly Latin peoples are more puritanical in their public appearance and conduct than those of other nationalities. They have their recreations, amusements, and amenities of private life, but it is mostly behind gray walls, ~~but~~ ^{and} no sound of music or revelry reaches the ears of a stranger on their streets. Even in their public demonstrations and parades they are a funereally solemn people. The volatile, enthusiastic, impulsive, artistic and musical nature of the Latin peoples is as much a myth as the puritanism of northern peoples and the worship of dollars by Americans. Unquestionably there is more joy of life, more enthusiastic idealism, more musical expression, more artistic expression, among the Germans, Scandinavians, British, and Americans, than can be seen or heard in any Latin country, except tourist spots in France, which occupies a sort of intermediate position between the solemn southlands and the merry, joyous northlands between which she is situated. So much for public manifestations of jubilation, music and art. Curriously enough individual expression is quite different, ⁿ ~~and~~ I suspect it is the individual differences that give rise to the myths of national

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3931

characteristics. Individually the peoples of northern countries profess puritanism and attempt to live up to it as a sort of ideal in their actions, ^{and are} rather cool and unresponsive. On the contrary, the individual Latins are courteous and agreeable, demonstrative, and are expressive in voice, features, hands, and physiognomy.

(As I transcribe my shorthand notes of the foregoing I listen over the radio to the inaugural ceremonies of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President of the United States, March 4, 1933, and I think that nowhere else in the world could such an inspiring ~~pageant~~ ^{of} pageant, music, ~~and~~ ^{and} expression ^{of} feeling or pronouncement of an incoming ruler have been heard, unless possibly in the mythically phlegmatic Great Britain or Germany.)

Saturday, 21 Sept. Rome; sunshine and showers. All day the Italian air was visible, a beautiful silvery blue with a golden haze. At the office discussed with Mr. Longobardi various questions and he said, among other things, that Prof. Ricci, whom every one admired and respected, a former Secretary General of the Institute, was discharged from his professorship in the University of Rome because of an article he wrote that was interpreted as implying criticism of the government. On the way to luncheon I stopped at the American Express ^{and} ~~I~~ encountered a Swedish lady who had been to my office on several occasions looking for secretarial employment. She said that Italian employers were wholly undependable and would promise anything without any intention of keeping their promises, and all were prone to take advantage of their women employes. She had aged greatly in appearance in the two or three years I had known her. At first she was a ripe, plump, peach of a woman. Now she was thin, wrinkled, old, and flabby.

After luncheon I read, took a nap, dressed, walked to the pavilion in the park and had a vermouth and listened to the radio

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3932

music. Began day dreaming at a great rate, indicating that the vermouth had gone to my head. After supper I returned to the park and sat in a seat where I could watch the few people coming and going. Most of them were evidently tourists. An attractive young woman joined me on the seat and we soon got into conversation. She was agreeable until I offered to take her to the Casino for a glass of wine and to listen to the orchestra, but instead she wanted me to hire a taxi, or accompany her to her room, or give her a present, to all of which demands I was deaf, dumb, and blind, whereupon she abruptly departed.

Sunday, 22 Sept. Rome; clear and pleasant. Reading the papers in the morning; sat awhile in the park and listened to some radio music; and slept through the afternoon, reading at night.

Monday, 23 Sept. Rome; clear and cool. At the office had a long talk with Dr. Salto, who had returned. Read a package of letters received that morning, including one from Baron Esponella fixing the date of my address before the International¹ Exposition of Barcellona on October 19; and a letter from Mr. Adams, research director for the California Almond Growers Exchange.

(Wife, 23 Sept. Rome, salmon folder)

(1929, Sept. Rome)

~~xxx~~ 3933

Monday, 23 Sept. Rome; clear and pleasant. Had breakfast in the hotel and listened with pleasure to a woman violinist on the street just under the window. She got liberal donations from the guests. At the office I drafted a number of letters. Messrs. Longobardi and Salto at work in the Division of Statistics and Miss Vanzetti still absent. Heard some good radio music in the park. The meals at the restaurants were abominable. Paid \$1.50 for a plate of clear tasteless soup, a cast iron roll, no butter, a piece of tough steak without vegetables, stewed pears, coffee and half a bottle of cheap wine. Better could be obtained in the United States for twenty-five cents, except for the wine.

Tuesday, 24 Sept. Rome; partly cloudy and cool. Received some letters at the office, one from mother, but none from wife. Dr. Salto came over and talked for half an hour. Mr. Longobardi came over for awhile and I told him I would take an afternoon off to type some urgent letters, as it appeared that Miss Vanzetti was not coming back. He suggested employing a stenographer and paying for it from the Institute fund. This seemed reasonable and would relieve me from the drudgery of hours of typewriting. I asked him to find some one. In the afternoon I had a visit from the newly appointed librarian, a German, who came over to check up the library books that had been loaned to my office. He said that on taking charge he found the Institute library in bad shape. In the evening reading Balzac's "Cesare Birotteau," which is rather disagreeable.

Wednesday, 25 Sept. Rome; clear, cool, and pretty cumulous clouds in the sky. A feeling of autumn in the air. The pods on the locust trees were opening and dropping their seeds. Acorns were falling from the oaks. It was cool enough to make heavier clothing feel comfortable. Alone all day in the office except for the Casetta

(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3934

cat. Wrote to the chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics about the typewriter that was charged to me. Stopped at the American Express to inquire about train and steamship connections for Barcellona. Hotels were still crowded. Began reading Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet."

Thursday, 26 Sept. Rome; lovely day, clear and cool. Mr. Longobardi was my only visitor, bringing with him copies of my annual report and other papers. At the hotel I typed several letters. The hotel was full of tourists who swarmed all over the place and were noisy. After supper took a turn in the Borghese park and saw several young couples making love.

Friday, 27 Sept. Rome; clear and cool. Sent copies of my annual report to the Secretary General containing a resume of the census project for the five year period; a letter calling attention to the fact that the cooperative agreement under which I was employed would terminate on December 31 and my services with the Institute would necessarily end; and a draft of a letter to be sent by the Institute to the International Education Board asking for a further allotment of funds for the continuation of the project.

I called on Dr. Van Rijn, dean of the Permanent Committee, and told him of my plan to leave the Institute about the middle of November upon the completion of my work. He was very cordial and complimentary. Reading bulletins and newspapers. Enjoyed the music in the park on the way to the hotel.

Saturday, 28 Sept. Rome; another clear pleasant day. Left my passport with the hotel porter to obtain a residence permit. I had lived in Rome for 4 months at a time off and on for five years and not until this week was I told that a residence permit was required for all aliens remaining in Rome for more than a few days. Spent the forenoon reading. After luncheon and a nap walked to

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(1929, Sept. Rome)

E--3935

a book shop on the Corso and bought some books, and returning laid in a supply of cigars and cognac. Among the books were two by Balzac and three by George Sand. Finished reading "Le Champi" by George Sand.

Sunday, 29 Sept., Rome; clear and cool. Spent the day reading and sleeping. I had seen so much of Rome during my numerous residences there that there was no inducement to go sightseeing.

Monday, 30 Sept. Rome; clear and cool. I awoke suddenly and completely at 3 a.m., got up, had a smoke and a drink and read until I felt drowsy again. Slept soundly until 9.30 a.m. Awoke feeling badly, weak, heart thumping, and shivering. Ordered hot chocolate and a roll sent up to my room and sat in a chair wondering what could have happened. I could think of no cause for my peculiar sensations. Had no appetite and went without luncheon. Bought a paper and walked to the office. There I learned that Miss Vanzetti had called in the forenoon. Had a postcard from Congressman Fitzgerald asking me to engage a room for him at the Flora Hotel, which I did.

At 7.30 p.m. Miss Vanzetti ^acalled at the hotel and asked me to take her out to supper. She looked emaciated, hollow-eyed, and spectral. I took her to Alfredo's for supper and then to the restaurant on Piazza ~~San~~ ^aColon^a for coffee and liquer, where we heard some good music. I left her at her door at 11 p.m., cheerful but much fatigued.

Tuesday, 1 October, Rome; pleasant day. Had Mr. Longobardi take my passport for Italian and Spanish visas. At 10 a.m. the Secretary General asked me to attend a meeting of the economic committee in one of the committee rooms of the Institute. The committee was composed of experts from various countries who were trying to draw up a program of work for the statistical and economic

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3936

bureaus of the Institute in accordance with the mandates of the last General Assembly. Mr. Dore and I sat all day on one of the cushioned benches next to the wall and listened attentively to the various ^rproposals and discussions in which we were supposed not to ^atake part. The British and Australian delegates urged that the Institute ^aconcentrate its resources and personnel on a few important projects and try to accomplish something of real value rather than to dissipate its energies and resources on a multitude of projects.

On returning to the hotel after 7 p.m. I found Congressman Fitzgerald and the American Consul talking together in the lobby. Both called to me and the Consul invited us to dine with him at ^{8.30}~~1.00~~ p.m. The Consul left and Mr. Fitzgerald and I sat talking for some time. He had been to Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo, and was quite enthusiastic about what he had seen. At the Consul's we had cocktails, an excellent dinner, good cigars, and sat talking until after midnight. With the vice-consul we walked across the Pincio and back to the hotel. Mr. Fitzgerald was a large vigorous man and said that while at Constantinople he swam across the Hellespont. He had many stories and anecdotes to relate.

Wednesday, 2 October, Rome; clear and pleasant. On the way to the office I stopped at the American Express and made reservations for the trip to Barcellona on the 16th and to the United States in November. I declined to go on an excursion with Congressman Fitzgerald ^abecause of my obligation to attend the meetings of the economic committee at the Institute. Just as I was about to leave the office for luncheon Miss Vanzetti came in and talked ^tsteadily for an hour. At 1 p.m. I went over to the main building of the Institute to participate in the luncheon tendered to the members of the economic committee. It was a pleasant affair. The committee met at 3 p.m. and

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3937

discussed a program prepared by a subcommittee and did not adjourn until after 6 p.m. I was tired and glad to escape and walk alone through the park to the hotel. Soon after reaching my room a good looking maid entered to lay back the cover. As she finished she turned to me with a bright smile. I smiled back at her. Instead of passing directly out through the open door she gave it a slight push nearly closing it and then came over near the window where I was sitting, ostensibly to arrange the curtain. As she approached me I looked up into her smiling face. She paused and asked what I was reading. I held up the book and she leaned over and slightly against me to look at it. One of her breasts rested against my cheek. I slipped an arm about her waist and held her tightly for a moment, the book in one hand and the arm of the chair between us. After resting a moment in my arm without protest she gently unclasped the arm and stepped back, smiled, shook her head, and pointed to the door. I nodded, smiled, passed her a tip, and wished her "Buone notte." She withdrew smiling, and somehow I felt greatly cheered by her brief but attractive feminine appearance.

Thursday, 3 Oct., Rome; a lovely fall day. Attended a meeting of the economic committee at the Institute and listened to a long discussion of the advisability of investigating tariff barriers as a cause of agricultural depression. It was finally decided to take no action because the League of Nations had the subject of tariff barriers in relation to industries on its agenda. The committee met again at 4 p.m., discussed and adopted its report, felicitated itself, and adjourned at 6 p.m..

After supper I got to thinking about married life and whether it would be feasible to draw up a series of questions or topics for discussion with my wife and adopted children with a view to arriving at a better understanding, educating the children, and promoting

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3938

happiness in the family, and later writing a book about it for the consideration and benefit of others. Among the questions would be why ~~an~~ men and women marry; what they expect of ~~each~~ other and why; the disappointments of married life and their causes; what the parents expect of their children and what children expect of their parents and why, and what each expects of life; the legal and moral rights and privileges of each by reason of his relationship to the others, and the limitations of th^e_s^e rights, and so on. However, it was clear to me that such a scheme could not be realized as I envisioned it because of the reticences that exist between husband and wife and children regarding some of the more intimate and fundamental of their relationships, relations^{hips} upon which their success and happiness depends and yet of which they cannot speak because of inherited customs and conventions. Clearly it was impracticable, and yet if one could reason frankly with wife and children as he does with business associates, what a revelation it would be.

Friday, 4 October, Rome; another lovely day. Spent the day at the office reading, there being nothing else to do. Received a copy of the ^aPa American Bulletin for September containing my ~~x~~ article about the World Agricultural Census in Latin American Countries.

Saturday, 5 October, Rome; clear and warm. At the office read the morning papers and started Miss Vanzetti, who had returned, to working on a statement of expenditures on account of the census project. Spent the afternoon in my room reading and sleeping.

~~(Olesen, 5 October, Rome, salmon folder)~~ *mark*

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~~(1927, 5 October, Rome, salmon folder)~~

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3939

Sunday, 6 October, Rome; pleasant weather. Finished reading Balzac's "Les Paysans," a great work describing the life of a whole community and the solidarity of a neighborhood that has intermarried for several generations. After breakfast bought a morning paper and walked to the Borghese Art Gallery and examined with interest the collection of ^Paintings by artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then I walked on to the Zoological Park where I had to pay three lire for ~~admission~~ the privilege of taking my kodak with me. The park is a small one and the animals were not looking well, many of them mangy and dejected looking. I walked through the park and down a steep hill to the lower end, only to find the lower gate locked, so that I had to climb back again in order to leave by the main entrance. When I reached the pavilion in the Borghese park I stopped for a glass of beer and a rest.

After a nap in the afternoon I wrote some letters. Contrary to my custom I neither wrote to my wife nor sent ^{her} a carbon copy of my letter to mother. Since leaving Washington the only communication I had received from my wife was a ~~ps~~ postcard announcing the death of Tom Jenkins and I felt so hurt and resentful at her silence that I resolved not to communicate with her again before my return to Washington. During all the months in 1929 while I was away from home that ~~ps~~ postcard was the only communication I had from her. Nor had I received any communication from the children except the letter written by Thelma at the urgent request of my wife, and that was not received until after I had returned to Washington.

Today the hotel was full of German tourists. Sat up late reading "Jeane" by George Sand, a charming story.

(Mother, 6 October, Rome, salmon folder)

Sunday, 6 October, Rome: Pleasant weather. Finished reading Balzac's "Les Paysans," a great work describing the life of a whole community and the solidarity of a neighborhood that has intermarried for several generations. After breakfast bought a morning paper and walked to the Borghese Art Gallery and examined with interest the collection of paintings by artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then I walked on to the Botanical Park where I had to pay three lire for admission the privilege of taking my Kodak with me. The park is a small one and the animals were not looking well, many of them hungry and dejected looking. I walked through the park and down a steep hill to the lower end, only to find the lower gate locked, so that I had to climb back again in order to leave by the main entrance. When I reached the pavilion in the Borghese park I stopped for a glass of beer and a rest.

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Today the hotel was full of German tourists. Got up late read the "Venezia" by George Sand, a charming story.

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3940

Monday, 7 Oct. Rome; partly cloudy and warm. At the office Miss Vanzetti finished typing the statement of the ~~wost~~ of the census project. Dr. Salto returned from a vacation at Napoli. I spent the day correcting a shorthand draft of an article for the Breeders Gazette. Also read aloud the Spanish draft of the address for Barcel~~X~~ona. During the afternoon Mr. Montgomery brought over a souvenir from Signorita Palova, the young opera singer, which she had brought with her from the Tyrolean Alps. I returned to the hotel at 5 p.m. and transcribed the article for the Breeders Gazette and some letters. The maid came in as I was finishing and asked if I was through. Looking at my watch I discovered that it was 8 p.m. Again she stood at my side and permitted me to put my arm about her waist. She said she had had a hard day and was very tired. She mentioned her two children that she was trying to keep in school. As I was about to leave for supper she returned to show me photographs of the children. It showed them as attractive children of ~~eight~~⁸ or ten.

Tuesday, 8 Oct. Rome; showers and warm. Spent the day in the office reading, there being nothing else to do. At the American Express I purchased transportation to Bareel~~X~~ona and return for use the following week and exchanged a U.S. transportation request for a ticket on the Dollar Line from Naples to New York, to sail on November 10. Reading George Sand's "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," another charming story.

Wednesday, 9 Oct. Rome; a beautiful autumn day. Had Mr. Longobardi call at the Central Bureau of Statistics for a copy of the Italian agricultural census schedule, but he reported that the forms had not yet been printed. Spent the rest of the day reading. ^P On returning through the park from luncheon I passed a demure looking young Italian

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3941

woman. No one else was in the immediate vicinity. As I approached and passed within a few feet of her she deliberately raised her skirt to her hips to adjust her garters, exposing to view two shapely legs bare above her ~~hoser~~ hosiery. This was about 2 p.m. and in broad daylight. Neither of us spoke or appeared to notice the other. I could not but wish that all ladies might be equally unconventional.

Thursday, 10 October, Rome; clear and cool. At the office I drafted letters to the ministers of agriculture of countries I had not been able to visit, Persia, Afghanistan, Bolivia, and Liberia, soliciting their cooperation in the agricultural census of 1930. Reading Tolstoy's "Sonata de Kreutzer" in Italian. Received a notice to attend a reception by the Institute to the Foreign Minister of Panama at 5 p.m. I was early and while waiting talked with Vice President Louis Dop, the Secretary General, and division chiefs, and several members of the Permanent Committee. The visiting minister was accompanied by the Minister of Panama to the Italian Government, who was also a permanent delegate to the Institute. Both were fine looking gentlemen and both spoke English. After tea was over the party was conducted over the Institute and the

Vice President made a neat speech of welcome in French, to which the visiting minister responded in Spanish. These formalities took considerable time and after they were over I walked back through the darkness to the hotel. At supper I saw Mr. Thompson at another table and when I was through I joined him. He had just returned from South Africa and we had a very enjoyable conversation. After supper we adjourned to the bar in the basement where we were joined by the Argentine delegate who had just returned from a visit to London. There we had a liquer and a cigar and spent an hour together very agreeably.

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3942

After we separated I took a short walk into Borghese park to stretch my legs and get a breath of fresh air. As I was returning I met the same little woman I had seen the previous day with her skirt up. This time she greeted me with an invitation to accompany her to a hotel. This kind offer I refused, but ^{suggested} ~~of-~~ ^{that she} ~~fered to~~ ^{me} sit with ~~her~~ at one of the little tables at the Casino near by and have a glass of wine. She declined because she felt sure a policeman had seen her enter the park and was watching her. However, she had no objection to sitting with me on a park bench with my arm about her waist for a few minutes. In response to my questions she said she was a widow and without children, but had no means of support and could find no regular employment, for which reason and in order to live she was obliged to solicit contributions from gentlemen in return for feminine favors. She was an attractive, amiable, modest little woman and discussed her situation quite frankly. After finishing my smoke in her agreeable company I gave her a tip as my contribution and returned to my room.

Friday, 12 October, Rome; clear and quite cool. The situation at the office was very unsatisfactory to me because I had practically finished and polished off my census project and there remained nothing for me to do except read and put in time. Miss Vanzetti looking very emaciated, weak, and despondent. Received copies of the Barcelona program from Bar^{on} Esp^{añ}ello. There was a long list of speakers. The Bar^{on}'s name headed the list, followed by my own, and ending with President De Michelis of the Institute. At luncheon Mr. Thompson, the British delegate, came over to my table to invite me to accompany him and Mr. Walsh to witness some horse racing the following afternoon. After luncheon had a nap, smoked, and read Balzac's "La Cousine Bette," a most entertaining story.

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3943

Sunday, 13 October, Rome; clear and pleasant. At 1.30 p.m. Messrs. Thompson and Walsh called for me and together we went out to Camenello, a race course about half way to Albano on the New Appian Way. The sun was shining brightly over a beautiful landscape, the Campagna, the Alban Hills, Rocca de Papa, Monte Calvo, Frascati, and the villages and mountains to the north. There were six races and we sat through five of them. Mr. Thompson and I pooled our bets on the races and came out about even. Four times out of five I picked winners, but the fifth time I picked a tail end loser. The horses that won I picked because they had American names. I picked the loser in the fifth race because there were no more American names on the list, so I picked a horse with a jockey having an English name. I teased my companions a good deal about this, both being English, but they were good natured about it and laughed with me. There was a good crowd made up largely of men with their wives and children, all enjoying themselves. Between races we would slip away to one of the little open air stands and buy a liter of wine for twenty-five cents which the three of us would share. The crowd was as orderly and well behaved as a Sunday school picnic. We rode back on the top of a bus and saw a beautiful sunset. At the hotel we had tea, after which Mr. Walsh left us. Mr. Thompson and I had supper together and spent the evening talking.

Monday, 14 October, Rome; clear and cool. At the Institute I met the Secretary General who ^{ai} said he would be ready to discuss my reports in a few days. I called on the ^{pa} Spanish Delegate, Sr. Bilbao, who wrote a letter of introduction for me to Baron de Esp^añello. Reading "Romance of Leonardo de Vinci" by Meryponski D., loaned to me by Mr. Longobardi. Dined with Mr. Thompson and discussed details of the census project.

(Mother, 14 October, ~~Rome~~, salmon folder)

Sunday, 13 October, Rome: clear and pleasant. At 1.30 p.m. Messrs. Thompson and Walsh called for me and together we went out to Genesio, a race course about half way to Albano on the New Appian Way. The sun was shining brightly over a beautiful landscape, the Campanian, the Alban Hills, Rocca de Papa, Monte Galzio, Trastevere and the villas and mountains to the north. There were six races and we sat through five of them. Mr. Thompson and I pooled our bets on the races and came out about even. Four times out of five I picked winners, but the fifth time I picked a tall and loser. The horses that won I picked because they had American names. I picked the loser in the fifth race because there were no more American names on the list, so I picked a horse with a jockey having an English name. I teased my companions a good deal about this, both before and after, but they were good natured about it and laughed with me. There was a good crowd made up largely of men with their wives and children, all enjoying themselves. Between races we would slip away to one of the little open air stands and buy a glass of wine for twenty-five cents which the three of us would share. The crowd was as orderly and well behaved as a Sunday school picnic. We rode back on the top of a bus and saw a beautiful sunset. At the hotel we had tea, after which Mr. Walsh left us. Mr. Thompson and I had supper together and spent the evening talking.

Monday, 14 October, Rome: clear and cool. At the Institute I met the Secretary General who said he would be ready to discuss my reports in a few days. I called on the British Delegate, Mr. Milnes, who wrote a letter of introduction for me to Baron de Bunsen. I learned to me by Mr. Longobardi. Dined with Mr. Thompson and discussed details of the census project.

(1929, Oct. Rome)

E--3944

Tuesday, 15 October, Rome; clear and cold. No official work to do at the office. Had a long talk with Mr. Longobardi about the conduct of the office during my absence, read the morning papers, and finished reading the "Romance of Leonardo de Vinci, and ~~English~~ translation of a remarkable work of fiction picturing the life and times of de Vinci by a distinguished Russian writer. In the afternoon packed up. Dined with Mr. Thompson after which we sat in the comfortable chairs in the lobby until 10 o'clock.

Wednesday, 16 October, Rome; clear and pleasant. Shortly after 10 a.m. I rode in the hotel bus to the railway station and got established in a compartment which soon filled up. I was bound for Genoa and expected the train to head northward and was much confused the first hour because the train seemed to head in the wrong direction. The sunlight poured into the front instead of the rear. Also we passed near San Paulo and crossed the Tiber between Rome and Ostia Vecchia. However, we were soon heading northwest in the right direction. For three hours we traversed a flat country near the seashore, occasionally within a few hundred yards of the beach. From time to time the train left the seashore and entered the hills and mountains. The vegetation was brown from summer heat. Much of the arable land had been plowed. For the first time in Italy I saw tractors pulling gang plows and harrows. Along this route there were very few towns or villages and no isolated farm houses. In my compartment was a little woman about thirty years old with a plain face but shapely limbs, two elderly men, one half asleep and the other wide awake, and an English speaking priest who spent most of his time dozing over a bible. At 2.15 p.m. we reached Grossetto, and later Livorno, Pisa,

(1929, Oct. Genova)

E--3945

Pescia, and other towns, seeing many beautiful umbrella pine trees and much intensive garden culture. There was a fine sunset followed by a full moon.

We arrived at Genova at 8.40 p.m.. I walked from the station across to the Savoi-Majestic Hotel facing the small plaza and harbor and was given a nice room on the fourth floor. After getting settled I went to a drug store and purchased an Italian tooth brush for thirty cents. Then walked about the streets. Not an easy city to walk in because of the steep slope toward the harbor and the many narrow crooked streets, most of them only a few feet wide. I saw very few places of amusement. Not far from the railway station I was accosted by a young woman in a bright red dress who urged me to go with her to her room. She said she was from Turin and that her husband had gone to America without saying good bye and she had not heard from him since. At the hotel I began reading a little book given to me by Mr. Longobardi entitled "Il Principe" by Nicola Machiavelli.

Thursday, 17 October, Genova; cloudy forenoon, brilliant sunshine in the afternoon. On awaking in the bright sunshine of ~~early~~ early morning I noted that a cat had been in the room; then that the door was not completely closed, which suggested that some one had entered while I was asleep. I stepped quickly to my trousers and felt the pocket where I kept the wallet containing my travel ~~fun~~ funds. It was gone. I was shocked, almost dazed, wondering how I could get money to continue my voyage before the ship left, and whether I should notify the police. Then I remembered that once before, at Amapala in Honduras I had missed the wallet and found it in the large suitcase where I had placed it the night before for safekeeping. I looked in the suitcase and found not only the wallet but my watch, purse, and other valuables. No one but a

(1929, Oct. Genova)

E--3946

traveler in a foreign land can appreciate the sigh of relief that escaped me when I found my money.

After breakfast I went to the office of the American Express and learned the location of my steamer. I walked back through the ghetto where the streets are only a few feet wide and the houses six or seven stories high and the space between hung with laundry, and through the fruit and vegetable market, the fish market, and back to the hotel.

Had luncheon at a small restaurant consisting of a bunch of ripe grapes and a glass of beer. On paying my hotel bill I noted fifteen per cent was deducted for service. When the porter and other help lined up for tips I simply smiled at them and reminded them that the tips were included in the bill that I had just paid and would be distributed by the management. They looked very much disappointed. I heard one of them say in a rather contemptuous voice "He is an American." This was not pleasant, but I could see no reason for paying liberally for service that I did not get and then tipping servants whom I had never seen.

On arrival at the small steamship I was shown into a little cabin with two berths. While waiting for the steamer to start I sat in the diminutive lounge and listened to some violin and orchestral music over the radio. As the little ship moved out the view from the upper deck was exceptionally fine. Genoa is built around a bay with mountains behind it, and many square, light colored, six and seven story buildings ~~extend~~ from on terraces that extend from the docks up the slopes. Some of the peaks near the city seem almost perpendicular.

After a nap I had a satisfactory supper at the captain's table. He was a short, fat, middle aged man with a big head, I became acquainted with a young man from Tennessee, an architect by

(1929, Oct. to Barcellona)

E--3947

profession, with an office at Houston, Texas. It was a moonlight night and very pleasant and the radio music was good. The ship followed the shore some miles distant and the electric lights of the towns and villages twinkled like strings of jewel~~x~~s. Dimly one could see the outlines of mountains in the moonlight.

Friday, 18 October, Barcel~~x~~ona; clear and pleasant. Our watches were set back one hour in the morning. Most of the day we were in sight of the mountainous coast of Spain. There was an almost continuous line of villages along the seashore. Very few passengers were on the ship. We were due to arrive at Barcel~~x~~ona at 2 p.m. but it was 5.30 p.m. when we drew into the long, narrow, artificial harbor behind the breakwater. The customs examination was perfunctory, although the official at first insisted that I should pay duty on my old portable typewriter, but he finally passed it. The porter who was looking after my baggage asked for a peso to give the customs official as a tip for his leniency in passing the typewriter.

The harbor was very dirty and smelled bad. En route from the~~d~~ dock to the hotel I noted that some of the streets were wide and modern, the side streets were narrow and paved with cobblestones, and the houses were old and generally four stories in height, and that on the main streets were many modern shops.

I went to the Regina Hotel. It was old but comfortable and I was given a large room with bath and a balcony inclosed with glass, the rate being about five dollars a day with meals. The supper was abominable, although the bread and fish were good. After supper there was an electrical storm with much lightening and thunder. In the evening paper I found an announcement of my address the following day.

Saturday, 19 October, Barcel~~x~~ona; cloudy and cold. On awakening

(1929, Oct. Barcellona)

E--3948

I asked that a roll and a cup of hot chocolate be sent to my room. When it came the chocolate was so thick and black I could not drink it. I went to the American Express to inquire about time table and fares to the exposition at Sevilla, but decided the trip would take too much time and expense. I asked the hotel clerk to call up the Agricultural Institute at the exposition buildings and advise the secretary that I would call at 4 p.m., the time set for my address. Then I took a tram car out to the exposition grounds. They were on a high hill at the end of a broad avenue about a mile from the main business section. It was a like a city with large ornamental buildings, full of exhibits and tourists, with attractive gardens and marble fountains. I simply walked about the grounds to get my bearings and locate the agricultural building. Soon after I returned to the hotel I had a ^a call from Baron de Esponella, President of the Agricultural Society, who greeted me cordially and said that he would call for me at 3.45 p.m. Had a luncheon at the hotel that was so disappointing that I went out to a small restaurant for a cup of coffee afterwards.

At 3.30 p.m. I had dressed and went down to the lobby. The Baron did not call until 4.10 p.m., ten minutes after the time scheduled for my address at the exposition. He came with a large car and a liveried chauffeur and we were driven quickly to the Palace de Agricultura. At the entrance to the lecture hall I was introduced to a number of waiting gentlemen. Among them was one whose face looked familiar but whose name I could not recall. He called me by name, but still I could not place him. However, his ^a companion said he was employed in the library of the Department of Agriculture at Buenos Aires when I was there and he remembered me.

The meeting was called to order at 4.45 p.m. by Baron de Esponella with about fifty or sixty gentlemen present. I was introduced and after bespeaking their indulgence for any mistakes I might make in the use of their beautiful language read my address in Spanish. The audience was good enough to applaud me vigorously and to crowd about and congratulate me in a most warm hearted way. The president said the address would be printed in a book and copies sent to me. Then in procession we proceeded to inspect the agricultural exhibits, which were similar to those to be seen at any agricultural fair and therefore not of special interest. More interesting was an automobile trip through and around the exposition grounds. From time to time we stopped to look at especially fine views of the city, harbor, and surrounding mountains. The grounds were well laid out and many of the buildings were artistic. At the restaurant of the Imperial Hotel overlooking the city and harbor we had a wonderful view of the sea as the full moon rose slowly over the horizon. This was a much finer spectacle than the artificial display of the electrical fountains in the exposition grounds. We next inspected the amusement park, which might have been a section of Coney Island, and then the Spanish Village which, to me, was the most interesting feature of the exposition. It was a duplication of a typical Spanish town and all its types of Spanish houses worked out to the smallest detail. It contained a beautiful church and monastery, a plaza surrounded by houses with balconies, and shops in which typical industries were carried on. Next we walked about the great tourist esplanade below the wonderful cascade fountains that descended from the heights above and were given all the colors of the rainbow by an electric lighting system behind them. The water fell in great volume in cascades several hundred feet with a great roar and clouds of vapor rising above them that

(1929, Oct. Barcellona)

E--3950

were tinted with many beautiful colors by the lighting system. In spite of the beauty of the scene I became very tired and was glad when I was taken back to the hotel and released. I had been under something of a strain since 3 p.m. and very thirsty but without a drop to drink. The Baron was very cordial and invited me to lunch with him one day next week and to visit him at the headquarters of the agricultural society.

I detested the meals at the hotel because of the olive oil in which everything was cooked and served as well as the greenness and hardness of the fruits. Only the bread and wine and, occasionally, the fried fish tasted good to me.

After supper I walked down the Rambla and back. It was a broad street with a parking in the ~~center~~ center in which were walks, seats, and booths of various kinds. It was crowded but the people were mostly of the peasant type. Around the great central plaza with its ornamental garden and statuary were many restaurants with rows of little tables on the broad sidewalks in front. These tables were always occupied and sitting at them and drinking tea, coffee, or vermouth, seemed to be the principal diversion of the people.

Sunday, 20 October, Barcel~~X~~ona; clear and pleasant. I could not sleep and during the night I was up twice to smoke, read, and sip cognac. Finally I fell asleep and awoke at 11 a.m. Dressed and went out on the Rambla, which was crowded with people. Most of the men seemed to be going in one direction and the women in the other, like the sunset promenades in most Spanish cities. At each cross street there was a pavilion for newspapers, books and photographs. Between two of these booths on both sides of the promenade were temporary stands covered with flowers, which made a bright and colorful display. Long processions of men walked up and down ~~bar~~

(1929, Oct. Barcelona)

E--3951

bearing placards advertizing theaters and other things. At one point I turned off into a fruit and vegetable market which covered an entire city block. Continuing I walked down to the water front, the shops becoming cheaper and the houses more and more dilapidated as I proceeded. Near the water front I saw an open space half a block long full of booths with secondhand books and pictures which were very interesting. In the neighborhood were many typical cheap lodging houses and saloons, with a population horribly dirty and drab looking.

After luncheon I had a long nap. After supper I again walked down the Rambla to the water front and took an excursion into one of the side streets for a few squares. In one square I saw hundreds of sailors and soldiers lined up and waiting patiently before the doors of dilapidated buildings in which the sound of women's voices could be heard. Returning to the principal plaza near the hotel I bought a periodical and had a glass of beer. *PP* Not feeling the slightest desire to sleep I decided to explore one of the cheap cabarets I had seen near the water front. I found one and entered, feeling a little dubious at first. It was simply a long narrow room or hall opening on the street, with a small bar near the entrance, a small platform in the rear on which were half a dozen musicians, and a double line of small tables against the walls, a cleared space between, and at one end of the musicians' stage was a long table about which sat eight or ten young women. Besides the bar tender the establishment had two rough looking waiters with aprons that had once been white. When I entered there were only three patrons sitting at the tables and they were dressed in working clothes. I walked part way down the line of tables and took a seat next the wall. A waiter came and I ordered a glass of beer and lit a cigar. At the table opposite me was a big Swedish sailor with an attractive girl

(1929, Oct. Barcelona)

E--3952

at his side, and both seemed rather dejected. I suspected they could not speak each others language, always a rather depressing influence in conversation, and that the Swede had little money to spend. The little orchestra struck up a tango that was not bad, considering the surroundings. In fact, this music was something to be thankful for, I was comfortable, and I tried to imagine what the little place would look like if it were suddenly expanded into a marble hall with polished floor and appropriate decorations and furniture, and if the ladies in it were gowned and jeweled, and I wondered if the men and women in this little cheap place were simply the victims of heredity and environment, and had their environment and situation been different would they be ladies and gentlemen such as those who live in fine houses, are educated, and have wealth and leisure. While trying to visualize this fancy one of the drabs took a seat at my side. She was young, emaciated, poorly dressed, and had a look of distress in her eyes, with ~~ri~~ rouge and a stereotyped smile on her face. She was most unattractive, the least attractive in the room, but when she asked timidly if she might sit with me I consented out of pity. When I asked if I could buy her ~~something~~ to drink she named vermouth. When the waiter brought it I gave both him and the girl a small tip, and was rewarded by seeing them exchange glances and wink at each other, and thereafter both were very attentive. The vermouth and two tips cost less than twenty cents, so I felt that I could repeat without breaking the bank, and did so several times. At an expense of about two dollars I played Indian nabob, Argentine estanciero, and American missionary, for several hours. and the fun became fast and furious. As for myself I ordered a half bottle of good wine and sipped it sparingly, smoking freely. The third vermouth for the discouraged little female at my side brought some ~~ceb~~

color to her cheeks and she became both gay and affectionate. The place gradually filled up with sailors and laboring men. More young women came in either to find partners or to take their seats at the long table in the rear. The little orchestra put more vim and spirit into its musical efforts. An attractive young woman crossed the floor and came over to sit on the opposite side of me, saying that she and the emaciated one were sisters. I made a mental note of how surprising it is the number of pairs of sisters one meets in such places, and curiously enough they never seem to bear the slightest resemblance to each other. Dancing began in a halfhearted way. but gradually warmed up. A plump little woman took a chair at my side and ^{leaning against me in an affectionate manner} asked if she might have some cigarettes. I said she might. The waiter by this time was most obsequious because he ~~fn~~ got a two cent tip and sometimes a five cent one and there was nothing he would not do for me. Then the two alleged sisters danced a ~~fnd~~ fandango for my especial benefit and did it quite well. Then another young woman ^m joined my table to participate in the reckless bounty of the Americano that was flowing free and fast at the rate of twenty-five cents every thirty minutes. I continued to buy vermouths and cigarettes for my three Spanish beauties, the waiters vied with each other to wait upon us, the barkeeper ~~bx~~ beamed, the orchestra was mine after I sent them a gratuity of five cents each, and the table of waiting beauties looked at us with envious eyes. My own bevy of girls changed places from time to time and each in turn raised her skirts and displayed her charms. While the hilarity was ~~a~~ at its height I saw the big Swede, who had been deserted by one of the alleged sisters, enter with a scowl on his face and his fists clenched. He looked gloomily at my table. I signaled the waiter and had him set another chair by the side of the faithless sister and asked him to invite the Swede to occupy the chair

(1929, Oct. Barcellona)

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at my table and bring a schooner of beer for him. The Swede was a hulking blond^e giant and rather suspicious at first, but after he was seated and had quaffed the beer and I had looked into his eyes with a smile and said in slow clear English, "The girl is yours brother; I don't want her; take her," he grinned and a look of understanding spread over his face, and I knew that instead of an enemy he was my man. He understood a little English and a little German, enough to understand that I wanted him to have a good time. He took his girl in his lap and they drank together, to the evident envy of half a dozen other seamen in the room, and after that exhibition of generosity on my part every vestige of hostility on the part of the other men in the room disappeared and they looked at me and my party with friendly and intelligent understanding. That exhibition cost me all of thirty cents. At 1 a.m. I announced that I must retire. As I put on my coat and hat and walked slowly and majestically out the two waiters bowed, the bar keeper invited me to return many times, and I was followed to the street by the five maidens I had accumulated. I hailed a taxi and all five insisted on accompanying me to the hotel. It rather crowded the taxi, even though we sat in each others laps. At the hotel all five proposed to see me to my room and put me to bed and individually or collectively spend^d the night with me, but I drew the line at the curb, thanked them for a pleasant evening, wished them good luck, and said "Adios." Never had I created such a ~~stir~~ stir or received so much feminine attention for so little money, something between two and three dollars for the evening's entertainment, and I had made happy one bar keeper, two waiters, six musicians, ^{one sailor,} and five girls.

Monday, 21 October, Barcellona; cloudy and rainy. Shortly after breakfast I had a telephone call saying that the secretary of the Agricultural Society was coming to the hotel. I went down

(1929, Oct. Barcellona)

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and sat in the reception hall, reading and smoking. The secretary came without much delay and after many complimentary remarks handed me the honorarium of two thousand pesetas, equivalent to about three hundred dollars, for which I signed a receipt and thanked him. Returned to my room and began drafting letters. Had a disappointing luncheon. At 2.15 I went to the office of the American Express and found it closed. Then took a taxi to the exposition and spent several hours studying the Spanish Village, which was the most unique and interesting feature of the exposition. It was a dark and gloomy day.

After a nap and supper, and trying to read awhile, I decided to visit the little cabaret again. This time I was recognized the moment I entered and the obsequious waiter invited me to take a table in the rear. I was joined immediately by three of the women I had met the night before and the orchestra began playing. I kept the girls supplied with vermouth and cigarettes ~~at~~ at an expense of about fifty cents per hour. They took turns sitting at my side and trying to make themselves agreeable. Each displayed all her feminine charms, talked, kissed, and caressed me, which was not disagreeable in the circumstances. Again the place filled up with sailors and other women and they danced and drank together sparingly as if money were scarce. Again the big Swede came in with his pretty enamorata on his arm. Again I invited him to my table and this time ordered two glasses of spirits. When they were seated I raised my glass, bowed solemnly, and said in a loud voice "Skald," to which he responded instantly with a like salutation and the spirits went down at a single gulp. This was followed by a schooner of beer. Again he was overcome with friendship and emotion and kept repeating "Ai tank you." After a wink and a nod from me his girl friend led him out and lost him, returning later for her reward, a vermouth and

(1929, Oct. Barcelona)

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cigarettes. Again when I came to leave shortly after midnight my lady parasites insisted on seeing me to the taxi, on entering and riding with me to the hotel, and on accompanying me to my room, and again I said "Adios" at the curb. Total expense of this entertainment less than three dollars.

Thursday, 24 October, Barcelona; clear, bright and pleasant. Slept until noon. Afternoon and evening reading in my room and retired early.

Friday, 25 October, Barcelona; clear and cool. Received a note from Baron Esponella inviting me to luncheon at the Miramar Hotel. I did not want to go or to be under any social obligation, so I drafted a letter in my best Spanish politely declining the honor on account of indisposition, but I was suspicious of both my knowledge of the idiom^m and of the spelling and I had no books to consult. I took the draft of the letter to the hotel clerk and asked him to indicate the necessary corrections. This he did quickly and with a smile and when he handed the manuscript back to me there were many minor corrections. Then I made a fair copy and sent it to its destination by messenger. Again I spent the afternoon and evening reading.

When I undressed at night I had another collar button experience. When I took off my collar I noticed that the rear button was gone.

(numbering error)

(1929, Oct. Barcelona)

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I assumed that it had worked loose and was lodged in my clothing. I shook each piece separately without finding it. Then with the electric light turned on and a flashlight in my hand I searched the bed, the floor, lifted up the edges of the rugs, looked under the bed, and in the corners, and only after a long and minute search did I give up and opened one of the suitcases for a new button for use the next morning. Then when I took off my union suit the missing button fell out. This was one of the few times in my life when I succeeded in finding an elusive collar button. According to a mental fiction that had become a habit with me I held my imaginary little personal Jinx responsible, the little Diavolo that always keeps just out of sight and in hiding and ^{causes} ~~causes~~ all sorts of petty mishaps that make me lose my temper. So real does the little Jinx become at times ^s ~~a~~ that I threaten to wring his neck if I ever get ~~in~~ hold of him, but I fancy I hear him chuckle and jeer.

Saturday, 26 October, Barcelona; clear and cool. After paying my hotel bill and for transportation at the American Express I took a taxi out to the exposition grounds for a last look. I spent most of my time in the wonderful replica of the Spanish village. Nowhere else have I seen such beautiful small buildings. They represented old buildings, centuries old, and every feature had been reproduced to the last detail and every piece of wood and metal had been painted, stained or otherwise treated to resemble the original. I took a number of pictures. In the afternoon I walked down the Rambla to the water front and took some more pictures. Back at the hotel I ~~read~~ read and waited for supper. ^{It} It was dark at 5.30 p.m. and the dining room did not open until 8 o'clock. ~~The dining room~~ ^{It} was crowded with tourists and the space allotted for overcoats and hats was congested. After an unsatisfactory supper the check boy was unable to find my overcoat and hat. I went inside to help him, but without success.

I assumed that it had worked loose and was lodged in my clothing. I shook each piece separately without finding it. Then with the electric light turned on and a flashlight in my hand I searched the bed, the floor, lifted up the edges of the褥, looked under the褥, and in the corners, and only after a long and minute search did I give up and opened one of the drawers for a new button for use the next morning. Then when I took off my union suit the missing button fell out. This was one of the few times in my life when I succeeded in finding an elusive collar button. According to a mental fiction that had become a habit with me I held my imaginary little personal Jinx responsible, the little Diavolo that always keeps just out of sight and in hiding and causes all sorts of petty misadventure that make me lose my temper. So real does the little Jinx become at times that I threaten to wring his neck if I ever get him hold of me, but I fancy I hear his chuckle and leer.

Saturday, 26 October, Barcelona; clear and cool. After paying

my hotel bill and for transportation at the Aerian Express I took a taxi out to the excavation grounds for a last look. I spent most of my time in the wonderful replica of the Spanish village. How many else have I seen such beautiful small buildings. They represented old buildings, centuries old, and every feature had been reproduced to the last detail and every piece of wood and metal had been painted stained or otherwise treated to resemble the original. I took a number of pictures. In the afternoon I walked down the Rambla to the water front and took some more pictures. Back at the hotel I was tired and waited for supper. It was dark at room did not open until 8 o'clock. The stairs and the space allotted for overcoat

After an unsatisfactory supper the check boy was unable to find my overcoat and hat. I went inside to help him, but without success.

(1929, Oct. Barcellona)

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I reported the case to the manager and he came out and together we made another search. Coats were hung three or four on a hook and hats were piled in a heap on the floor. Another diligent search and both the coat and hat were recovered. *P*

Sunday, 27 October, Barcellona; cloudy and cold. After breakfast I settled my hotel bill and was transferred to the S.S. Fronca Frasio, the same little ship I came over on the week before. I found that I had been assigned to a cabin with a commercial traveler for a Berlin firm. The chief steward assured me there was no unoccupied cabin on the ship, but in the afternoon I learned that there were two and my companion was transferred to one of them. It was quite cold and I had to put on heavier clothing.

As the ship made its way out of the long narrow harbor I took my last look at Barcelona, the city at the foot of the mountain, its public buildings, the Rambla, the statue of Columbus, and the prominent hill on one side of which ~~was the~~ were the buildings of the International Exposition. I had pleasant recollections of the courtesy of the officials of the Agricultural Society and the kindness of the nymphs who had entertained me so amiably.

For several hours the ship followed the Spanish coast with its castles, roads, and little towns and blue mountain peaks and ranges. I spent most of the afternoon in the little lounge listening to some excellent radio music from Marsailles. I formed the acquaintance of a British commercial agent, a modest, well

(1929, Oct. to Genova)

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educated, much traveled, intelligent gentleman, and a young American couple who also appeared to have traveled extensively. The English gentleman and I sat together at the table. Opposite us were three odd looking elderly American women, one of whom said they were from central New York. These three women were extremely homely, ~~nauty~~ haughty, and exclusive. The one opposite me remarked that there was no such thing as agriculture outside of the United States, and very little outside of the State of New York. It was said in such a disdainful and authoritative way that I was amused. I ventured to ask if she was quite sure. She looked at me coldly but deigned to say that she was and to ask if I thought differently. I said that I could not think of any crop or any phase of agriculture in New York State that was not excelled by some other state and by some other country. She looked at me in a rather stiff and formidable manner and asked if I knew anything about the agriculture of New York. "Yes," I said, "what there is of it. I have seen most of its distinctive agricultural and horticultural districts, visited its agricultural college at Cornell, and its agricultural experiment stations, have most of its agricultural bulletins in my collection, have read most of its agricultural periodicals, am personally acquainted with its State Commissioner of Agriculture, and with the Dean of the Agricultural College, and with several members of the college staff at Cornell and with the State Extension Service officials and their work, and in my office at Washington are filed all the agricultural statistics ever published by the State of New York from the very beginning, as well as of all other states and countries. Yes, I think I know something about the agriculture of the State of New York, what there is of it." She looked at me rather incredulously and then suddenly demanded if I had ever heard of a seedless grape. I said "Yes." She said she

(1929, Oct. to Genova)

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that she had seen some for the first time in Spain, that they were simply wonderful, that she could not understand why they were not grown in the United States, and that when she returned she proposed to see that some were brought to the United States. I suggested that she might have trouble getting them by the inspectors in the customhouse at New York because there was a quarantine against most plant material from Europe, and that it was not necessary because seedless grapes had been grown commercially on a large scale for many years in the United States. Again she sniffed incredulously and demanded "Where?" "Around Fresno, California, in a region half the size of New York State where they are grown every year by the thousands of tons," I replied. She snorted "Well, just tell me why they are not grown in New York State." "Simply because New York State is rather poor agriculturally and its climate is not suited to the growing of seedless grapes any more than it is suited to the growing of oranges outside of greenhouses," I replied. "Then, if they are grown so plentifully in California why do we not see them in the New York ^amarkets," she asked with the air of cornering me. "Because all the seedless grapes of California, as of Spain and other countries in which they are grown, are turned into raisins. Fresh seedless grapes are not shipped because other varieties are considered better for that purpose. You can obtain fresh seedless grapes only where they are grown," I answered. "And what is the name of the seedless grape," she asked and with notebook and pencil took down my answer. "Thompson's Seedless is the name of a variety largely grown in California, but there may be and probably are many varietal names," I answered. She looked up from her writing and asked rather tartly "And how do you happen to know so much about agriculture?" "I have much to learn about agriculture," I replied,

(1929, Oct. to Genova)

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"but I do know a little from having grown up on a farm and having spent more than a quarter of a century in government offices where it was my business to know something about it and I have just finished an extensive study of agriculture in all principal countries of the world. It was because of this that I ventured to intrude in your conversation about the agriculture of New York, for which I apologize." I ~~tend~~ handed her two of my cards, one in English showing my position in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and the other in French showing my position with the International Institute of Agriculture. She looked at them with interest and gasped "Oh, I didn't know," and passed them to her companions. She looked at me with the first sign ~~f~~ of friendly interest. Before she could ask any questions which I saw coming I inquired politely, "Would you mind telling me where in New York State you teach school and what is your special subject?" She looked surprised and said, "I teach agriculture in the high school at Syracuse. But what made you think I am a teacher?" "I have seen unmarried American women school teachers before," I said, "and a single look at one of them is quite sufficient to place them, and a single authoritative statement ~~by~~ confirms the look." "How did you know I was from New York State," she asked curtly. "Well, you said so, or at least your statement ~~that you~~ about New York agriculture led me to believe so. Otherwise I should have thought you might be from Boston," I replied. "Why from Boston," she ~~asked~~ demanded. "Because Boston prides itself on a culture it has not got and has so many elderly female school teachers that put on airs about what they think they know that mostly is not so," I answered with a smile. ~~All~~ The faces of all three ladies stiffened and with one accord and without a word ~~they~~ withdrew.

My British companion looked at me inquiringly and I ex-

(1929, Oct. to Genova)

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plained that these women were good examples of a certain very disagreeable type of middle aged female tourists from the United States, loud of voice, positive in their assertions, generally quite ignorant, untraveled, provincial, narrow minded, bigoted, and wholly lacking in common courtesy; but fortunately there were other and more agreeable types of which a fellow American need not feel ashamed to meet in foreign countries. He responded with a sympathetic smile and said, "Yes, I know. Some of the English are that way too."

The dining room was filled with a mixed and very interesting company, ^{and} most of whom, including my British acquaintance and myself, remained at the table long after they were cleared to drink good wine, smoke, and converse. At a long table in the center sat an Italian officer of the ship and other seats were occupied by Italian, Spanish, and South American passengers, including a young Italian woman, and there were three Germans. Among the men was a large, powerfully built, deep chested Italian with a magnificent voice who I learned later was an opera singer. It was a real pleasure to ~~mix~~ hear his deep, mellow, melodious voice from which the sonorous Italian words rolled like music. There was much jollity among this party when the table was cleared and they settled down to an animated and good natured debate on the mental and physical characteristics of men and women, their relatives rights, duties, and obligations, in which the pretty little Italian lady stood out for women's rights against the mass attack of the men. The debate was carried on with the utmost freedom of expression and gesticulation, but always politely and courteously, in the best of Italian and Spanish which it was a treat to hear, and the little ~~w~~ woman defended her position fearlessly, adroitly, and with much wit. When the party broke up after midnight the

(1929, Oct. to Genova)

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gentlemen all rose, stood, bowed, and drank to the health of the lady and were generous in their praise of her defense of her sex. My ^Pcompanion and I greatly enjoyed listening to this remarkable and spontaneous debate and agreed that it could hardly happen in either Great Britain or the United States and we both admired the little Italian lady for her extraordinary mental equipment.

Most of the other passengers had adjourned to crowd into the little lounge room to listen to the radio music that was coming from France. From time to time our Italian opera singer would break in and accompany the radio with his magnificent voice, a voice that made the very air pulsate with melody and music and was all the more entrancing because he sang like a bird for the sheer joy of singing. Before retiring I stepped out on the small deck and could see strings of electric lights at different places on the French coast that we were following a few miles out. It was a beautiful spectacle, but too cold outside for comfort. My last thought before dropping off to sleep was "I shall have only one night on this ship, tomorrow night in Genova, and a few more nights in Rome, and then I shall start on my last voyage to my own country, home, family and friends." It was a comforting thought and I now realized that I had kept that thought resolutely out of mind until the present moment and admitted it now only because I felt that when I left Barcel~~X~~ona my mission was about over and I was really starting on my homeward way.

Monday, 28 October, to Genova; clear, ~~at~~ cold, and windy. It was too windy and the sea too rough to be pleasant, but the sun shone brightly and all day we were in sight of the French and Italian coasts^{ts} which presented a succession of towns and villages along the beach with snow capped mountains in the back~~g~~ground. Once during the morning when I was outside the Italian opera singer stood on the open deck

(1929, Oct. to Genova)

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facing the wind and waves. He expanded his chest, filled his lungs with the cold air with visible enjoyment, threw his head back and burst into song. It was a magnificent exhibition of musical strength and power. His great voice seemed to carry out to sea and ~~am~~ come back on the wings of the wind and to fill the whole surrounding atmosphere with melody such as I have never heard in a theater.

We entered the harbor of Genova in the late afternoon. The customs examination was soon over and I hired a carriage pulled by a decrepit horse that had difficulty in climbing the rather steep grade from the wharf to the main street. There we were held up for what seemed a long time by a slow freight train that blocked our way. I again went to the Savoy Hotel and was given a comfortable room and bath. I called at the American Express and exchanged my Spanish pesetas for Italian lire and arranged for transportation to Rome the following day. On the way back I bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of cognac. At 7.10 p.m. I was the first guest to enter the dining room, but others soon followed. I noticed that the waiters put all the Americans on one side, the British together in a corner, the Germans in the center, and the Latins on the other side. Classified and grouped in this way one could readily see a marked difference in appearance and behavior between the different groups, although the differences were more noticeable among the mature people than among the children and youths. I decided that if the young people were all brought together it would be difficult to recognize their nationality from appearance alone. It was~~a~~ amusing to hear the frank criticism of the food and service by members of the American group, especially the lack of vegetables and the unripe and inferior fruit, and the quality of the bread and meats. As a matter of fact the meal was about as

(1929, Oct. Genova)

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good as could be obtained at that time & anywhere in Italy.

Tuesday, 29 October, Genova; fair and cool. Had a good night's sleep but woke up with a severe cold. I was established in a compartment on the train for Rome at 9.30 a.m. We reached Rome at 7.30 p.m. after a long tiresome ride in a crowded coach, the last three hours in darkness. There was a magnificent sunset over the sea but I could not see much of it because of people standing in the corridor. On my arrival at the Flora Hotel I was welcomed by the manager and the hall boy. Because of my cold and fatigue I retired soon after supper.

Wednesday, 30 October, Rome; cloudy and cold. Did not sleep well because of my cold and the ~~z~~ singing of some mosquitoes in my room. At the office I found Messrs. Longobardi and Salto at their desks. Miss Vanzetti came in later and greeted me with a kiss. Had letters from mother and sister, but none from wife or children. Read an accumulation of bulletins and newspapers. The newspapers had much to say about the excitement in the stock ^amarkets of the United States. Before leaving the office I gave my assistants the souvenirs ⁹ I had brought from Barcelona. Had luncheon and supper with Mr. Thompson, the British delegate.

(Mother, 30 October, Rome, salmon folder)

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(1929, Oct. Rome)

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Thursday, 31 October, Rome; rain during the night, followed by fair and not so cold. My cold was very troublesome. At the office had a long talk with Mr. Longobardi and Dr. Salto about the future handling of the census work and dictated some letters and memoranda to Miss Vanzetti. Returning through the Borghese park after office I stopped at the little pavilion for a vermouth. The park looked beautiful in the rays of the setting sun. I watched with interest the antics of a slender and well dressed young man who danced and waltzed back and forth before the pavilion to the radio music. Rome looked more and more attractive to me as the time approached for me to leave it, probably for the last time. Had supper with Mr. Thompson and we sat talking in the lobby until a late hour.

Friday, 1 November, Rome; showers and cold. Slept from 10 p.m. soundly until noon. Had luncheon with Mr. Thompson, after which we had coffee in the lobby. He showed me a carbon copy of a letter from the State Department to the President of the Institute saying that Mr. Hobson, the American delegate, had resigned and his place would not be filled; that the American Embassy would take charge of the property in the American delegate's office, including the papers of Mr. Lubin, and that the Department would continue its policy of non-participation. The letter was couched in curt and discourteous terms, so much so that I could only infer that it was drafted by a desk underling, but I could not help wondering how it came to pass the diplomatic reviewers and be signed by the head of the department. Mr. Thompson looked at me gravely when I had finished reading the letter. I said: "I am sorry; this letter is unnecessarily blunt, crude, and discourteous in tone if not in actual words; if that is their determined policy at least it might have been expressed courteously. It sounds to me like Hobson, who has always been a sort of

(1929, Nov. Rome)

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bull in a china shop. In all the years of my long service in the executive departments at Washington I never saw so clumsy and undiplomatic a letter as this one. I think therefore it must have originated with Hobson. It is a highly discreditable letter and if it were at all characteristic of our State Department I would be in favor of abolishing such a stupid, inane and inefficient branch of our government. I strongly suspect, however, that Hobson is the only employe capable of writing such a letter, and he only because of his insane hatred of the President of the Institute."

Mr. Thompson expressed himself as being much discouraged because without the cooperation of the United States it would be difficult for the British delegation alone to carry out the program adopted by the last General Assembly, which was adopted mainly to pacify the American delegation headed by Hobson. He could not understand why the American delegate, after fighting so persistently and aggressively for the adoption of certain of his ideas, ~~should~~, after their adoption made possible only by the reluctant support of the British delegation, should withdraw. I frankly expressed my condemnation of the conduct of the American delegate and the reflection of it in the attitude and correspondence of our State and Agricultural Departments since the meeting of the General Assembly of 1928, because that Assembly granted all that the American delegation contended for, and then the American government withdrew active cooperation and withheld financial support, except for the inadequate amount stipulated in the original treaty. I expressed the belief that this mistaken policy was due entirely to Mr. Hobson, who was so completely biased by his animosity to the officials of the Institute that it blinded him and colored all his reports to the government at Washington. I also expressed the

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3989

confident belief that this erroneous attitude and policy of my government would not last and that sooner or later there would be another American delegate and full cooperation by the American government. "In the meantime," said Mr. Thompson, "I suppose it is up to the British delegate and others to carry on." "I suppose it is," I responded, "but fortunately you British have the guts to play the game and don't drop out or back out every time the game does not suit your key men. Unfortunately the United States was represented by a self-seeking blunderbus who regarded his own personal position, emoluments, and personal hatreds as of more importance than the public service. We do have men in our country who have a higher regard for public service and who will play the game patiently and persistently and efficiently. Unfortunately the man we had was not of that character. I am satisfied that almost any two-by-four desk clerk picked at random would have done better and not shown a yellow streak and scuttled just when the game was almost won. Unfortunately the officials at Washington were deceived and misled by the reports of their representative in Rome and it was upon those reports and the personal and heated advocacy of Mr. Hobson that their action was based. Those officials did not know and could not know the personal bias of Mr. Hobson due to his blind and indiscriminating hatred of the Italian officials of the Institute. Because the position of the American government is a false one based on biased reports of its representative I am convinced that it cannot last for long."

In a diplomatic and soft spoken way Mr. Thompson couched an indirect question as to ~~whether~~ as to whether I had approved of Mr. Hobson's early course in trying to bring about changes in the Institute and whether we were still friends. To which I replied:

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3990

"Mr. Hobson and I were warm friends, and so far as I know still are, because we think pretty much alike in ^{most} things and he is a likable man. I knew him slightly and favorably when he was an employe of the Office of Farm Management under Dr. Taylor. As Associate Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics I approved his selection as American Delegate to the Institute when Dr. Taylor consulted me about it. After I came to Rome we became better acquainted and close friends, seeing each other almost daily. But my friendship for Mr. Hobson did not blind me to his blunders. Two of them concerned me personally. One was that on accepting the appointment as Director of the World Agricultural Census Project I stipulated that I should have a free hand and be responsible only to the Permanent Committee. Hobson cabled that this stipulation was not contrary to the policy of the Permanent Committee. It was ambiguous, but I accepted it as a confirmation of my stipulation. The first year of my service with the Institute ^{was made difficult} because of friction with the chief of the Statistical Division and the Secretary General who seemed to assume that I was a subordinate and subject to their direction. Then when I returned to Rome in the autumn of 1926 I was faced with a formal resolution of the Permanent Committee placing the census project under the direction of the chief of the Statistical Division, a perfectly natural and logical place for it to be had it not been for my original stipulation as a condition of my acceptance of responsibility for the project. I protested in a letter to the President and set forth the original stipulation and Mr. Hobson's cable acceptance. Then it came out that Mr. Hobson had never brought my stipulation to the attention of the Permanent Committee or other officials of the Institute ^{ute} and they had acted in complete ignorance of it. No wonder there was some friction, I acting on the under-

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3991

standing that I was wholly free and independent, subject only to the approval of the Permanent Committee, and they quite naturally assuming that I was their subordinate and subject to their direction. The wonder is that there was not more misunderstanding and friction. It was an impossible situation brought about entirely by Mr. Hobson's failure to submit my stipulations to the Permanent Committee. The second blunder of Mr. Hobson grew out of the fact that in my letter to the President setting forth my original stipulation for an unhampered administration of the census project I set a time limit for the revocation of the resolution placing the project in the Statistical Division and announced that I would ~~not~~ assume that such revocation would be made and I would pursue my itinerary which would take me to Spain, Portugal, and North Africa at the time the Permanent Committee would be in session. Knowing this, because I kept him informed, Mr. Hobson asked me to prepare a memorandum setting forth the occasions where there had been friction between myself and the officials of the Institute, and to make it strong, for his use when the subject came up for consideration in the Committee. I prepared such a memorandum, still not knowing that my original stipulation for freedom of action had never been brought to the attention of the Permanent Committee or the officials of the Institute, and therefore I cited the instances of apparent interference on their part as wholly unjustifiable. It was only later that I learned that Mr. Hobson had used and quoted this memorandum to bolster up his own idea of willful and incompetent interference by officials of the Institute and in doing so stirred up a lot of ill feeling--all of which was wholly unnecessary, and all of which went back to his original blunder in not having a clear understanding with the Permanent Committee and the officials of the Institute as to the terms on which I

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3992

had accepted the appointment. The obnoxious resolution was rescinded and the damage done by Mr. Hobson's oversight was mitigated by a better understanding with the officials of the Institute from whom thereafter I had nothing but the best and most cordial cooperation. Notwithstanding these complications due entirely to Mr. Hobson's oversight we continued to be close friends and I fully approved of his general policy up to the meeting of the General Assembly of 1928, when his program was officially approved, he was to all intents and purposes vindicated as a result of British support, and nothing remained but to put the program into effect. I heartily disapproved of his course when from that moment he began to advocate the withdrawal of cooperation and financial support by the United States. I thought it was a serious ^{strategical} ~~tragic~~ mistake then and I still think so."

Mr. Thompson wanted to know if anything could be done about it. I expressed the opinion that it would take from two to four ^{years} ~~years~~ to bring about a change in the policy of the U.S. Government. I told him that on my last visit to the United States I had submitted a memorandum to the officials in my department the net result of which was, so far as I could see, that I was regarded as a butter-in and in bad odor because what I had said was directly contrary to their understanding of the situation derived wholly from a long series of biased and colored reports from Mr. Hobson. I mentioned the fact also that on my last visit a meeting of officials of the Department of Agriculture and of the State Department had been held to ^c~~decide~~ definitely upon the policy of the United States with respect to the Institute, ~~and~~ Mr. Hobson being present, and although I was in daily attendance at the Department I had been completely ignored. All this led me to believe that it would take time, years perhaps, before the department officials at Washing-

had received the appointment. The above resolution was re-
 ceived and the same was done by Mr. Hobson's oversight was not
 by a better understanding with the officials of the Institute from
 whom thereafter I had nothing but the best and most cordial co-
 operation. Notwithstanding these complications and anxiety to
 Mr. Hobson's oversight we continued to be close friends and I fully
 approved of his general policy up to the meeting of the General
 Assembly of 1948, when his program was officially approved. He was
 to all intents and purposes vindicated as a result of British
 support, and nothing remained but to get the program into effect.
 I heartily disapproved of his course when from that moment he began
 to advocate the withdrawal of cooperation and financial support
 by the United States. I thought it was a serious mistake.
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 mitted a memorandum to the officials in my department the net result
 of which was, so far as I could see, that I was regarded as a trouble-
 maker and in bad odor because what I had said was directly contrary
 to their understanding of the situation derived wholly from a long
 series of biased and colored reports from Mr. Hobson. I mentioned
 the fact also that on my last visit a meeting of officials of the
 Department of Agriculture and of the State Department had been
 held to decide definitely upon the policy of the United States
 with respect to the Institute, Mr. Hobson being present, and al-
 though I was in daily attendance at the Department I had been com-
 pletely ignored. All this led me to believe that it would take
 time, years perhaps, before the department officials at Washing-

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3993

ton correctly appraised the obsessions of Mr. Hobson and the ~~bias~~ personal bias in all of his ~~reports~~ official and unofficial reports. Another factor that had to be considered also, I pointed out, was the fact that the American officials had been in controversy with the Italian officials over the question of immigration quotas, tariffs and the like, and for that reason had seized upon the controversy with the Institute as trading material, knowing that the Italian government was interested in the success and prestige of the Institute. That is why Mr. Hobson had such backing and consistent support from our State Department in his personal controversy with the officials of the Institute.

Mr. Thompson thanked me for my frankness and said he thought he understood the situation better than he had because of it, and he expressed regret that apparently the British delegation had been misled by their reliance upon the statements of Mr. Hobson and now they were left in the lurch to carry on the American program without the support of America. Our conference broke up at 3 p.m.

In my walk back to the office through the park I met the neat little woman in gray whom I remembered to have seen in the park some weeks previously, the one who had deliberately paused and raised her skirt to adjust a garter as I passed. She was with a girl companion, but on seeing me she immediately detached herself and ~~joined me~~ invited me to sit with her awhile. I declined and she proposed to walk with me, but I excused myself on the ground that I had an appointment and was in a hurry. Then she said that she knew where I was stopping and that she would be in front of the hotel and waiting for me at 9 p.m. Again I ~~excused~~ myself by saying that I had an appointment at that hour also. There was ^every little to do at the office beyond signing some letters.

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3994

In the evening I returned to the Institute to attend a reception given to Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary General of the League of Nations, at which there was a full attendance of officials and delegates. I was introduced to Sir Eric and other officials. When the affair was over and I made my escape there was no vehicle available and I had to walk back to the hotel through the park and darkness to the hotel. In the darkness I encountered a stone, fell, and cut my hand. At the supper table Mr. Thompson joined me and we had a bottle of champagne together, after which we sat in the lobby for two or three hours. He was a delightful companion with a fine sense of dry and rather sly humor. He was to leave for London that night and we parted at 10 p.m. to enable him to finish packing.

(Secretary General, 1 Nov., Rome, salmon folder) - omit

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E_3995

Saturday, 2 Nov., Rome; clear and cool. Slept well and got to the office at 11 a.m. Dictating to Miss Vanzetti for more than an hour because she could not write shorthand and wrote directly on the typewriter. Then called a taxi and left her at the door of her apartment house, from which I walked across to my hotel. After luncheon I slept the whole afternoon. Still suffering from a severe cold.

At 8 o'clock I ^acalled for ~~Miss Vanzetti~~ ^{a lady employee of the Institute} and together we went to the Ristorante Ulpia. She was wearing a beautiful gown and looked better than I had seen her since my return to Rome. I hardly knew the place because some adjoining buildings had been demolished, exposing some old Roman ruins. We had a good dinner with delicious mutton chops cooked just right, and trimmings, but were disappointed in not having music, it being some sort of a holiday. We were further disappointed in the subterranean place of entertainment on the old Via Sacra which was not open. After dinner we went to the restaurant opposite the Piazza Colonna where the tables were full and there was good music. We sat there for two hours listening to the music and drinking coffee and liquers. She related the story of her relations with an Italian gentleman in the diplomatic service who was absent from Rome for three years in a South American country. He had returned recently to the Continent. He had gone to a place that he owned in France where he took unto himself an expensive ~~mistress~~ mistress. Before leaving on his trip to France he had asked ^{my} ~~Miss~~ ^{companion} ~~Vanzetti~~ to supervise the furnishing and decoration of his apartment in Rome and had left with her a sum of money barely ~~st~~ sufficient for the purpose. She had given much time and thought to the furnishing of the apartment. Upon his return he expressed himself as greatly pleased, said he loved and respected her, that she was superior to other women and he placed her on a pedestal, could not

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3996

think of touching her, nor could he give her praise or pay her money for her services, because that would look like a purely mercenary expression of his love for her. It was evident that she was indignant because her friend was liberal with his French mistress and yet had given her nothing but an expression of his high regard for her services. When I observed that she was getting tired and nervouse I ~~proposed~~ that I should take her ~~back~~ to her apartment. ^{We} ~~A~~ parted ~~from her~~ at the street door after a very pleasant evening.

Sunday, 3 November, Rome; a fine bright autumn day following a borrasco of lightning, thunder, rain and hail during the night. This was some kind of a Facisti holiday and the streets were full of marching soldiers. About 10 o'clock a fleet of airplanes circled over the city. I walked through the park to my office and read the morning papers.

After luncheon I tried to read ~~I tried to read~~ an agricultural history in Italian, but fell asleep in my chair. At 3 o'clock I walked through the park to the Pincio to hear the Sunday afternoon concert ^e by a military band. The view ^e over the city was beautiful in the afternoon sunshine, a blue sky, ^{bleeey} ~~floating~~ white clouds overhead, and autumn colored foliage in the surrounding park. The Pincio was crowded with well dressed people and the music was good. I returned to my room at 5 pm. and was pleased to find that steam heat had been turned on. Reading "Lily of the Valley."

After supper I sat in the lobby and was joined by Señor Brebia, Argentine delegate. He said he had been instructed by cable to leave on one day's notice for Barcellona to represent Argentina in a chamber of commerce meeting and he had no idea what the subject of the conference was to be. We sat together until after 10 p.m.

think of speaking her, nor could he give her praise or any other money for her services, because that would look like a purely mercenary expression of his love for her. It was evident that she was indifferent because her friend was liberal with his French money and yet had given her nothing but an expression of his indifference for her services. When I observed that she was getting tired and nervous I proposed that I should take her to her apartment. A ^{very} ~~parted~~ ^{parted} ~~parted~~ at the street door after a very pleasant evening.

Sunday, 5 November, Rome: a fine bright autumn day following a downpour of lightning, thunder, rain and hail during the night. This was some kind of a Fascist holiday and the streets were full of marching soldiers. About 10 o'clock a fleet of airplanes circled over the city. I walked through the park to my office and read the morning papers.

After lunch I tried to read I ~~tried to read~~ on a ~~subject~~ history in Italian, but fell asleep in my chair. At 3 o'clock I walked through the park to the Pincio to hear the Sunday afternoon concert by a military band. The view over the city was beautiful in the afternoon sunshine, a blue sky, ~~white~~ ^{grey} clouds overhead, and autumn colored foliage in the surrounding park. The Pincio was crowded with well dressed people and the music was good. I returned to my room at 5 pm. and was pleased to find that a new ~~new~~ ^{new} had been turned on. Reading "Lily of the Valley."

After supper I sat in the lobby and was joined by Saffar and his Argentine delegate. He said he had been instructed by cable to leave on the day's notice for Buenos Aires to represent Argentina in a chamber of commerce meeting and he had no idea what the subject of the conference was to be. We sat together until after 10 p.m.

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3997

talking about Argentina and the International Institute of Agriculture. He said that the instructions to Argentine consuls that I had drafted at the request of their Minister of Agriculture had been of great assistance to him as they had been to all the consuls of Argentina.

Monday, 4 November, Rome; clear and pleasant. Spent the forenoon reading newspapers, bulletins, books, and periodicals, and looking over documents that I ~~s~~ thought I should take with me. At noon I went to the American Express for some money and to ascertain when my ship would leave Naples. In the afternoon I received a letter from the Secretary General to the effect that my work in connection with the World Agricultural Census Project had been successful in the highest degree. After supper I called on Mrs. Sauter, my first secretary in Rome. She served tea and we sat talking for two hours. Mr. Sauter was a fine old gentleman, a successful artist, and showed me an interesting collection of bronze, silver, and gold medals that had been awarded to him in different countries during a long life.

After supper I wrote a suitable letter of acknowledgment to the Secretary General and advising him of my departure on the 9th; a letter to Mr. Olsen, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, transmitting a copy of my Barcelona report, a copy of the Secretary General's letter of appreciation, and a copy of a memorandum I had prepared regarding the classification of countries into categories, outlining the character of correspondence that should be addressed to each, designed to encourage backward countries and express appreciation of results accomplished.

On my return from luncheon through the park I again encountered the little gray lady. I was for hurrying on, but she intercepted me and was so pleading that I thought, "Oh well, this is perhaps the

P 3998 missing, possibly eliminated by LME, along with last paragraph above.

talking about Argentina and the International Institute of Agriculture. He said that the Institute was to Argentina com-
I had started at the request of their Minister of Agriculture and
been of great assistance to him and they had been to all the con-
sols of Argentina.

Monday, 2 November, Rome; clear and pleasant. Spent the

forenoon visiting newspaper, publishing, books, and periodicals,

and looking over documents that I thought I should take with me.

At noon I went to the American Embassy for some money and to ascertain

when my wife would leave Naples. In the afternoon I received a letter

from the Secretary General to the effect that my work in connection

with the World Agricultural Census Project had been successful in

the United States. After supper I called on Mrs. Senter, my first

secretary in Rome. She served tea and we sat talking for two hours.

Mr. Senter was a fine old gentleman, a successful artist, and showed

me an interesting collection of bronze, silver, and gold medals

that had been awarded to him in different countries during a long

life.

After supper I wrote a suitable letter of acknowledgment

to the Secretary General and advised him of my departure on the 24th.

I also wrote Mr. Olsen, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics,

transmitting a copy of my Barcelona report, a copy of the Secretary

General's letter of appreciation, and a copy of a memorandum I had pre-

pared regarding the classification of countries into categories,

outlining the character of correspondence that should be addressed

to each, assigned to encourage backward countries and a press ap-
proach or results accomplished.

On my return from lunch on the 24th I again encountered

the little gray lady. I was for leaving on, but she interested me

and was so pleasing that I thought, "Oh well, this is where the

little gray lady is. I will stay here."

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--3999

Tuesday, 5 November, Rome; raining all day and cold.

I slept late and after breakfast walked to the American Embassy and tried to see the secretary, but he was engaged in conversation with an American professor and his wife. They were discussing the case of an American woman stranded at Milan since last July. Finally, after a long wait~~d~~, an employee asked me just what I wanted. When I explained that I wanted to know how to ship some boxes of official records belonging to the U.S. Department of Agriculture at government expense he took me to a clerk who said that he had just reported for duty at Rome and did not know any more about shipping things at government expense than I did. He expressed the opinion that no one in the Embassy could help me, so I decided to take the records along as extra baggage and untangle the red tape at Washington. At my office boxes were brought in and Guidi packed them. Mr. Longobardi announced his intention of accompanying me as far as Naples where he would take a vacation with his people. Also he presented an account for extra work by employes of the Institute amounting to one thousand lire for accounting work in connection with the census project. I asked him to submit the account to the Secretary General and say that there was little if any extra work of that kind in connection with my project, but because the ~~amout~~^{amount} involved was small and the employes were generally underpaid I would approve the account if agreeable to him, but not otherwise. In the afternoon the Secretary General invited me to take luncheon with him and other employes of the Institute at the Ulpia Restaurant the following day. I accepted, of course, but did not look forward with pleasure to a formal official luncheon. Had a letter from the secretary of the Pan American Union offering to send extra copies of the "Bulletin" containing my article to each of the officials I had mentioned as having met in South America. Still

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--7 4000

suffering from a severe cold.

Returned to the hotel at 4 p.m. and had a haircut. Reading "Sur les Pierres Blanch" by Anatole France, who starts out with a description of the Roman Forum and a conversation between a group of men about paganism in Roman ~~their~~ Christianity and that just as the Romans expected their pagan gods to serve them so they expected the Christian deities and saints ~~to serve them~~ to serve them. Several anecdotes were related to illustrate this point. One was of a ^epasant who solicited a favor from the image of the Christ child "Bambino" without success. Becoming impatient^{ent} at the lack of immediate concrete results of his petition and the cost of his candle offering, he again knelt before the altar and said: "Ce n'est pas a toi, fils du putain, que je parle; c'est a la sainte mere." (It is not to you, son of a prostitute, that I speak, but to your sainted mother.) Another: A young girl made this prayer to the image of the Madonna: "Sainte mere de Dieu, vous qui avez ~~conu~~ concu sans peche, accordez moi le grace de pecher sans concevoir." (Sainted mother of God, you who conceived without sin, grant me the ~~grace~~ grace to sin without conceiving.) I read until long after midnight and was very comfortable except for paroxysms of coughing.

Wednesday, 6 Nov. Rome; much warmer and with high~~x~~ wind. At the office had a long talk with Mr. Longobardi. Mr. Montgomery came over to excuse himself from taking part in the farewell luncheon to me on the ground that it would be a formal affair and his dress suit was not presentable. I gave him one hundred lire as my last contribution to the musical training of Srta. Pavlova. Later Mr. Walsh came over with a statement he had prepared regarding the extension service in the United States which was based on my oral description and I revised and corrected it for him. He said that the Irish delegate had resigned to enter the priesthood, because he

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--4001

and his wife had entered into an agreement that if either died before the other the survivor should take religious orders. An employee of the library came over with a letter she had written to Miss Barnett, Librarian of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and asked me to deliver it in person. Later another young lady employe also brought over a letter for Miss Barnett.

At 8.15 p.m. Mr. Longobardi called for me at the hotel and together we went to the Ristorante Ulpia. There we were joined by Secretary General Brizi and seven chiefs of division and principal assistants at the Institute. I was not feeling well because of my severe cold. We had an excellent dinner, although it was somewhat tiresome because four languages were spoken, all imperfectly, French, the official language, Italian, Spanish, and English. There was good music. Much of the conversation about the table was eulogistic of my work and all expressed the hope that I would return to the Institute. After the formal dinner was over we adjourned to the subterranean apartment and listened to more entertaining music, drank liquers, and smoked cigars and cigarettes. We were badly crowded and uncomfortable. The Secretary General gave me a telegram he had received from the President at Geneva couched in the most flattering terms. The Secretary General and members of his party did everything in their power to express their appreciation of my work and their friendship for me, for all of which I was very grateful when I thought how much they had put themselves out to do it. It was after midnight when the party broke up and I was extremely tired. When I reached my room I had an old fashioned chill. I took some quinine, a stiff drink of cognac, put extra covering on the bed and crawled in. After shivering for awhile I felt warm and comfortable, then too warm, then a fever and burst out in perspiration and fell asleep.

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--4002

Thursday, 7 Nov. Rome; cloudy, showers, and cold. Slept soundly and awoke to find be^dding wet with perspiration and myself feeling weak. Felt much better after a bath. I drank a cup of coffee and hastened to the office. Mr. Longobardy showed me a census questionnaire sent in by Greece and a draft of a letter to the International Education Board asking for a further allotment of funds for the census project. At 10 ⁶/_p 'clock I went to the office of the Secretary General at his invitation to attend a joint meeting of the representatives of the International Labor Office of Geneva headed by Mr. ~~Tomas~~ Thomas and a committee of the International Institute of Agriculture headed by President De Michelis. This joint meeting discussed such questions as "The Rural Exodus," "The Cinometrograph," "The Housing of Rural Population," and the like. The meeting adjourned at 12.30 p.m. At 1 p.m. a luncheon to the committee was served at the Pincio Restaurant. I was invited and found it to be a very nice affair, with good food and tables decorated with red roses and carnations. It was 3.15 p.m. when I returned to my office. Mr. Longobardi presented me with a three-volume Italian translation of Tolstoy's "Peace and War" and with a donkey shoe he had picked up on a tramp in the mountains. After supper I wrote tags for my baggage, and after a short walk for exercise and to clear the cobwebs from my brain I went to bed.

Friday, 8 November, Rome; clear and pleasant. After a good night's sleep, a bath, and a cup of hot chocolate, I felt much better. At the office Miss Vanzetti on behalf of the Casetta family presented me with a large Roman leather writing desk pad on which was printed in gold letters "La Piccola Famiglia Della Casetta al suo Capo, Direttore del piu grande censimento." This was signed

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--4003

followed by the printed names "Adriana ~~X~~^Vanzetti, Isaac Salto, Cesare Longobardi; Roma, Novembre ~~xxxx~~ MCMXXIX." I thanked them with some emotion, saying I ~~X~~ valued their present more than any tribute I had received because our little "Casetta family" had been very close to each other, ~~had been~~ very congenial, and we had grown to love each other, and that my greatest regret on leaving Rome to rejoin my family was in separating from them. There were tears in our eyes and we became inarticulate and simply shook hands and looked into each others eyes, and they retired silently with bowed heads. I appreciated this testimonial all the more because of their faithfulness, their loyalty, and their willing service.

At 10 o'clock I went over to the main building and sat with the mixed agricultural committee and listened to a discussion on rural education. Here I met the members of the Permanent Committee that were still in Rome, the Secretary General, the President, the chiefs of division, and principal employes, to all of whom I had an opportunity to say "Au revoir." When I returned to my office in the Casetta at 12.30 p.m. Mr. Walsh came over and presented me with an autograph copy of a report on "Rural Education in Kent County" England, with which he was connected for some years. The box of books and office records had been turned over to the American Express to forward. Shortly after 1 p.m. I had Dr. Salto telephone for a taxi in which I took the Casetta family to the Ristorante San Carlo where we had luncheon and drank each others health in Frascati wine. It was a cheerful luncheon. All joined in urging me to write a book, not a scientific treatise or government report, but a biographical account of my experiences and what I had seen in the great world in which we live. We walked together back to the Piazza del Popolo where we separated. Miss Vanzetti suggested that we have a farewell

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followed by the printed names "Abramo Annibaldi, Isaac Salto,

Carlo Lombardi; Roma, November 1937. I thanked

them with some emotion, saying I valued their present note

than any tribute I had received because our little "Gazzetta" really

had been very close to each other, had been very confidential, and

we had grown to love each other, and that my greatest regret on

leaving Rome to rejoin my family was in separating from them.

There were tears in our eyes and we became sentimental and clingy.

Each hand and looked into each other's eyes, and they raised

slightly with bowed heads. I appreciated this sentimental all the

more because of their faithfulness, their loyalty, and their willing

service.

At 10 o'clock I went over to the main building and sat

with the mixed agricultural committee and listened to a discussion

on rural education. Here I met the members of the Permanent Com-

mittee that were still in Rome, the Secretary General, the President,

the chiefs of division, and principal employees, to all of whom I

had an opportunity to say "Ad revorem." When I returned to my office

in the Gazette at 12.30 p.m. Mr. Nello came over and presented me

with an autograph copy of a report on "Rural Education in Italy"

"Gazzetta" magazine, with which he was connected for some years. The

box of books and office records had been turned over to the American

express to forward. Shortly after 1 p.m. I had Dr. Salto telephone for

a taxi in which I took the Gazette family to the Ristorante San

Carlo where we had luncheon and drank each other health in prosecco

wine. It was a cheerful luncheon. All joined in urging me to write

a book, not a scientific treatise or government report, but a bi-

ographical account of my experiences and what I had seen in the new

world in which we live. We walked together back to the Piazza del Popolo

is where we separated. Miss Annibaldi suggested that we have a farewell

(1929, Nov. Rome)

E--4004

dinner together, in which I acquiesced, although I would have preferred to be free. At 7.45 p.m. I called at her apartment and in a few minutes she appeared dressed very becomingly. Together we went to the Ulpia, had a nice supper, and then down to the subterranean room where we sat listening to the music, talking, smoking, and sipping liquors until 1.30 a.m. We separated at the street door of her apartment house, ~~embracing and kissing each other in the dark vestibule, and promising to write.~~ We said farewell, presumably forever. And so I came to my room with certain indelible impressions, something to remember so long as life lasts of human friendship and love.

Saturday, 9 November, Rome; partly cloudy and cool. Slept from 3 a.m. to 8 a.m., had a bath, and a cup of hot chocolate, and did not take time to shave; settled my hotel bill, tipped the help, and reached the train half an hour before it was due to leave. Dr. Salto and Guidi were at the station to see me off. The night before Miss Vanzetti had told me that Guidi had asked her to persuade me to take him and his wife with me to America. She had some difficulty in making him understand that he could not get a passport or a permit either to leave Italy or ^{to} enter the United States.

After the train left I still felt tired and ~~sleepy~~ slept most of the time. The train followed a new route which I did not recognize and reached Naples at 12.45 p.m. I went to the Londres Hotel. I had telegraphed the day before for a reservation. I was assigned to a small, dark, dirty room, which I refused to accept. As I was about to leave to look up another hotel the manager found for me a large comfortable room facing the public piazza and the old palace of the Neapolitan kings, with bath and other conveniences. I ^eslept during the afternoon. Had a poor excuse for

(1929,Nov.Napoli)

E--4005

a supper. On going out to the little lobby I found Mr.Longobardi waiting for me. He said that when he asked at the hotel desk for me he was told I was not there, and only upon his insistence did the clerk succeed in finding my name among the list of guests. We had a liquer and sat in the lobby and talked in friendly intimate fashion until 10 o'clock. He left with the understanding that he would call again at 10.30 a.m. in the morning.

Sunday, 10 Nov.,Naples; fair and warm. After attending to my baggage I waited for Mr.Longobardi and together we went in a bus to the pier. After the usual formalities I went aboard the S.S.President Adams of the Dollar Line and was assigned to a nice cabin on the upper deck near the smoking room. Had to pay a port charge of eighty lire, ~~a~~ equivalent to about four dollars. Mr.Longobardi and I explored the ship and then sat in the smoking room. Expressing the hope that we might meet again, he left shortly before noon and as he crossed the pier^{and the ship gradually moved away} we waved to each other. Next to Mr.Nat C. Murray he was the most lovable of all my official associates.

Had a nice luncheon and the American cooked food tasted good after the Spanish and Italian cooking to which I could never become accustomed. I read and slept through the afternoon. Supper came at 7 p.m. At my table was a young clerk^from the purser's office and two young women, both very plain and unattractive, almost as if they came from Washington, D.C. where there are more plain looking women to the square mile than in any other city of equal size in the world. Read awhile in the evening and retired early.

Monday, 11 November, at sea; alternating cloud and sunshine. Had a salt water bath, a delicious breakfast, and a brisk promenade on deck. Then settled down to reading Tolstoy's "War and Peace," which impressed me as a great book. We were in sight of the Italian

(1929, Nov. ~~xx~~ Genoa)

E--4006

coast all the morning and reached Genoa at 11 a.m. At 2 p.m. I went ashore and walked through the extraordinarily narrow streets with laundry hanging criss~~cross~~ across at different levels. I purchased a supply of cheap Italian cigars and cognac ~~to~~ to see me through the voyage. Returned to the ship at 4 p.m. Reading till 6.30 p.m. After supper I found that the smoking room was closed so I went to my cabin. The purser's clerk who sat at my table knocked and said that the chief steward had invited us to his cabin ~~for~~ for coffee and a liquor. The chief steward had a nice cabin and many souvenirs to show. He was a tall and very agreeable gentleman from the State of Washington. He had~~a~~ good supply of assorted liquors. We exchanged reminiscences of the various ports we had visited.

Tuesday, 12 November, at sea; clear and cool. Last night I read the February number of the Atlantic Monthly and "War and Peace" in bed until after 3 a.m., with innumerable smokes and sips of cognac. I had decided that on this voyage, which I expected would be my last, inasmuch as for some days I would have no responsibilities whatever, my official mission being successfully ended and I was homeward bound, that for once in my life I should do exactly what I felt like doing with respect to going to bed, sleeping, and getting up. It was a rare opportunity and I took advantage of it.

At the breakfast table a fat lady opposite talked so steadily and loudly as to be a nuisance. Her ceaseless chatter became so annoying that I determined to stop it, or if not successful seek another table. I politely edged into the conversation and turned on a barrage of questions which by some people would have been considered impertinent and which caused her to slow up in trying to think up answers and almost before she knew it she was apologetic and almost silent. I learned that she was from Tarrytown, New York, had been married twice, had several children, and

(1929, Nov, at sea)

E--4007

was living with her second husband on a small poultry farm near New Haven, Connecticut.

I spent most of the day reading in bed. In the late afternoon I took a walk on deck and had a conversation with an extraordinarily plain looking maiden lady of uncertain age from Buffalo, New York, who said she was returning from a four-year tour of duty as a missionary in the Belgian Congo. I sat up until 9 p.m. to see the lights of Genoa and the harbor as the ship moved out to sea. That was my last look at Genoa.

~~Wednesday, 13 Nov., at sea; cloudy and cold. Reading in bed~~

Wednesday, 13 Nov., at sea; cloudy and cold. Reading in bed last night until 2 a.m. and slept until 8 a.m. After breakfast talked with a representative of Dun's agency who had been abroad to size up the foreign situation. We were following the mountains of the French coast under a gray sky and it was very cold. I returned to my cabin and went to bed to keep warm. The ship entered the long narrow harbor of Marsailles about noon after passing through a fierce squall and a downpour of rain and hail. The decks were covered with hailstones for several hours. "So this is sunny France" I thought. The ship tied up at a wharf several miles from the city. After luncheon I went ashore, hired a taxi for \$2.75 to take me to the city, and on arriving I found that according to custom the shops would not be open until 2 p.m. To fill in time I was driven to the Palace de Longchamps where there was a museum, art gallery, and botanical and zoological gardens. After inspecting these I returned to the business section where I bought some more cigars and cognac and a local newspaper. On reaching the ship I went to bed with an extra blanket and all my clothing on top in an effort to keep warm, and slept till 7 p.m. While eating supper the ship slowly passed out of the harbor and my last sight of

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4008

Marseilles was of the lighthouse and the lights around the bay. The passengers all complained of the bitter cold. Steam heat was turned on at 8 p.m., but it took several hours to heat the pipes to the cabins. Still reading Tolstoy's "Peace and War," which I considered one of the great works of fiction in any language.

Thursday, 14 Nov., at sea; cloudy, strong wind, and rough sea. Read until 2 a.m. and slept until 7.30 a.m. After breakfast and a promenade on deck I went to bed and read one hour and slept two. Spent the afternoon in bed and finished reading "War and Peace," one of the greatest historical novels ever written. The fat woman from Connecticut with the strident mandatory voice and the arrogance of a militia brigadier general whose authority had never been questioned, had quieted down considerably. I suspected this was partly the result of the agitated sea and of my own persistent questioning. My thought in keeping up the questioning was not only to direct her monologue along different lines and, if she was to pose as a fount of wisdom and final authority, to profit thereby and ascertain her limitations. Just as most bullies, male and female, are really cowards this domineering and belligerent female became more and more cautious and sparing in her statements. However, lifelong habit was strong in her and occasionally she would forget and her old domineering and irritating voice was to be heard to the exclusion of everything else. The other diners could neither think nor converse; they could only listen with growing annoyance. Then I would lose patience and start a series of challenging questions in her direction and, glaring at me, she would demand what my opinion was on the subject on which she had expatiated. I would reply deliberately and distinctly, "Why no intelligent or well bred person would dream of expressing an opinion on that subject in a mixed company, partly because there are so many different opinions

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--3 4009

regarding it and partly ^{because} it would be an exhibition of bad manners that would make one seem ridiculous and a laughing stock to every one who heard it. Besides it is a subject concerning which few people know much about, and nothing with certainty, and most people simply are not interested in it. For that reason one should refrain from expressing an opinion about it publicly. I am answering your question in this way only because you have asked it, but you will observe that no one else at this or any other table is at all interested in it." The fat lady became silent and red in the face and suddenly withdrew, whereat there were smiles and nods from the other passengers. This rebuke, probably the first she had ever heard from some one not in her power, evidently went home and sank deep, because thereafter her ~~ex~~ voice was seldom heard in the dining room. Strange to say she was thereafter very respectful and pleasant to me.

After supper I had a conversation with the missionary lady who had been in the Belgian Congo. She was interesting because she was abnormal and had had interesting experiences. In fact, I thought her subnormal, about the type that would have made a good chamber maid but because of religious enthusiasm and mental limitations she had been sent out by the little church organization to which she belonged to convert the heathen and minister to them. She was a strange mixture of common sense and religious makebelieve and hypocrisy.

Friday, 15 November, at sea; bright sunshine, pleasant temperature, and an agitated sea. Reading back numbers of the Atlantic Monthly and began reading "Fire and Sword in the Sudan" by M. Slakin. Spent most of the time in bed, reading, smoking, and sleeping. This was something I had always wanted to do and this seemed a propitious

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4010

time to do it; I had no business other than eating and sleeping and no responsibilities, no social obligations; the ship, the sea, and the sky, were old stories; the passenger list was small and not especially interesting and most of them were in their cabins because of the rough sea; there was no bar, no music, no amusements, and the ship was quiet and dull; so there was no reason why I should not for once in my life luxuriate in bed, read, smoke, sip cognac, sleep, and dream so long as I felt like it. At night there was a full moon over the racing waves, white caps, and fleet clouds.

Saturday, 16 Nov., at sea; fair with a heavy sea. We passed Gibraltar early in the morning and when I went ~~out~~ on deck we were out in the broad Atlantic with the great rock and the mountains of Spain receding in the distance. After taking in this magnificent view for a few minutes, my last look at the coast of Europe and Africa, and eating a good breakfast, I went to bed and stayed there until 6.30 p.m. in perfect comfort and contentment. At 2 p.m. the Chinese steward knocked and asked if I intended to dress for luncheon and I said I did not. The temperature was mild and after supper I sat on deck for awhile to watch the full moon and its reflection on the waves. The missionary lady joined me and we talked together.

Sunday, 17 Nov., at sea; bright sunshine and blue sky, an agitated sea and considerable motion in the boat. Although I was in bed all the preceding day I had slept well all night and woke up feeling exceptionally well. Also I greatly enjoyed the food. Talked with a middle aged lady who said her husband had a ranch near San Jose, California. Nearly finished reading a series of Atlantic Monthlies that had been loaned to me by one of the officers. Obtained two books from the library in the evening so that I would have something to read during the night. In the evening there were moving pictures

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4011

on the upper deck, but it was too cool for comfort outside and I did not remain to see them through. My supply of cognac was exhausted and, of course, none could be purchased on this American ship. No doubt this accounted for the slim passenger list as well as for their dejected look.

Monday, Nov. 18, at sea; clear, bright, and warm, with a calm sea and a full moon at night. Read Irving S. Cobb's "Red Likker," an amusing story of a Kentucky family of distillers after prohibition went into effect in the United States. The number of passengers was so small and so scattered on a ship as large as the "President Adams" that they seemed lonely and forlorn and unable to get acquainted. I had no doubt that British, Dutch, French, and Italian ships were crowded to their fullest capacity at this season of the year with returning Americans living a gay life and thoroughly enjoying themselves, all because of the freedom of the bar, the lack of which caused prospective passengers to avoid American ships. The difference was about like that between an impoverished church and a thriving theater.

Tuesday, 19 Nov., at sea; fair, a strong head wind and a high sea that made the ship pitch and covered the decks with flying spray. We passed the Azores but could see little of them because of the spray. Read three books during the night and day, "Gypsies;" a story ~~about~~ about a fairy that was captured by an entomologist; and "Reputations" by Captain Hart, analyzing the characters and personalities of the leading generals in the great war. I was thoroughly enjoying the food, lying in bed, and the rolling of the ship. The steady rhythmic rolling of a large ship is the nearest thing to a cradle that one encounters in life after infancy.

Wednesday, 20 Nov., at sea; cloudy, cold, head winds, high sea, and a rolling ship. Read "Tinker's Leave" by Baring, a good

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4012

story of a young Englishman whose life was dominated by an aunt and his past, who broke away for a holiday in Paris and was persuaded by some acquaintances to accompany them to Russia, and from there went to the Russo-Japanese war front, where he fell in love with a woman whom he could not marry, and finally returned, his vacation over. Also read "Banjo" by Claude McKay, a story of negroes in the slums of Marsailles and incidentally discusses the status of negroes in all countries.

Thursday, 21 Nov., at sea; cloudy, showers, headwinds, and tossing plunging waves. Last night read "Claire Ambler" by Booth Tarkington, a story of empty headed flappers, true to nature but depressing. Read "The Seven Vices" by Guighelmo Ferrero, translated into English, and on page 197 the author quoted the old time anecdote about when a diplomat is no diplomat and a lady is no lady. Reading and sleeping all day and night. Finished by "By Souchow Waters" by Louis Jordan Miln, a charming story of Chinese life and the romance of a Chinese gentleman and a beautiful English girl which did not end in marriage.

Friday, 22 Nov. at sea; cloudy, cold, windy, high seas. Read "Red Rust" by Cornelia James Cannon, story of a Swedish immigrant who settled in northern Minnesota and tried to develop a rust resistant variety of wheat, a story that brings tears to one's eyes. Felt that I was losing track of time because I was spending both days and nights in my cabin in bed with the shutter across the port hole closed and the electric light turned on, dividing my time between reading and sleeping. So contented and luxurious did I feel that I presented the interruptions caused by meals and the necessity for dressing and undressing. These interruptions could have been avoided, of course, by having the meals brought to the cabin, but

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4013

I have never liked to eat in a sleeping room nor to see used dishes and fragments of food setting about for an indefinite period. Also I felt under some obligation to walk the upper deck at least twice a day for fresh air and exercise.

Saturday, 23 Nov. at sea; continued cloudy, showers, head winds, and heavy sea. The ship was making about 300 miles every twenty-four hours and at noon we were still a thousand miles from New York. Wrote a letter to mother, knowing that I might not see her for several days after reaching home. Spent the rest of the day in bed reading "Light of Egypt," a stilted story of Moses. Also read "Rome Haul," a good story of life on the Erie Canal. An interesting feature of this story was the account of the system of hiring female cooks on the canal boats who served also as mistresses. One of my grandfathers was captain of a passenger boat that plied the raging canal and I wondered if he participated in that most excellent arrangement. It was very cold on deck, but pleasantly warm inside. We read ~~thex~~ in the morning radio bulletin with particular interest that it was very cold east of the Rockies and was freezing in New York City.

(Mother, 23 Nov. ✓, at sea, salmon folder)

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4014

Sunday, 24 Nov., at sea; cloudy, foggy, showers, milder temperature and sea calmer than for several days. During the night read "Sleeveless Errand" by Norah C. James, a most daring story to be published in English about a beautiful woman whose lover, after having had her for a year as mistress, leaves her for another woman; and a married man who finds his wife entirely nude in another man's room. Then these two disappointed characters come together, confide in each other, decide upon suicide, but before doing so ^{agree} ~~decide~~ to make a night of it by visiting a restaurant, saloons and night clubs, where they meet dissolute people who get drunk and talk and act sex; and then the couple spend the night together, after which the man returns to his family to take up the burden of life again, and the woman drives her car over a cliff and disappears in the sea. A most disagreeable story, the kind that might properly be called "rotten." Next I read a much better book entitled "They Stooped to Folly" by Ellen Glasgo, which was an arraignment of old ideas about marriage and the futility of female reformer domination. In the afternoon wrote a letter to "Queen of Hearts." Then began reading "Brief Short Stories of 1928," most of which were good. At 8.15 p.m. there was a concert in the lounge by an amateur orchestra, an exhibition of card tricks by a judge, a talk on Russia by a San Francisco lawyer, and a talk by the Belgian Congo missionary lady in true antediluvian missionary revival style--a sob story of the hardships of naked savages in a hot climate, privileged to eat without work, but whose souls were condemned to everlasting hell fire for lack of sufficient missionaries to preach the gospel to them.

(Queen of Hearts, 24 Nov., at sea, salmon folder)

S.S. President Adams,
"At sea en route Napoli to New York,
24 November 1929.

"La mia carissima Regina dei cuore:

"Here I am on 'old ocean's gray and melancholy waste' headed for home with my troupe of good little fairies--rather quiet and pensive they are-- and a few subdued and contrite little jinxes, wondering what is in store for us in the days to come after we land in the land of Unkle Psalm. One of the little fairies--a rather persistent one she is too--has reminded me from time to time that I owe you a letter and today she insisted that I must lay aside my book and give an account of my doings, lest there should be no time or opportunity for many weeks after we land.

"I shall always remember the year 1929 for its long periods of excessive, enervating heat. I entered it the middle of January in Central America. It lasted all the time I was in the tropics. When I returned to Washington it was still hotter from the middle of June to early August. Then when I came to Rome the heat was intensified right up until the end of September. This accounts largely for my failure to answer your last letter sooner.

"I left New York the second week in August on the S.S. Roosevelt. The voyage was memorable because of the congenial table group--the captain (a retired U.S. Naval officer), a witty New York State Senator and his beautiful wife, the Danish widow of a Polish count, the proprietor of a large printing establishment, a beautiful and highly accomplished society lady from Philadelphia who boasted that she was a grandmother, a scholarly and much traveled Member of Congress on an international mission, a retired opera singer, and ~~at~~ common-place me. The ice was broken at the first meal when the captain called for stories and the lady from Philadelphia said that none of the stories she knew could be told in polite society. The company resolved itself

into a sort of charmed circle that related a series of bright, funny, witty, risque stories and anecdotes for mutual entertainment. It was a modern version of ~~Chaucer~~ Chaucer and Boccaccio that ended only with our separation at Cherbourg.

"Rome to me has become my second home. In fact, the streets, scenes, and life in Rome seems more familiar to me than those of Washington, because life runs more smoothly and there is less change. This time I stopped at the Flora and for three months watched the daily flow of tourists, mostly American and English. Daily I walked to my office through the beautiful Borghese park to spend the day agreeably with my little Casetta family. Down in the old part of Rome many buildings have been demolished in order to bring to light and make visible the remains of the old forums, markets, temples and palaces. The Ristorante Ulpia still stands, but the buildings in front and to one side are gone, exposing to view a part of the Via Sacra, old pavements, broken columns, and great circular walls as a background. St. Peter's and the Vatican ~~are~~ are unchanged, but I fancied that the priestly bathrobe battalions carry their heads a little higher and step along a little more proudly than in times past. The Vatican City is now the smallest independent sovereign state in the world--and the richest. Upon inquiry I was told that the negotiations of the Vatican to acquire the Villa Doria were summarily blocked by Il Duce. Because of the excessive heat I did no sightseeing outside of the city, except for a motor ride with some friends to the top of Monte Calvo--the high peak above Rocca de Papa. A good road has been constructed over the site of Hannibal's military camp, Lakes Nemi and Albano, to the top from which one has a magnificent view of the Campagna, the distant sea, Rome, and the mountain and hill towns to the north and east. Lake Nemi is partially drained and the sunken imperial pleasure barges are partially exposed--but it is whispered that the bronze ornament and fittings and other works of art that the promoters of the scheme expected to find are missing.

"October 16 to 18 I went to Genoa by rail and thence by water to Barcelona. Upon request of El Barón de Esponellá and the Comisión Directiva, Presidente del Instituto Agrícola Catalán de San Isidro, I gave a talk (in Spanish) at the Palacio de Agricultura, part of the International Exposition, on 'The World Agricultural Census of 1930.' It was well received and I was given a most generous honorarium. The individual exhibits were about the same that one sees at all expositions, but the exposition at Barcelona is noteworthy for three things:

"First, the site of the exposition is ideal. It is on a symmetrical hill more than a thousand feet high on the edge of the city, overlooking the city, the busy harbor, and the sea on one side, and range after range of delicately colored mountains on the other. This hill has been used as a park for many years, so that it is covered with beautiful trees, drives, walks, shrubbery and flowers. On the top of the hill has been erected a magnificent, costly, permanent Palacio Nacional, with great auditorium and salons now used as a national museum. Around the sides and base of the hill are avenues and streets of large artistic exhibition buildings.

"The second and most spectacular feature is a veritable fairyland of cascades, fountains, and electric lighting systems. Water is forced to the top of the hill by powerful pumps and comes tumbling down a broad avenue of cascades and fountains to the street level a thousand feet below. The pressure is so great that some of the fountains throw great columns of silvery water to a height of two hundred feet. By some sort of automatic machinery the form of the cascades and fountains changes momentarily, never alike two minutes in succession. After dark this great display of leaping and falling waters is illuminated from below and sides by a system of ever-changing electric lights, showing all the primary and prismatic colors of the rainbow. Some of these color combinations are so beautiful as to bring a prolonged 'Oh' from the spectators.

"The third unique and to me most attractive feature was the Pueblo Espagnola. This is a little Spanish town, with high, massive, fortified stone walls and portals, moats and towers, and inside a dear little plaza surrounded by ^{arcades and} colonades and reproductions of typical Spanish houses, shops, streets, inns, dance halls, a church, and even a monastery. Each individual building is an exact duplicate of some Spanish house famed for its peculiar charm and beauty, and each is an architectural gem. All the woodwork is hand carved and stained to give the illusion of age. All the colors are soft and harmonious. Shopkeepers, waiters, and dancing girls were dressed in native costumes, and native wares were for sale. A few demure, wise looking little donkeys were also to be seen. Crowds of people that thronged the narrow streets were mostly Spanish so that even the remarks and conversations one overheard harmonized with the surroundings. I visited this part of the exposition several times and wished that you might be with me to share my ~~pleasure~~.

"I had hoped that I might also see the National Exposition at Seville, but found that I could not spare the time. Barcelona is the largest industrial and commercial city on the Mediterranean, with more than a million inhabitants. Most of it is modern, with broad avenues and many plazas and parks. To me the most interesting feature is the 'Rambla.' This is a broad central avenue for pedestrians, shaded by a double row of large sycamore trees, with roadways for vehicles on either side, flanked with sidewalks and shops. It is nearly a mile long and extends from the central plaza to the statue of Colombo on the water front. At intersecting street corners are refreshment booths, news and flower stands, and along both sides are comfortable seats. At all hours of the day and night the Rambla was surging with pedestrians who seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in simply rubbing elbows and looking into the faces of their neighbors. Here, no doubt, the boys

and girls, the young men and women, come to meet and make love.

"I returned to Genoa on the same little Italian boat. It followed the coast all the way around from Barcelona to Genoa, always within sight of the string of towns and villages along the beach with the mountains in the background, which this time were covered with snow. At night we could follow the beach line by the electric lights that twinkled and flashed like strings of jewels. We had good music day and night by radio from Toulouse and Genoa. In the dining salon I had to one side a small, pessimistic Englishman with a strawberry nose who said he was a commercial traveler for a British porcelain firm, and opposite sat three American spinsters of most depressing puritanical aspect, too stiff to speak. In the center was a long table about which were seated some ten or twelve young people, obviously Italian and Spanish. Among them was a burly Italian opera singer who had the most musical conversational voice I have ever heard. They soon got into a spirited argument over women's rights, all trying to talk at the same time and gesticulating with arms, hands, heads, bodies and feet. Our Yankee spinsters fled precipitately. The argument lasted nearly two hours. My English companion and I sat it out, smoking and sipping liquors. One of the Latin party, a beautiful, bright, highly colored young Italian woman was holding her own in favor of women's rights and giving quite as good as she got from her male opponents, when the little Britisher leaned over to me and said 'If that female blighter was my wife I'd wring her neck.' I enjoyed the comedy very much and wish only that some of our young people could forget themselves long enough to engage in such animated and intelligent contests.

"Returning to Rome I had a busy week sorting out and packing papers and books, receiving farewell visits, and taking part in luncheons and dinners. I was made to feel that my mission had been a

great success and my services appreciated, and that I was leaving behind me many warm friends. The little Casetta family, especially, seemed to greatly regret my going. Guidi, our smiling messenger, had made up his mind that I was to take him to America with me and my assistants had some difficulty in convincing him that it could not be.

"I left Rome the 9th, Napoli the 10th, Genoa the 12th, Marseilles the 13th, and passed through the Strait of Gibraltar the 16th. We were in sight of the Italian, French, and Spanish coasts almost the entire distance. For fourteen days we have scarcely seen the sun. It has been cold, rainy, with strong head winds and heavy seas, which still continue. There are only twenty-five passengers on the boat. The bar is bare and the Chinese barkeeper curls himself up behind it like a possum. The only sales are a few cigars and cigarettes. I have reason to suspect, however, that some of the foresighted passengers stocked up with good things at Marseilles. In contrast, I was told at the American Express in Rome that all outgoing steamers flying foreign flags had sold all their space months in advance. Because of the disagreeable weather and cold I have spent most of the time curled up in bed reading--my average being three books a day, so the time has passed quickly.

"Just before leaving Rome I read Anatole France's 'Sur la Pierre Blanche,' which represents a group of scholars inspecting the Roman Forum and discussing Roman history, religion, customs and life. One of them remarked that the Romans have always been a most practical people as evidenced by the way in which they assigned certain specific functions to all their pagan gods, and later, when paganism and Catholicism were blended, they did the same with the Christian hierarchy so as to make it God's business to forgive sins, and the business of Christ, the Madonna, and all the saints and saintesses to intercede on behalf of their special admirers and proteges. To

illustrate, he related two anecdotes, which were new to me and which I think you will appreciate *as specimens of peasant psychology*:

"The first relates to a peasant who knelt before an image of the Mother and Son. ~~After~~ The peasant petitioned the Infant for some particular benefit. After waiting a reasonable length of time without getting the desired result and becoming impatient, he again knelt before the image and said: 'Ce n'est pas a toi, fils du putain, que je parle; c'est a la sainte M mere.'

"The second is the prayer of a young girl: 'Sainte mere ~~à~~ de Dieu, vous qui avez conçu sans pecher, accordez moi la grace de pecher sans concevoir.'

"As I was leaving Rome one of my assistants gave me a three-volume edition of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace,' which I have since read. I regard it as the greatest historical novel ever written and the best commentary on the futility of war.

"Well, mon chérie, my mission is ended and I return to my own people. What the future has in store for me I know not; nor do I care much, but this I do know, the wonderful past is my own so long as conscious life lasts.

"I hope that all is well with you and yours, and that sometime when you feel in the humor you will write me a nice long chatty letter. With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1929, Nov. at sea)

E--4015

Monday, 25 Nov., at sea; clear, ~~at~~ cold, strong wind, tremendous seas, air full of flying spray and the ship drenched all day. The wind was so strong that one had difficulty in keeping his feet on deck. To me the motion of sea and ship and the roar of the wind and flying spray were exhilarating. The ship rose and fell majestically and regularly as she smashed into the great ~~seas~~ ^{waves}. Read "Old Enchantment" by Larry Barretto, and started reading "The Tramp" by Townsend. Sent a wireless message to my wife saying I expected to reach New York the following day. The captain's dinner was held in the evening, without the captain who was on the bridge. It was a colorful affair.

Tuesday, 26 November, to New York; partly cloudy, cold, with fairly quiet sea. On awaking found the cabin overheated and had to turn off the steam. Finished reading "The Tramp," a story of a wornout steamer that the owner wanted to scuttle in order to collect insurance, and the heroic efforts of the crew to bring the disabled ship back to the home port. Packed up in the afternoon. After dark we came in sight of the electric lights at Coney Island and anchored in quarantine at 9.10 p.m. Read a story by Leroux, and "The Poor Gentleman" by Ian Hay. and there was a long wait for customs inspection. I succeeded in ~~na~~ having the box of books passed as "official." Then I was transferred by taxi about two miles to the Baltimore & Ohio Ry. station at Jersey City, where the agent refused to accept the box of books as personal baggage and I had to have it trucked to the express office, which made it difficult for me to get my ticket and catch the train. The train left at 11.23 a.m. and I gave the porter a telegram to let my family know of my arrival. Had a nice luncheon, read the news-

papers--so large and so full of news, information and advertisements, in contrast with those of Italy--

Reached Philadelphia at 1.20 p.m. and Washington at 4.20. I was met at the station by Mr. Price, Thelma's husband, who took me and my baggage home. There I found wife, Thelma, and Otis, all looking well. I called up Winworth and talked with mother and sister, and her daughter, Eunice, who said they were well. After a nice supper at home I walked to Pennsylvania Avenue for a supply of cigars. More than ever I was impressed by the width and cleanliness of the streets and the great number of automobiles. Soon after returning to the house Mr. Teft Johnston and other neighbors came in.

Thursday, 28 November, Washington; clear and cold. I spent the day unpacking and reading. Wife fixed up a big Thanksgiving dinner with a fine roasted turkey, dressing, gravy, mashed potatoes and other vegetables, cranberry sauce, cake, pudding, tea and coffee, and other things. Mr. and Mrs. Teft Johnston, Thelma and Mr. Price, and Otis, took dinner with us. The Johnstons had brought over an album of photographs and newspaper clippings about their theatrical life. Mr. Johnston was especially proud of his impersonations of Washington. Thelma was an expectant mother and looked better than she had for years. George, the handy hobo, helped serve the dinner. In fact, he seemed to be permanently attached to the house, much to my regret because I could not help but regard him with aversion.

Friday, 29 Nov., Washington; clear and cold. The car had to go to the repair shop because of a collision the last time Otis had it out. At the Bureau of Agricultural Economics a small room, desk and chair were assigned to me. I saw Mr. Kitchen, the assistant chief, who said that Mr. Olsen, the chief, was in the hospital at

papers - as large and so full of news, information and advice.

in contrast with those of Italy.

Returned Philadelphia at 1.30 p.m. and Washington at 4.30.

I was met at the station by Mr. Price, Thelma's husband, who took

me and my baggage home. There I found wife, Thelma, and Otis.

all looking well. I called my kindest and talked with mother and

sister, and her daughter, Emma, who said they were well. After

a nice supper at home I walked to Pennsylvania Avenue for a supply

of cigars. Now then ever I was impressed by the width and cleanliness

ness of the streets and the great number of automobiles. Soon

after returning to the house Mr. Price's Johnston and other neighbors

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dinner with a fine roasted turkey, dressing, gravy, mashed potatoes

and other vegetables, cranberry sauce, cake, pudding, tea

and coffee, and other things. Mr. and Mrs. Price's Johnston, Thelma

and Mr. Price, and Otis, took dinner with us. The Johnston had

brought over an album of photographs and newspaper clippings about

their theatrical life. Mr. Johnston was especially proud of his

impressions of Washington. Thelma was an excellent mother and

looked better than she had for years. George, the handy man,

helped serve the dinner. In fact, he seemed to be permanently

attached to the house, much to my regret because I could not help

but regard him with aversion.

Friday, 29 Nov., Washington: clear and cold. The day had to

go to the repair shop because of a collision the last time Otis

had it out. At the Bureau of Artistic and Architectural Research a small room,

back and their were returned to me. I saw Mr. Kitchen, the architect

called, who said that Mr. Olsen, the artist, was in the hospital at

(1929, Nov. Washington)

E--4017

Rochester, Minnesota, and that no consideration had yet been given to my future employment. He asked ~~what~~ what I would like to do and I replied that all I wanted was an opportunity to be of service but that I thought perhaps I might be of most service if I were attached to the office of the Secretary to look after relations with the newly organized Farm Board, or that in case of vacancy I might be placed in charge of the Bureau's foreign service. He said he would write to Mr. Olsen about it. He said that Mr. Hobson had been drafted by the Federal Farm Board to help draw up a program in conjunction with Prof. Gay and Dr. A. E. Taylor, and after that was done the Board had asked him to continue but there was some doubt about it because he was still under contract with the Gianini Foundation in California and the Foundation had so far declined to release him. In the corridor I met Dr. Hutchinson, formerly the Paris representative of the International Education Board, who was then director of the Agricultural Experiment Station of California. At luncheon I met Mr. Gage, and later I called on Mr. Callander, who told me about the progress his sons were making. Both Mr. Gage and Mr. Callander said the Farm Board had agreed to the expansion of the Foreign Division of the Bureau and to making the agricultural commissioners of the Bureau attaches of the diplomatic service.

At the house I found that wife and Thelma had been to a picture show and afterwards wife had attended a lecture on automobile mechanics at the Y.W.C.A.

Saturday, 30 Nov., Washington; extremely cold. Had George unpack the box from Rome. Downtown I purchased a new overcoat and a pair of woolen gloves and was astonished at the price. A pair of kid gloves that formerly sold for \$1.50 now priced at \$6.50, which was beyond all reason. Our house was an old one equipped with gas but not with electricity. The only facilities for heat were coal

(1929, Nov. Washington)

E--4018

stoves, called Latrobes in Washington, set in the wall which supplied hot air through flues to the rooms above, supplemented by several gas stoves. These were wholly inadequate when the thermometer registered near zero. We depended entirely upon gas for light and cooking. In the afternoon the gas supply gave out, although the pipes had been blown out only three days before. In reply to a telephone ^acall the Gas Company said they were overwhelmed with calls to blow out pipes and could not come today. The result was we were cold and uncomfortable, had to go out for supper, and to ~~be~~ bed at 8 o'clock because we had no light.

Sunday, 1 Dec., Washington; clear and very cold. For breakfast wife made coffee over a lamp and with it we had bread and butter. Luncheon we obtained at a restaurant. The gas men came in the afternoon, ~~blaw~~ out the pipes and put alcohol in the meter, which started the flow of gas. With both latrobes and gas stoves going we succeeded in warming the house in the course of a few hours. I spent the day filing papers and in the evening wrote some letters.

(Mother, 1[✓] Dec. Washington, same folder)

~~(Longobardi, same. omit)~~

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4021

Wednesday, 4 Dec., Washington; clear and cold, and icy pavements. Began drafting a memorandum to the chief of bureau about my future status. At 12.30 p.m. I talked to the assembled clerks of the bureau library about my work in connection with the world agricultural census. Had luncheon with Mr. Graham of the Extension Service who asked if I would talk to the employees of his division. I had asked in the morning for an appointment with Mr. Tolley, an assistant chief of bureau, and after luncheon he came into my room. He said the Bureau had ample funds and that the Farm Board had recommended expansion of the Foreign Division. He asked about the situation at the Institute and I told him frankly that it was largely due to the opposition and blunders of Mr. Hobson, the former delegate of the United States, all because of his personal controversy with the president of the Institute and other Italian officials and the personal bias resulting therefrom.

After supper Mr. Teft Johnson came in. Like all members of his family he was a voluble talker about their own affairs and he kept me standing until I was ready to drop, as his mother and sister had often done in the years gone by. He was explaining his trouble with his sister. Mrs. Johnston, the mother, had lived in the house at the corner of L and 17th Streets, N.W., which she owned. Her daughter, Miss Abby, lived with and took care of her for many years. During her later years she had failed visibly, both physically and mentally, and Miss Abby was her constant companion and nurse. Teft, the mother's favorite, lived with his wife in New York City and rarely came to Washington ^{to} visit her, always for a few days only, and had nothing whatever to do with her care and comfort. When the mother died it was found that she had left the house and its contents to the daughter, which seemed to me quite just and proper ^e as some compensation for years of dull, confining

care, attention, and companionship. Mr. Teft and his wife attended the funeral, sent for their belongings, and took up their residence ~~in~~ on the upper floor of the house, quarrelled with the sister, brought suit to break the will on the ground that the mother was incompetent and the daughter had used undue influence, and the brother and sister, although living in the same house, had not spoken to each other for months. The suit was pending and he was relying upon my wife as a principal witness to testify that his mother had lost her mind. This accounted for his frequent visits and ~~his~~ the assiduous attention paid by him and his wife to my wife and the liberal doses of flattery they administered to her. He wanted to know if I would confirm my wife's testimony and could he have me summoned as a witness. I replied that if I were summoned I would, of course, obey the summons but it might cause me much inconvenience, I was not interested, ~~that~~ I had been absent from the country for many years and knew nothing about the case, and that any testimony I might offer would of necessity be of little help to him. In discussing the Johnston case with my wife that evening I found that we were in fundamental and irreconcilable disagreement not only as to the facts but as to the equities involved. Although I had not the slightest interest in the case or in the Johnstons and tried to avoid having anything to do with it or even discussing it, my wife's interest and passionate advocacy was kept alive and at white heat by Teft Johnston and his wife who came in several times a week to rehearse with my wife, without her realizing it, what she was expected to testify at the trial, and to relate some new instance of atrocious conduct on the part of his sister. This went on for months until the case came to trial when the will was sustained and Teft Johnston and his wife had to move out of the house they had tried so hard to wrest from his sister.

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4023

Thursday, 5 Dec., Washington; clear and warmer. Visited the dentist to report that the set of artificial teeth he had made last summer were not satisfactory. He agreed to make a new set without charge. Visited the State Department and was told that I could retain my passport for another year. Visited the safety deposit box and withdrew two Liberty bonds that had expired and turned them over to the bank for collection. Had luncheon at the Cosmos Club with Mr. Dominion, Consul at Rome, and we discussed the situation at the Institute. At other tables I saw a number of friends and acquaintances.

Friday, 6 December, Washington; fair and pleasant. Lunched at the Cosmos Club with Dr. Newberry. Also met Mr. Ryerson, chief of the Office of Foreign Plant Introduction. At the office I dictated a long memorandum for the chief regarding my future status. On the way home I stopped at a second hand furniture store and bought a walnut bookcase for the foreign books which I wished to keep together.

✓
(Memo. for Olsen, 6 Dec., salmon folder)

"Washington, D.C., 6 December 1929.

"Dear Mr. Olsen:

"I inclose a memorandum which is selfexplanatory. I prepared it partly to clarify my own ideas and partly for your information in the event there is any delay in our having an opportunity to talk it over. I assume that you will be quite fully occupied for some days after your return. My attendance at the Bureau is apt to be interrupted and irregular next week because I am in the clutches of a dentist (new set of teeth this time). My thought was that in the meantime you could give some consideration to the subject, perhaps consulting with others about^{it}, and that afterwards we could arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

"I hope that your experience at the hospital was satisfactory and that you are again in good shape. With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Washington D.C., 6 December 1929.

"Memorandum for Mr. Olsen

"Re future work of Mr. Estabrook.

"Dear Mr. Olsen:

"The preliminary work of organizing the world agricultural census of 1930 has been completed and my connection with the International Institute of Agriculture will automatically cease on December 31, 1929. I accepted the responsibility of organizing this census under protest, fully aware that it would involve considerable personal and financial sacrifice, in the belief that the census project was of fundamental and lasting importance, and because of the urgent importunities of the then Chief of Bureau, his principal assistants, the Permanent Delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture, and other friends in the

Department. After devoting five years of my life to this project for the Department and accomplishing a degree of success satisfactory to all concerned, and incidentally learning much concerning the agriculture, agricultural and statistical organization, and the economic situation of most countries of the world, I have returned to the Bureau which I helped establish and which has cooperated so fully in financing the census project.

"The question now arises as to my official status and functions after December 31, 1929. Apparently no action has been taken with respect to this matter at headquarters in Washington. I confess that I have been so completely occupied with my mission that I have given but little thought to it until my recent return to the Bureau. Apparently, also, the Bureau is fully organized and functioning satisfactorily, all existing positions being filled with no vacancies in the higher staff. In this connection I wish it understood that I would not consider displacing any official in the Bureau or in the Department unless it was clearly for the good of the service--nor do I wish in any way to embarrass the Bureau or the Department.

"In considering this matter, several possibilities occur to me:

"(1) Resume my former position as Associate Chief of Bureau.

At the time the Bureau of Agricultural Economics was formed by the consolidation of the Bureau of Markets, the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and the Office of Farm Management, it ~~it~~ was understood by those most nearly concerned (Secretary Wallace, the chiefs of the three bureaus, and the special committee on organization--Dr. Ball, Dr. Mohler, Mr. Rommel, and myself) that I should be the permanent Associate Chief of the new Bureau, which position I held in 1921 and 1922, with general supervision over the crop estimating and foreign statistical service. However, under the peculiar conditions existing at that time the situation was so exceedingly unsatisfactory to me that I took furlough with-

out pay and accepted the opportunity to reorganize the Argentine Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics. Then came the assignment to the world census project with the International Institute of Agriculture, the Bureau contributing to my salary and travel expenses as Agricultural Commissioner.

(2) Assistant Chief of Bureau, with general supervision over the Foreign Service. My departmental background and long special service abroad would seem to qualify me in an unusual degree for such a position. Furthermore, I am probably more widely known among agricultural statisticians and other officials of practically all countries than any other American, and the personal contacts I have made would be useful in further developing our foreign service. This experience and these contacts would be useful also in dealing with representatives of foreign governments that visit the Bureau from time to time. Such a position would not necessarily displace any of the present staff, but would simply involve relieving Mr. Tolley of a portion of his work.

(3) Consulting Specialist on Organization, Crop Estimates and Foreign Statistics. In all three of these lines of work I have had unusually long, wide, and successful experience. Such a position would not displace any member of the staff nor involve setting up a new organization unit. All that would be necessary would be an office room, stenographic service, and a moderate travel allowance. It would be somewhat analagous to the position occupied by Prof. Spillman in relation to farm management and economic services.

"In the event that none of the foregoing suggestions appeals to you as desirable and feasible, I would then suggest another line of service, namely:

"(4) Assistant to the Secretary and Liaison Officer. The Secretary of Agriculture is ex-officio member of the Federal Farm Board.

The Board will naturally depend upon the Department of Agriculture for much information and service. The Secretary of Agriculture can not be expected to personally know all the details of bureau functions, activities and service. Nor can his private secretary. It is to be presumed that the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and the Director of Scientific Work are fully occupied with the responsible duties of their positions, the same as the chiefs of the various bureaus. It would seem that there should be some one attached to the Secretary's Office to specialize on the organization, personnel, functions, services, and sources of information of the entire department who could act as liaison officer, connecting link, or channel of communication between the Department and the Federal Farm Board and, if necessary, represent the Secretary in all routine matters before the Board.

"My experience would seem to have been such as to especially fit me for such a position. It includes the following: Intensive training in investigation and reorganization as stenographer and chief clerk for the group of experts employed by the Joint Commission of Congress to Investigate the Business Methods of the Executive Departments of the Government (known as the 'Dockery Commission') 1893-5; in various capacities participating in practically all the reorganization work in the Department of Agriculture from 1904 to 1922, inclusive, including service as organizer and chief of the Office of Records, and later Chief of the Office of Seed Distribution, Bureau of Plant Industry; Chief Clerk of the Department, 1913; reorganizer and Chief of the Bureau of Statistics (Bureau of Crop Estimates); Chairman of the Crop Reporting Board; Chairman of the Committee on Finance and Business Methods; personal representative of the Secretary on the Council of National Defense; organizer and supervisor of seed grains loans in the Southwest, 1917-18, and later general supervisor of

seed grain loans in the Northwest, 1922; Associate Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, 1921-22; Specialist in Agricultural Economics and Statistics under contract with the Argentine Government at \$15,000 in 1923-24; For five years as Agricultural Commissioner and Director of the World Agricultural Census Project, International Institute of Agriculture, the organization of this census involving travel and study of agricultural and statistical organization in practically all countries. While in charge of the seed grain loans in the Southwest I was designated 'Assistant to the Secretary,' so that the title is not new. I am already acquainted with and well known to the older administrative officials and research workers of the Department, so that I feel that it would be comparatively easy to familiarize myself with the changes in organization, higher personnel, activities, programs of work, and advances that have been made during my absence from the Department.

"Of the four suggested lines of service, the last appeals to me most. However, I hesitate to approach the Secretary regarding it because, for the first time in more than twenty-five years, I am a stranger to the Secretary and I assume that he knows nothing of my past connection with the Department or of my recent successful mission. In the event that it does not seem feasible to utilize my services to advantage in the Bureau, and in view of my own lack of acquaintance with the Secretary, might I suggest that it would be appropriate for you, as Chief of my Bureau, to submit my fourth suggestion for the consideration of the Secretary in such a way that it will receive the attention it merits.

"I might add that during the war period several specialists were employed as 'Assistant to the Secretary,' and following the war Mr. Charles J. Brand was employed as consulting economist, so that I feel that my suggestion is not without precedent.

Very truly yours, L.M.E., Agl. Commissioner.

Saturday, 7 December, Washington; fair and warmer. After an experience with the dentist I went to the office and began drafting a new will. Had luncheon at a nearby restaurant with Prof. Corbett who said that several of the former divisions of the Bureau of Plant Industry had been consolidated in the Horticultural Office. After luncheon I had an interview with Dr. Woods and reported the successful conclusion of my part of the world census project, the situation at the Institute, and the fact that I was without assignment since my return. He was cordial, congratulated me on my success, and said ^athat if conditions at the Institute were such as I represented he would advocate resumption of cooperation and asked that I submit a memorandum that he could bring to the attention of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of State, and that the question of my assignment would be taken up after consultation with Mr. Olsen as soon as he returned. At the house finished typewriting draft of will. The Johnstons spent the evening with us.

Sunday, 8 Dec. Washington; fair and pleasant. I was reading the papers when wife suggested there was time for Otis to drive me out to Winworth. We got away immediately and in two hours were at Winworth. Mother, sister, and Eunice were all well and glad to see me. We had a nice chicken and hot biscuit dinner, and afterwards I had some of sister's home-made wine. Barney and Maude, the big team, were looking well. Sister's cow had a new calf, the fifth heifer in succession. Had a business session with my sister and arranged for the coming year. Frederick valley looked attractive from Winworth windows, although it was winter. We returned at 5 p.m. I counted seventy-four automobile service stations en route. At the house found Thelma and Mr. Price. Also George, the handy man whom I so much disliked.

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E-4025

Monday, 9 Dec., Washington; clear and cold. Wife and I had a poor night's sleep and woke up with a headache caused by escaping gas. I went to the Federal American National Bank and deposited proceeds of Liberty bonds that had expired and left an order for the purchase of a \$500 Federal Land Bank bond. Showed my draft of a new will to the Trust Officer of the bank and he suggested a few minor verbal changes so as to insure that upon my death my wife would have a life interest in the property and upon her death it would pass to my sister, so that the adopted children who had been such a disappointment and so troublesome could not inherit.

Tuesday, 10 Dec., Washington; clear and warm. After executing the new will and putting it in the safety deposit box at the bank I went to a jeweler's establishment on G Street and left two sapphires that I had bought in Rangoon ^{to be} put in a ring for a Christmas present for wife. At the office I dictated a memorandum regarding certain small items suspended by the auditors from my expense account. At noon I walked through the Center Market and saw a fine display of fruits and vegetables. Attended the Farm Hands Club luncheon at the Harrington Hotel and met many of my old friends and acquaintances. Mr. Kyle reported on the Grange meeting at Seattle as opposing the turning back of public lands to the States, as in favor of granting independence to the Philippines, and as endorsing the Federal Farm Board. Mr. Loomis reported upon the Chicago meeting of the National Butter and Cream Association with which he was then connected as Washington representative. Mr. Marquis reported upon the Chicago meeting of the National Marketing Association. Mr. Karl Vrooman, former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, said that while the Federal Farm Board might be of some help it could never relieve

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4026

the farm situation and he advocated (1) restricting or regulating farm production, (2) the reduction or disposition of farm surpluses. I walked back with Mr. Marquis who said that Mr. Vrooman's plan was almost the same as that of Prof. Spillman. At the house I found that wife and George had spent almost the entire day recovering a rocking chair we had decided to give to Mr. Price. After supper wife and I saw a pleasing moving picture at the Rialto. I could not help but think that picture shows are a poor substitute for a real play with real actors.

After reaching home in the afternoon I found an automobile parked directly across the door of the garage in the rear. I wanted to take our car out but could not because of this obstruction. I telephoned the police who came and removed the car, and I presume the owner had to pay a fine.

✓
(Adriana, 10 Dec., Washington, salmon folder)

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4027

Wednesday, 11 Dec., Washington; cloudy, foggy, dark, and cold. Received deeds to two lots in Randall Highlands adjoining one we already owned. I took them to the courthouse for recording and had to wait half an hour or more for a woman clerk to arrive. Next I went to the tax office and stood in a long line for several minutes only to be told that I should go to another office. I went to the office designated and saw only women clerks at the desk. I stood outside a railing opposite a desk for some minutes and then walked up and down the railing the length of the room. Not a single woman clerk deigned to notice me or inquire what I wanted. Disregarding the sign I went inside the railing and stood by the side of one of the women clerks. She referred me to another woman. The one referred to said she had nothing to do with receiving taxes. I asked what she did have to do. She simply stared at me. I asked who, if any one, was in charge of the room. She said ~~he~~ she did not know. I asked how long she had been employed in that office. She said six years. I asked her who told her what to do and what not to do and when she could go to luncheon or take leave or absence. She pointed to a female in a cage at the far corner. This last one promptly attended to the matter. I thought this about the most inefficient office I had yet encountered and wished I might have charge of it for just twenty-four hours.

At my office I began analyzing the annual reports of the Secretary of Agriculture. I was struck by the repetition of statements that I had already seen repeated year after year, especially as to the achievements of the department.

At the Cosmos Club I lunched with Mr. Montgomery of the Food Division of the Department of Commerce. Amongⁿ other things he spoke of a lecture by Steffanson, the arctic explorer, who said he had lived among the Eskimaux for more than a year with absolutely nothing to

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4028

eat but meat, without salt, and only water to drink; and that for another year he lived with twenty-five American and European companions who subsisted on meat alone and without salt. Upon returning to the United States he was told by a Harvard professor that a human being could not live on meat alone and without salt. Mr. Montgomery said that for more than a year experiments had been under way in New York to determine the effect of an exclusively meat diet. He said the first effect was loss of weight for a few weeks, followed by gradual recovery and a slight gain in weight. Mr. Pinchot, former Forester and later Governor of Pennsylvania was at a nearby table.

Returned to the house early and did some typewriting. A pane of glass was broken in the front door. I measured the opening and called out the dimensions for George to copy down on a piece of paper and sent him out to get the glass. He failed to read his notes correctly and brought back a piece of glass that did not fit. This meant that he had to make two trips and I had to pay for two panes instead of one.

In the evening wife and I attended a meeting of the Grange of which we were members, at which new officers were elected. It was a long and tedious performance and every one was tired when it was over. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Dunlap was elected Master, Mr. Kyle as Secretary, and Mrs. Loomis as Lecturer.

Thursday, 12 Dec., Washington; another cold day of cloud and gloom. Went to the dentist's and tried a plate that did not fit. Took the old ^{portable typewriter} ~~Ford car~~ to a dealer's with a view of exchanging it for a new one, but when he insisted that fifteen dollars was all he could allow for it in exchange I declined to make the trade.

Had luncheon at the Cosmos Club and walked to the office. There I was told that a free lance writer wished to have an inter-

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4029

view. Shortly afterward Mr. Marquis came in and asked if I would give a short talk over the radio during the Farm Hour.

Friday, 13 Dec., Washington; same disagreeable weather continued. Began drafting a memorandum for Dr. Woods on the International Institute of Agriculture. Had luncheon at the Cosmos Club ~~with~~ with Dr. E. Dana Durand, technical adviser to the Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Montgomery of the same department. Dr. Durand said that at a conference between officials of the Department of Commerce and the Department of Agriculture it was decided to recommend that an outstanding economist be employed to direct the work of editing, revising, and classifying the census schedules and summarize the results, that the salary would be about six thousand dollars, that the place would not be filled for two or three weeks and that he had three or four men in mind, but if I wanted the job he would try to get it for me. I said that I probably would be interested inasmuch as it appeared that my bureau had made no provision for my return from abroad. We discussed the situation at the Institute and he urged me to follow up the matter until the United States should resume cooperation. On the way out I had a short talk with Dr. Swingle.

In the afternoon I was interviewed by a Miss Clark of the Philadelphia Ledger who asked questions for more than two hours. I never knew what resulted from this interview. On the street I met Dr. ~~Schoenfeldt~~ Schoenfeldt, formerly Agricultural Commissioner at Berlin, who said he would like to take dinner with me sometime. I said that would be agreeable and I would speak to my wife about it.

Wife and I reached the house at the same moment. Inside we found nd George, the handy ~~a~~ man, sitting at his ease in the dining room. Evidently he intended to remain for supper, but for once my wife

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4030

was not in the humor and told him that we were going out for supper. He was spending practically all his time in our house and getting most of his meals and in return looked after the fires and did odd jobs. We both objected to his presence, because he was little better than a tramp, uncouth and with the manners of a barbarian, but wife was too compassionate to let me turn him out.

Saturday, 14 Dec., Washington; fair and foggy. Stopped at the typewriter agency where my portable had been left for cleaning and repairs. Then to the bank for the Federal Land Bank Bond that had been purchased for me in response to a notice, only to be told that the bond had not been delivered yet and to call a week later.

At the office dictated a memorandum regarding the International Institute of Agriculture in which I asserted my belief that it was functioning efficiently and recommended that the U.S. renew its cooperative participation without further delay. Mr. Hobson, former delegate to the Institute, came in while I was dictating. He said that he would be looking for an apartment in a few days, from which I inferred that he had succeeded in cancelling his contract with the Gianini Foundation, but he said nothing concerning his future plans. This reticence on his part was noticeable because ~~at~~ during our association at Rome he had always been very communicative.

At the Cosmos Club I again saw Mr. Dominion, Consul at Rome, and Mr. Ryerson, Foreign Plant Introduction chief. At the office Mr. Michael ^{was} ~~came~~ in for a long talk. He related some of his experiences as an agricultural expert in Russia and said that he had learned to speak and read the language. On the way home I stopped for the ring that had been set with the two sapphires. I was much disappointed in it because a Tiffany set had been used and the stones projected too much. ✓

(Letters Mother and Sister, 14 Dec. Wash. salmon folder)

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4031

Sunday, 15 Dec., Washington; fair, fog, warmer. Read the papers and typed some copies of the memorandum I had prepared for Mr. Olsen regarding my future work. In the afternoon I had Otis drive wife and I out to Chevy Chase to look at a cottage advertised for sale, my thought being that we could buy and live in a small house and rent the one we were living in on 17th Street. I liked the little house and believed we would be much more comfortable in it than in the old large house that was badly out of repair, but my wife said it would not do, but I suspected the real reason was that she did not like the idea of moving and of separation from a few old neighbors whom she seemed to think were essential to her happiness. Wife prepared a nice supper and Thelma and her husband and Miss Mattie were our guests.

Monday, 16 Dec., Washington; cloudy, dark, warmer. Had Otis drive me to the office where I left a copy of the memorandum for Mr. Olsen with the acting chief and mailed a copy to Dr. Woods. Saw Mr. Hobson for a moment. Walked to the Cosmos Club. At 11.30 went to the dentist and left my artificial teeth for use in making a new set, which meant that for three days I would have to live on liquid food. After luncheon I visited several automobile establishments and looked at used cars. Decided that I wanted a new, not a used, car, and that if I had to resign in January it would be a Ford, but if not and my salary continued it would be a Buick. I was seeing very little of Otis who appeared to spend practically his entire time in his room with the door kept closed. Only at meal time did he come out. Invariably he bolted his food, rose abruptly and without a word departed.

(Kitchen, 16 Dec., Washington, salmon folder)

(Woods, same.)

~~(Memo. 14th Dec. same)~~ *omit*

Washington, D.C., 16 Dec. 1929.

"Dear Mr. Kitchin:

"I inclose for your consideration a memorandum which I prepared on the 6th in expectation that Mr. Olsen would return to the Bureau within the next few days. I am advised by Miss Joyce that the memorandum was forwarded to his Iowa address and that a speaking engagement will take him to California and probably delay his return until the beginning of the New Year.

"I spoke to Dr. Woods recently about the matter, and the proposal concerning the Secretary's office seemed to appeal to him as a good one. In fact, he offered to accompany me to the Secretary but, at my suggestion, the interview was postponed until after the return of Mr. Olsen. In view of Mr. Olsen's change of plans, I am submitting this copy for your consideration, and am also sending a copy to Dr. Woods.

"I understand there is a desirable position in the Bureau of the Census which I might have, but I greatly prefer to remain in the Department of Agriculture in which I have served for so many years.

x x x

Washington, D.C., 14 December 1929.

"Memorandum for Dr. A. F. Woods,

Director of Scientific Work.

Dear Dr. Woods:

"As suggested by you the other day, I have dictated a memorandum of my impressions of the situation at the International Institute of Agriculture during the period of my visit last autumn. I have carefully tried to refrain from suggesting criticism of anyone, but I confess the more I think of the unfortunate course of events since the last General Assembly, the more strongly I feel about it and the more indignant I become. I hope that in due course of time the error may be ~~remedied~~^{rectified} and our loss of prestige abroad may be overcome.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(Note:--The 'memorandum' referred to is dated December 14, 1929, fills nine pages of single space typewriting, and reviews the situation of the International Institute, indicating my belief that the animosity of Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, to the Italian officials of the Institute and his biased reports and statements to the State and Agricultural Departments were responsible for the misunderstanding and mistaken action of the United States with respect to the Institute).

Tuesday, 17 Dec., Washington; foggy. The daily papers said the sun had not shown in Chicago for eight consecutive days. Wife and George working all day recovering a rocking chair. Spent the forenoon drafting a statement for a radio address. Visited the dentist. Then to the bank and later did some Christmas shopping. In the evening reading Judge Lindsay's "Companionate Marriage."

Wednesday, 18 Dec., Washington; raining and warmer. Dr. Durand called up by telephone and asked me to submit a statement of personal experience and qualifications for the census work. I spent the forenoon typing such a statement with letter of transmittal and after luncheon I carried it to the Department of Commerce and left it at Dr. Durand's office. When I returned I found that wife ~~and~~ had gone out and George was pottering about. They had used my den for several days as a workshop.

Thursday, 19 Dec., Washington; fair and warm; papers reported a blizzard in the west. Got my new set of teeth. They were a great improvement over the old set but felt queer for many days. After noon I went to the office and dictated the radio talk. Saw Mr. Hobson for a few minutes, but he was noncommunicative. Wife and I had supper at a restaurant, the first good meal I had had for several days because of my teeth.

Friday, 20 Dec., Washington; clear and cold. Finished Judge Lindsay's "Companionate Marriage." It is rather tiresome because of prolix repetitions, but the writing of such a book should be considered as a real service; unfortunately such a book will not be read extensively by women, clergymen, and church members, by whom such information is most needed. At the office I revised the manuscript for the radio talk. Spent some time looking for photographs in the department to illustrate a newspaper article. Had

(1929, Dec. Wash.)

E--4033

a talk with Mr. Hobson who said that Dr. Black of Harvard had been secured to head up the economic work of the Gianini Foundation. He said that he had not yet decided whether he would go with the Federal Farm Board or remain with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, it being a question of appropriations. On the way back I stopped in the ten cent store to buy some frames for the water color pictures I brought from Rome. I framed six of them after supper and was ~~p~~ pleased with the result.

(Miss Clark, 20 Dec., salmon folder)

"Washington, D.C., Dec. 20, 1929.

"Miss Nell Ray Clarke,
1661 Crescent Place,
Washington, D.C.

"Dear Miss Clarke:

"I am returning herewith your manuscript of the article on the World Agricultural Census in which I have made a few minor corrections. I think it is very well written and nothing quite like it has hitherto appeared.

"About the pictures: My Bureau Photographic Laboratory has furnished a print of myself that will do for reproduction. I have succeeded in finding four others illustrating primitive methods of harvesting, threshing and grinding wheat, and have put in a $\$$ requisition for prints, but as negatives will have to be made it may require some days. As soon as the prints are ready I will forward them to you. Please bear in mind that next Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday are holidays.

"It is a little curious about travel photographs. I have taken several thousand of snapshots, but on leafing through albums of prints last evening I for the first time realized that they run preponderantly to scenes of ports, streets, public buildings, monuments, temples, rivers, mountains, botanical gardens, experiment stations, tropical trees, and the like, the reason being that my mission took me to capital cities and public buildings. In traversing farming regions where I saw age-old implements and methods of cultivating and harvesting, it was always w at some distance, several hundred yards or half a mile, sometimes with the sun shining in the wrong direction, and pictures could not well be taken from a fleeting train or a rapidly moving automobile. Another reason is the fact that the Department of Agriculture and experiment stations that one visits in backward countries have photographs only of the modern machinery and methods they are

trying to introduce, of which they are very proud, and not of the primitive conditions that still prevail almost universally throughout the country.

"Today I visited the Photographic Laboratory of the Department and leafed through an armful of prints sent in by specialists who have traveled abroad and I found that they are just like mine--no doubt for precisely the same reasons as I have indicated--mostly of ports, public buildings, and monuments.

"It is to be noted also that many of the prints are unsatisfactory because a large percentage of snapshot photographs are taken in tropical countries where special films and special methods of developing and printing are necessary, and these are not always available, with the result that films deteriorate and the prints come out spotted and blotched, or dim and indistinct, although prints from negatives taken by the same person with the same camera in temperate zones come out clear and sharp.

"I also telephoned the Office of Foreign Plant Introduction to see if they have any ~~pr~~ photographs of primitive implements and methods of agriculture sent in by their explorers and they promised to look, but several hours have elapsed without further response.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Agricultural Commissioner."

(1929, Dec. Wash)

E--4034

Saturday, 21 Dec., Washington; clear and cold. At the office I found nothing to do. Mr. Kitchin, acting chief, stepped into the office for a moment and said in a rather apologetic manner ~~said~~ that he wanted me to understand that "they" were not neglecting me but until Mr. Olsen, the chief, returned nothing could be decided. He thought Mr. Olsen would be back about the 10th of January. After luncheon I read some in the Yearbook and then, in disgust at having nothing to do, I left early. I made the round of the ten cent stores for more picture frames and materials for framing the Rome pictures.

Sunday, 22 Dec., Washington; cloudy and very cold. Kept all fires going full blast in an effort to keep the house warm. Wife quite ill. She took no food and remained in bed until evening. George came in and cooked breakfast and luncheon, but left huffy for some unknown reason in the afternoon. He was subject to wife variations of temper, usually accommodating but occasionally very grumpy and disagreeable. I did odd jobs about the house, fixed shelves in the bookcase, painted the arms of a large rocking chair, and cleaned an old Remington typewriter that was in a disgraceful condition from disuse and accumulated dust. Also framed some more of the Rome pictures.

(Mother, 22 Dec., Washington; salmon folder--ahead of its proper position.)

(Note: Carbon copy of pp. 4034 and 4035 are one one sheet)

(1929, Dec. Wash.)

E--4035

Monday, 23 Dec. Washington; several inches of snow followed by rain and slush. Did some shopping for Christmas. Finished framing the Rome pictures. I had intended to hang them in the reception room but wife was so distressed about it that I decided to hang them in my den. She did not like pictures of any kind except of fat babies, donkeys, and very old people. Got out my old "line-a-day-book" that I had started many years ago but had discontinued when traveling because of its size and weight. With the aid of my loose-leaf diary I started to bring it up to date.

Otis and his friend Walker Chapman were very enthusiastic about aeronautics and talked learnedly on the subject. Otis was wearing an aeronautic^{al} cap ~~W~~ on all occasions.

Tuesday, 24 Dec. Washington; clear and cold with icy streets. Wife quite ill with what appeared to be indigestion. Had difficulty in getting the house warm. In the afternoon I bought some holly, wreathes, and red berries with which to decorate the house. George and I installed a Christmas tree in the sitting room, that being one of my wife's special desires. Otis and Mr. Price strung some electric light bulbs on it and Thelma decorated it. Then the presents were brought in and laid at the foot of the tree. There was a good cart load of them. Shortly after 8 p.m. we heard the fire alarm and engines going by. By 10 o'clock extra papers were being cried on the streets announcing that the White House office building was in flames and that all fire companies and apparatus of the District were at work on it. Thelma and Mr. Price stayed all night with us.

Wednesday, 25 Dec., Washington; hazy, dark, and cold. George cooked bacon and eggs and made coffee for the family. I spent the day reading. Wife still unwell. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Teft Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman called and stayed several hours.

(1929, Dec. Wash.)

E--4036

Thursday, 26 Dec., Washington; clear and warmer. Walked to the office. Had a letter from the secretary of the Livestock Co-operative Association at St. Paul asking me to give a talk before the Association in February. Had a cablegram of Christmas greeting from Mr. Longobardi at Rome, and a Christmas card and photographs from Mr. Smullens of Longview, California, my companion on the trip to Quito. Saw Mr. Callander who said that Mr. Schultz, our Texas field statistician, had resigned to accept a position with a private firm at \$1,200 a month. Met Mr. Hobson who spoke of the Foreign Service of the Bureau and said that he would be in charge, although no announcement to that effect had been made. Had a lonesome lunch at the Cosmos Club. It was almost deserted. Spent the afternoon on my line-a-day book.

Friday, 27 Dec. Washington; hazy and warmer. Attended meetings of the American Statistical and the American Economic Societies at the Willard Hotel. Heard an interesting paper in which the speaker said that the various business forecasting agencies were right fifty-one times out of a hundred, are indifferent twenty-four times, and absolutely wrong twenty-five times. Saw many acquaintances at the meetings. Had luncheon at the Cosmos Club with former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Vrooman, Dr. H. C. Taylor, and two other members of the Economic Society. We had barely seated ourselves when cherubic looking Dr. Ely of the Northwestern University, and formerly a close friend of Dr. Taylor, came in looking for a seat. There was one at our table and I had expected he would take it, but after looking Dr. Taylor straight in the face without seeming to recognize him, he passed on. Later I learned that he and Dr. Taylor were no longer friends. So it appears that economists in spite of their professed disdain of sentiment, emotion, and personalities, are quite human. As Dr. Ely approached Dr. Taylor looked quite expectant and

(1929, Dec. Wash.)

E--4037

receptive, but when his old friend and teacher looked at and through him with no sign of recognition he looked rather crest-fallen, as well he might. It was a cruel and inexcusable affront and hard to reconcile with the cherubic appearance of the old gentleman. Mr. Vrooman became interested in something I said and asked to see me after luncheon. We sat in the reception lounge and he asked many questions about the situation in foreign countries. Dr. Taylor came up and Mr. Vrooman said to him that I was full and running over with information and that I ought to be with the Federal Farm Board and he suggested to Dr. Taylor that he bring my ~~name~~ name to the attention of the Board. Mr. Vrooman said that he was on his way to North Carolina to be alone so that he could finish a book he was writing. At the house I found my wife's niece, Emma Burton, from Richmond.

Saturday, 28 Dec., Washington; raining, cold, and disagreeable. Attended meetings of the Economic and Statistical Societies at the Willard Hotel and took luncheon at the Cosmos Club. At the afternoon meeting I became very tired of the profoundly dull papers that were read and the technical discussions that followed. I could imagine nothing more futile. Many of the subjects discussed were of trivial importance, and with few exceptions the speakers were solemn, egotistical, and awkward, and the whole proceedings seemed to me like a college class room full of inexperienced men with but little knowledge of practical life outside of their extremely narrow and largely artificial fields. To me it seemed a sheer waste of time to listen longer. And yet in the voluminous published report of the proceedings these awkward theoretical speakers would be listed as "Doctor" or "Professor" and as "authorities," and ~~by~~ by such means acquire respect, reputation, and emoluments.

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4038

At the house Otis wanted to know if he could drive us around to see the various ~~em~~ community & Christmas trees. Neither wife nor I cared to go. Then he wanted to go out in the machine alone and asked for money with which to buy gasoline. It had been supplied the previous day and I asked where he had been to exhaust the supply so quickly. He named a place on 11th Street less than a mile from the house. He assured me that he had been nowhere else. But he could not explain the ~~su~~ disappearance of the supply purchased the day before. Naturally I refused to give him money for a new supply until I got some sort of an explanation of the disappearance of the previous one.

~~The Johnstons were in again.~~

(Mother, 28 Dec., Washington, salmon folder)

(1929, Dec. Wash.)

E--4039

Sunday, 29 Dec., Washington; cloudy and much colder.

Finished reading Cook's "Voyages" last night and began reading Peppys's "Diary." Read the ~~a~~ papers. Put hinges and a padlock on a box in which I kept documents and also some new tools I had purchased to prevent their being mislaid or broken. Thelma and Mr. Price spent the afternoon and evening with us, and Walker Chapman with Otis. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis called and asked my wife to take charge of the Grange dinner on January 8. Knowing that she was ill and that it would involve a lot of work and worry I tried to discourage the proposal in a courteous way, but neither she nor they took the slightest heed. I popped a dishpan full of popcorn and seasoned it with butter and salt and it was all eaten. Wrote a letter in French to Baron de Esponellá of Barcelona in answer to a request for a biographical sketch to be printed in the report of the agricultural congress at Barcelona last October.

Monday, 30 Dec. Washington; clear and cold. Attended meetings of the Economic and Statistical Associations forenoon and afternoon. Had a long distance telephone call from mother wanting to know when we were coming out and I answered not to expect us until the weather improved and the roads ^{were} good. In the evening had a call from a police station saying that George had been arrested for drinking on the street and wanting to know if I would pay ten dollars for his release in the morning after he sobered up. I sent Otis to the station with the money.

Tuesday, Dec. 31, Washington; fair and warmer. On the way to the office I stopped at a Ford agency to inspect their new model car, which impressed me favorably. Very few of the employees were at the department. I visited the Division of Crop Estimates but Mr. Callendar and other leaders were away. Feeling much depressed because for a whole month my presence in the bureau had been completely ignored.

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4040

Not a single communication had been referred to me, I had not been invited to sit in at a single conference or committee meeting, nor had I met a single official except casually in a corridor or on the department grounds. Clearly I was not wanted and my long experience and extensive travel and intimate knowledge of the agriculture of this and other countries went for naught. This was an entirely new and rather disagreeable experience and was in such striking contrast with my experience up to the day I left Naples that it was difficult to adjust myself to it or understand what was back of it. My position and salary as director of the world agricultural census expired by limitation with this last day of the year. The future did not look especially bright in view of the studied indifference of the bureau officials and the business slump of recent months. Fortunately I had a cash balance at the bank and I hoped to sell the Washington residence and perhaps some of the accumulated stocks of peonies at Sunny Hill. This would give me a working capital. In any event I could not entertain the thought of going about and soliciting employment, however logical that might be, because for more than forty years employment ~~had~~ and advancement had come to me solely as a result of hard work, efficient, loyal, and successful service, as it should, and if it failed to come now, naturally and without solicitation, it must be either that I was failing or that conditions had changed materially. My whole life, instinct, disposition, and experience, were against seeking employment or preferment, although I could see that it might be necessary; but my thought was that it should be necessary only in a new community, or with a new firm or organization, but I could not see any necessity for it in an organization in which one had served with conspicuous success for a quarter of a century and had won unsolicited recognition. No, if my former

(1929, Dec. Washington)

E--4041

associates were embarrassed by my presence, I would retire gracefully, if regretfully. So good bye public life. Perhaps I would not have felt quite so independent could I have foreseen what no one else saw, long continued hard times ahead and a three years severe drouth at Sunny Hill. What hurt and concerned me most was the aloofness of my former associates and their apparent assumption that I was no longer connected with or a part of my old bureau that I had helped organize and from which I had never been separated. The administrative group knew perfectly well that during my service with the Argentine government I was on leave of absence from the bureau and that during my service with the International Institute of Agriculture, at the urgent request of the chief of bureau, I continued to draw a portion of my salary and had an allotment of travel funds from the bureau. The chief and the assistant chief also knew that six months previously I had told them that upon the expiration of my assignment with the Institute I expected to return to the bureau and had asked that in the meantime they give consideration to my future work in the bureau. This apparently they had not done.

Wednesday, 1 Jan. 1930, Washington; cloudy, warm, turning to rain. The new year opened with the most uncertain prospect for me that I had experienced in more than forty years. In all those ⁴years I had not had to give thought as to what the new year would bring because always I was employed and knew pretty well what was in prospect. This year it was not so. Beginning today I was left high and dry, still officially in the service but without salary or duties.

When I went down stairs I found George sitting on the front steps. He was still weak and wobbly from the effects of his drunken spree and very penitent. I transferred some old correspondence and did some writing. Reading Peppys' Diary, which I enjoyed

(1939, Jan. Washington)

E--4042

greatly. Thelma and Mr. Price were moving to another apartment on N Street. Thelma telephoned to ask Otis to help but he declined very testily and grumpily. The Prices took supper with us and remained late.

Thursday, 2 Jan., Washington; clear and warmer. At the office I saw Mr. Hobson for a moment and he presented me with a new pipe from the collection he had brought with him from Geneva. He was silent as to his work. I called on Dr. Woods and said that as the return of Mr. ^{Olsen} ~~Hobson~~ was uncertain it might be well to present to the Secretary my suggestions as to an appointment as an assistant to act as ⁱ liaison officer between the Department and the Federal Farm Board. Dr. Woods said he thought the best approach to the Secretary and to the Federal Farm Board would be through the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of which Mr. Olsen, as Chief, would be the spokesman; that Mr. Hobson had already been retained to be in charge of the Foreign Service of both the Federal Farm Board and the Department of Agriculture; that the law provided for only one assistant to the Secretary and that position was already filled, so that in the absence of any vacancy to which I could be appointed the question of available appropriation would have to be considered and probably the only appropriation that could be found would be that of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. He suggested that in view of this situation I had better look for employment in the Bureau of the Census. On returning to my office I telephoned to the Department of Commerce in an effort to reach Dr. Durand, but was informed that he was then in conference. Later I had a message saying that The Secretary of Commerce would see me the following afternoon.

Friday, 3 Jan., Washington; fair and cooler following rain in the night. At the office dictated an article on the world agri-

(1920, Jan. Washington)

E--4043

cultural census. At noon I went to a restaurant near the department for luncheon but the waiting line was so long that I decided to walk up town. Had luncheon at Child's on the Avenue and then to the Cosmos Club to read ^{papers} ~~letters~~ until 3.15 p.m. As I was leaving the Club I met Messrs. Montgomery, Tolley, and Hobson, and together we walked to the Department of Commerce. I was surprised that by chance all three were bound for the same destination as I. As we entered the elevator I asked Mr. Montgomery if there was a conference on. He said that a representative of the League of Nations was giving a talk to a group of invited people.

I found the office of the private secretary and after waiting for some visitors to go I was admitted and cordially received by Secretary of Commerce Lamont. He was an elderly gentleman, slightly bald, with a florid countenance, and quiet manners. He said that Dr. Durand had spoken to him about me as a friend of long standing who had accomplished many things, that I would be extremely useful in connection with the census that was about to be taken, and that I was open to engagement. I explained that after my long absence in connection with the world agricultural census I found upon my return that I was without definite assignment for the first time in forty years and would therefore welcome an assignment with the U.S. census. He said that Mr. Steuart, Director of the Census, a man of advanced years, needed assistance in organizing the census but would not admit it. I remarked that proper organization was of fundamental importance in an undertaking so vast as that of the United States census and that I would be glad to be of assistance. He asked if I had talked with Dr. Steuart. I said no, that I had not pressed matters in the Department of Agriculture or elsewhere, that for many years it had never been necessary to ask for an assignment or for advancement and ^g would not begin now. He said he would talk with Dr.

(1929, Jan. Washington)

E--4044

Durand and Mr. Steuart and later communicate with me. I came away from the interview pleased and encouraged. Wife and I had supper at a restaurant. Otis dinèd with Thelma and Mr. Price.

4044a → Saturday, 4 Jan., Washington; clear and cold. At the office dictated answers to letter from Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Hubback at the Institute in Rome. Revised syndicate news article on the world census. Began arranging data for a talk before the Livestock Cooperative Association of St. Paul. Did some shopping. For supper wife and I went first to the Y.W.C.A. diagonally across from our house, but there was such a long waiting line that we decided to try a reataurant on Connecticut Avenue. Still reading Peppys's Diary with pleasure.

Sunday, 5 Jan., Washington; clear and cold. Spent most of the day writing up my line-a-day book. George in the house all day. The Prices took supper with us and played cards afterwards. For supper we had roast fresh ham and baked sweet potatoes, cauliflower, hominy, stewed onions, sweet pickles, and baked apples and layer cake for dessert.

Monday, 6 Jan., Washington; clear and not so cold. At the office working on address for the Livestock Association. Found that the Information Office had sent my radio address to the files and the syndicated article to the Radio Office. Had this corrected. Received a batch of letters from the Rome office and from Winworth. Spent the evening on the line-a-day book and reading Peppys.

Tuesday, 7 Jan., Washington; threatening rain. At 1.30 p.m. I read a statement regarding the world agricultural census over the W.R.C. Radio. There I met my old friend W.R. Beatty of the Horticultural Office and we walked back to the Department together. Wife returned from a meeting of the Grange, of which she was an enthusiastic member. I advertised our house for sale several times but had no inquiries.

